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TWICE THE SEX!

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#40 Small dogs, #32 England...

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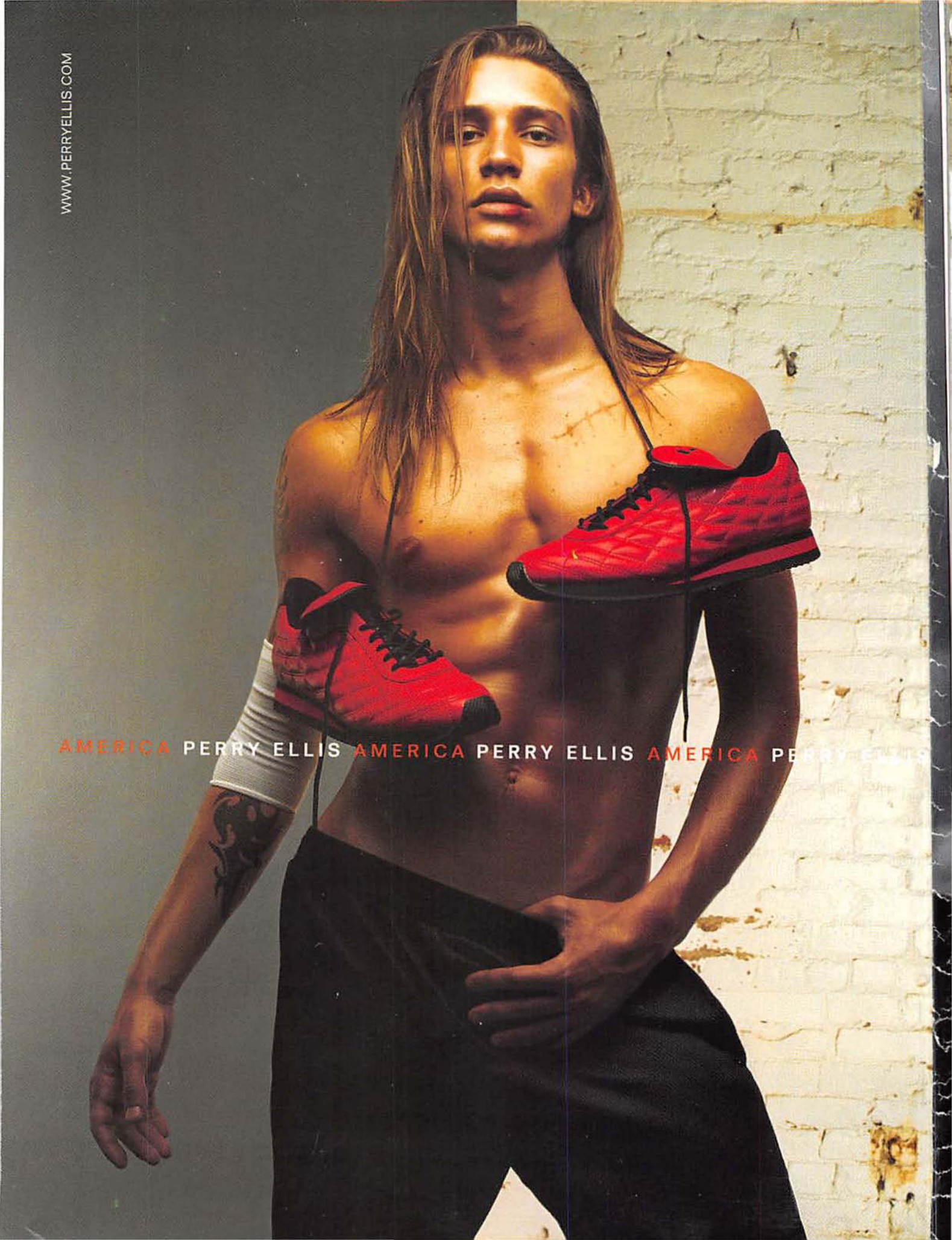
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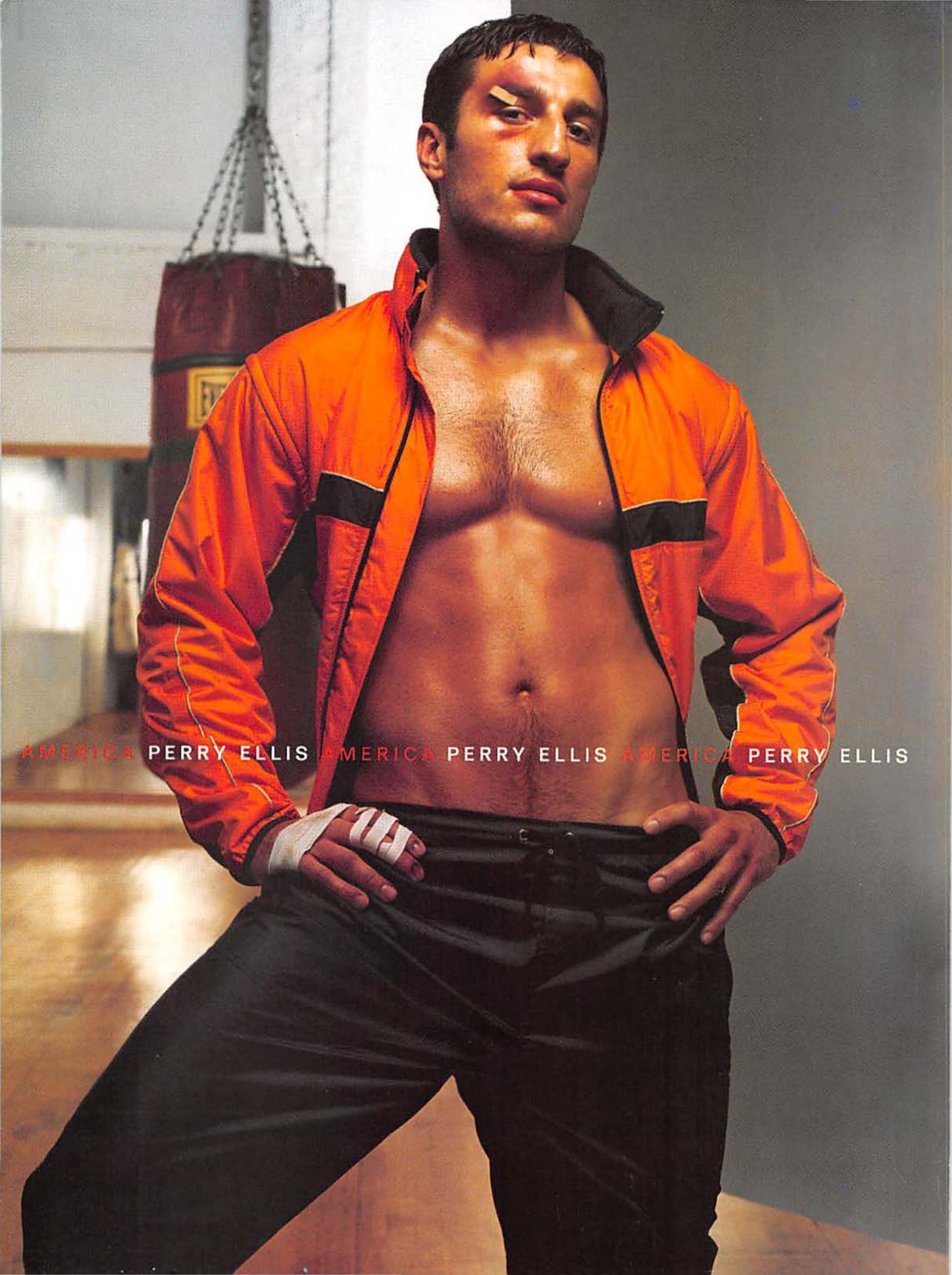
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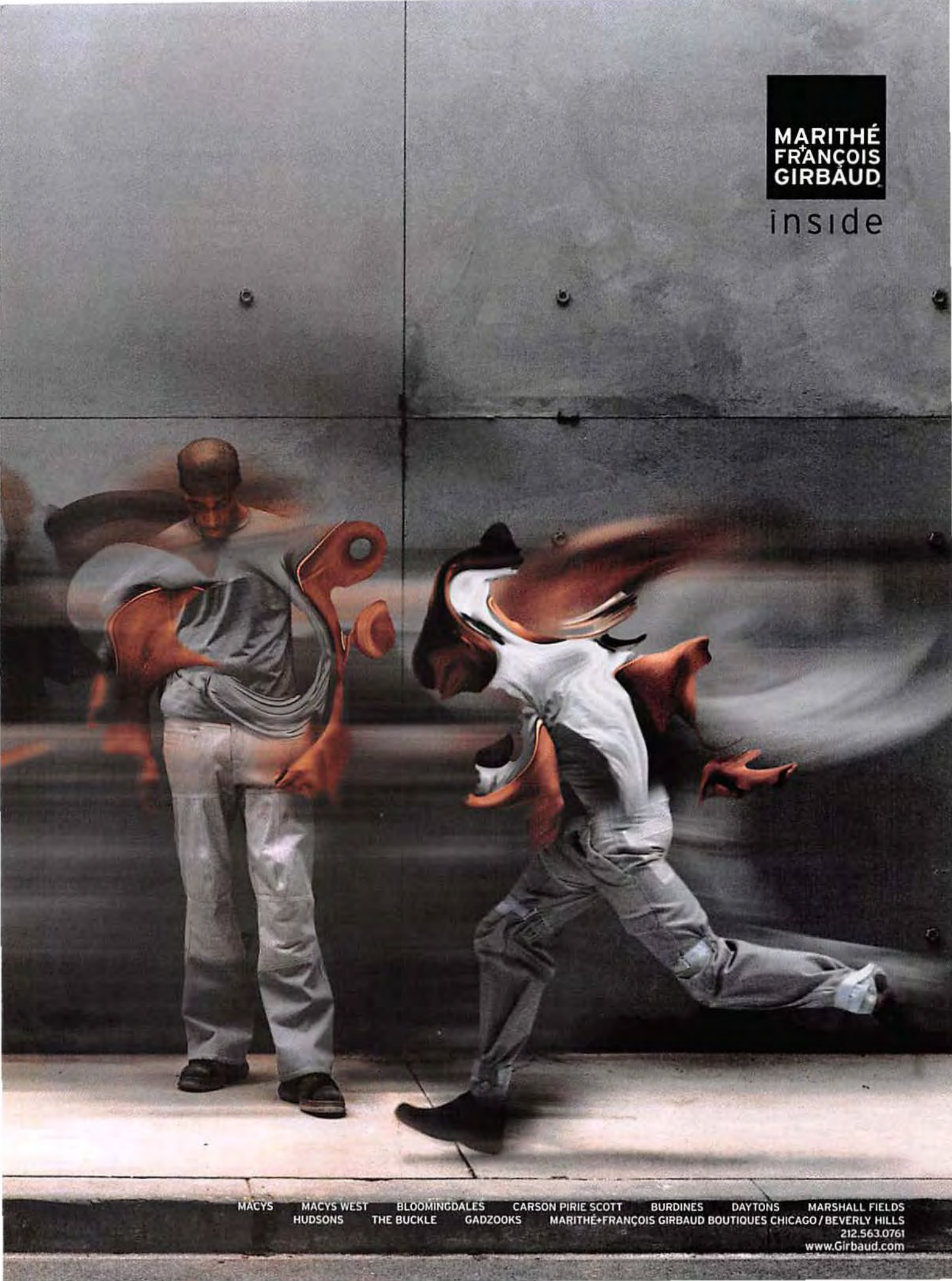
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Melissa Brown

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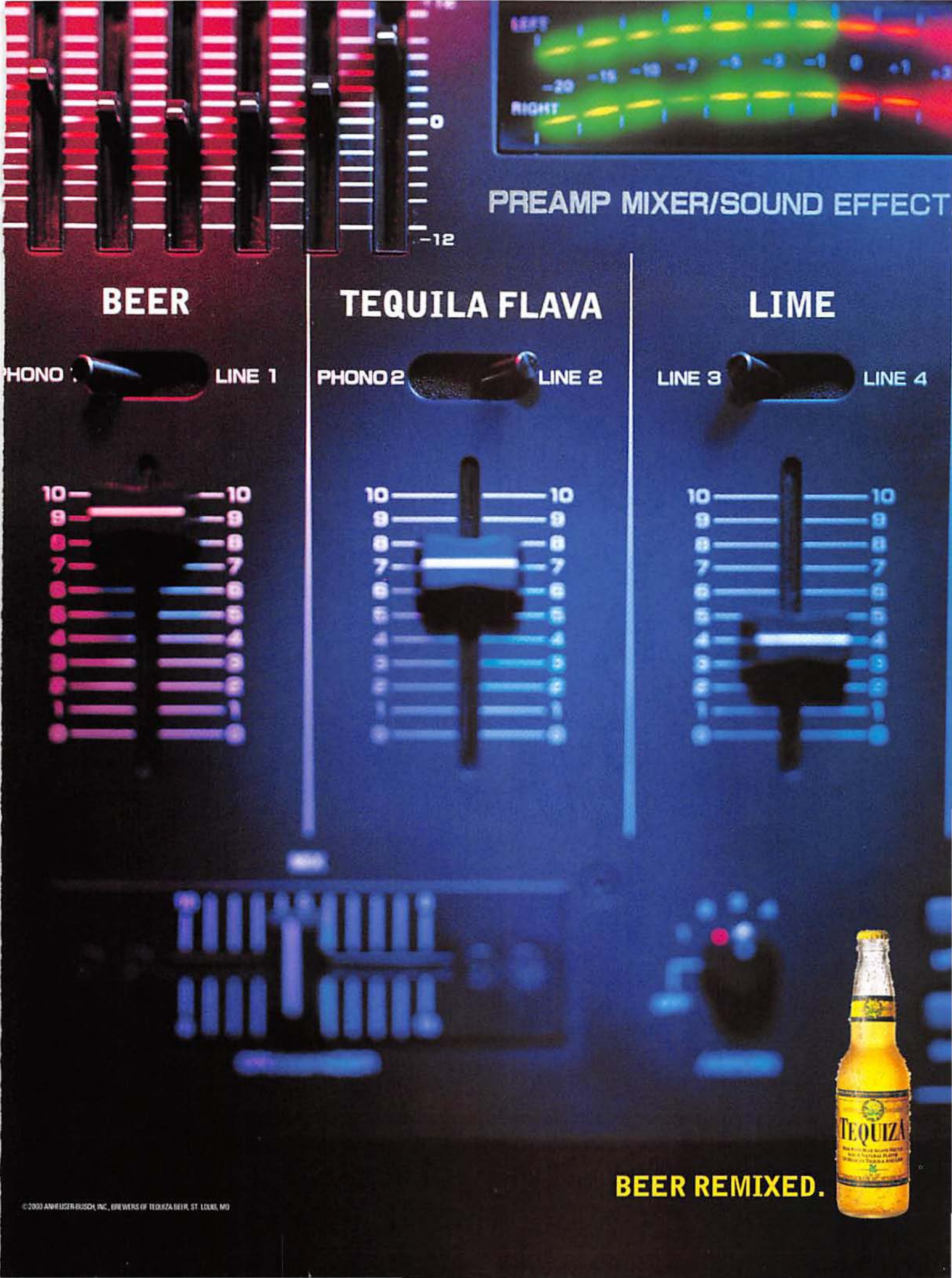
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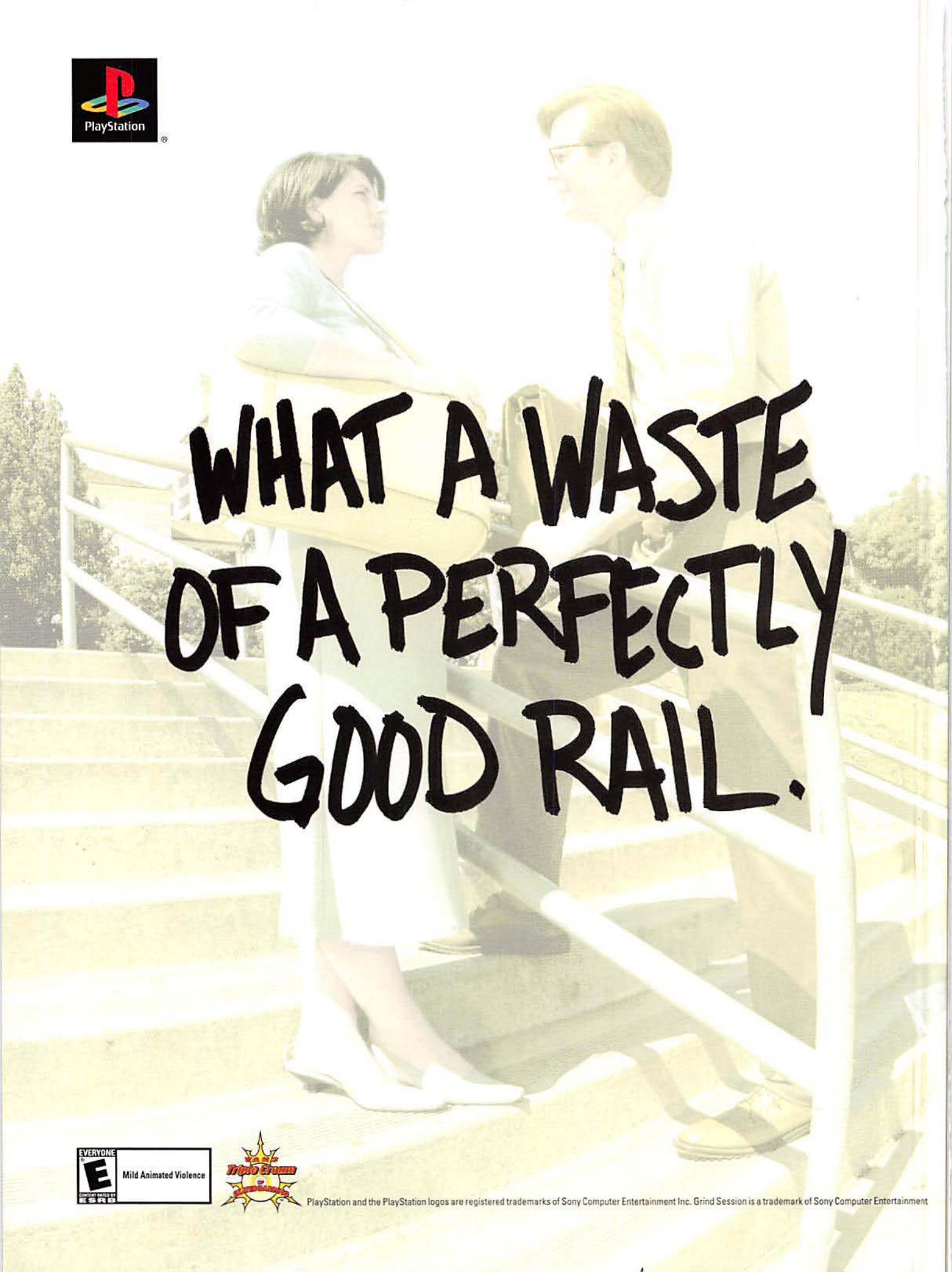
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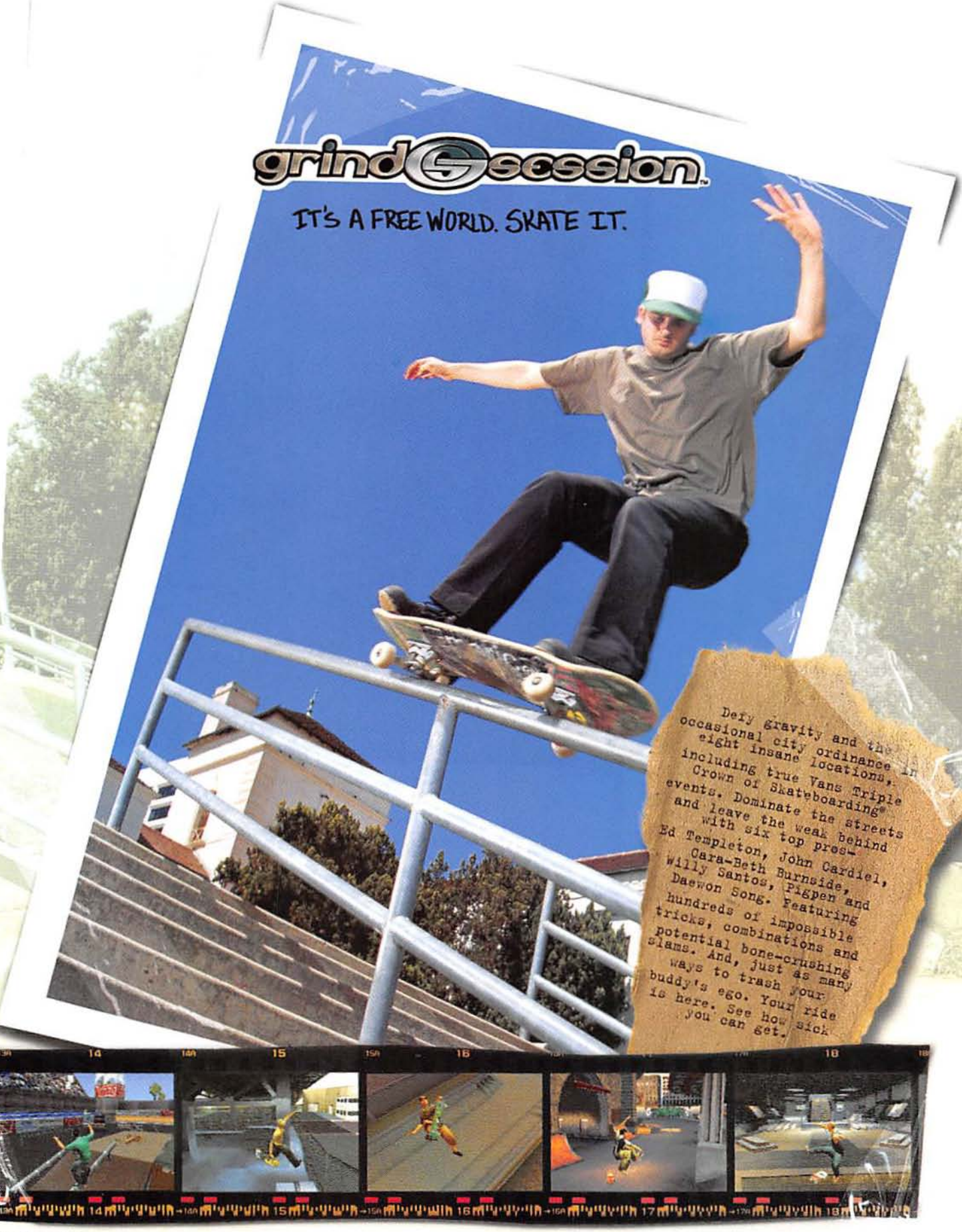

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ALL HAIL THE BAGAZINE

It's our 10th issue! And there's nothing like a random excuse to get us to flex our party pecs. (It *is* a double-digit number!) And with National Grandparents' Day less than a month away, we figure it's time for you to put your hands in the air—and wave them as if there were no repercussions. In other words, we're bringing the big bash to you. Behold the "Supersize It" party in a polypropylene bag, which contains all the elements you'll need to "party, karamu, fiesta, forever." We've spared no expense in this groundbreaking approach to journalism. Face it: What's a party without a coaster for your beer? What's a shindig without a few carefully prepared jokes? What's a wall without a poster of Rachael Leigh Cook? We've even included your guest list in the guise of our world's hottest women supplement (big pictures, too, in case you don't recognize them when they come a-knocking). If you can't get a party goin' after this, try dialing *M* for monkey fun.

Lest you think it's nothing but a *Stuff* jammy-jam over here, be aware that we've toiled selflessly to bring you this month's issue. Whether it's test-driving hot models for our auto preview or sampling shower pressure with Brooke Langton, we've sacrificed ourselves so that you might vicariously enjoy our excess. Let the games begin.

Andy Clerkson

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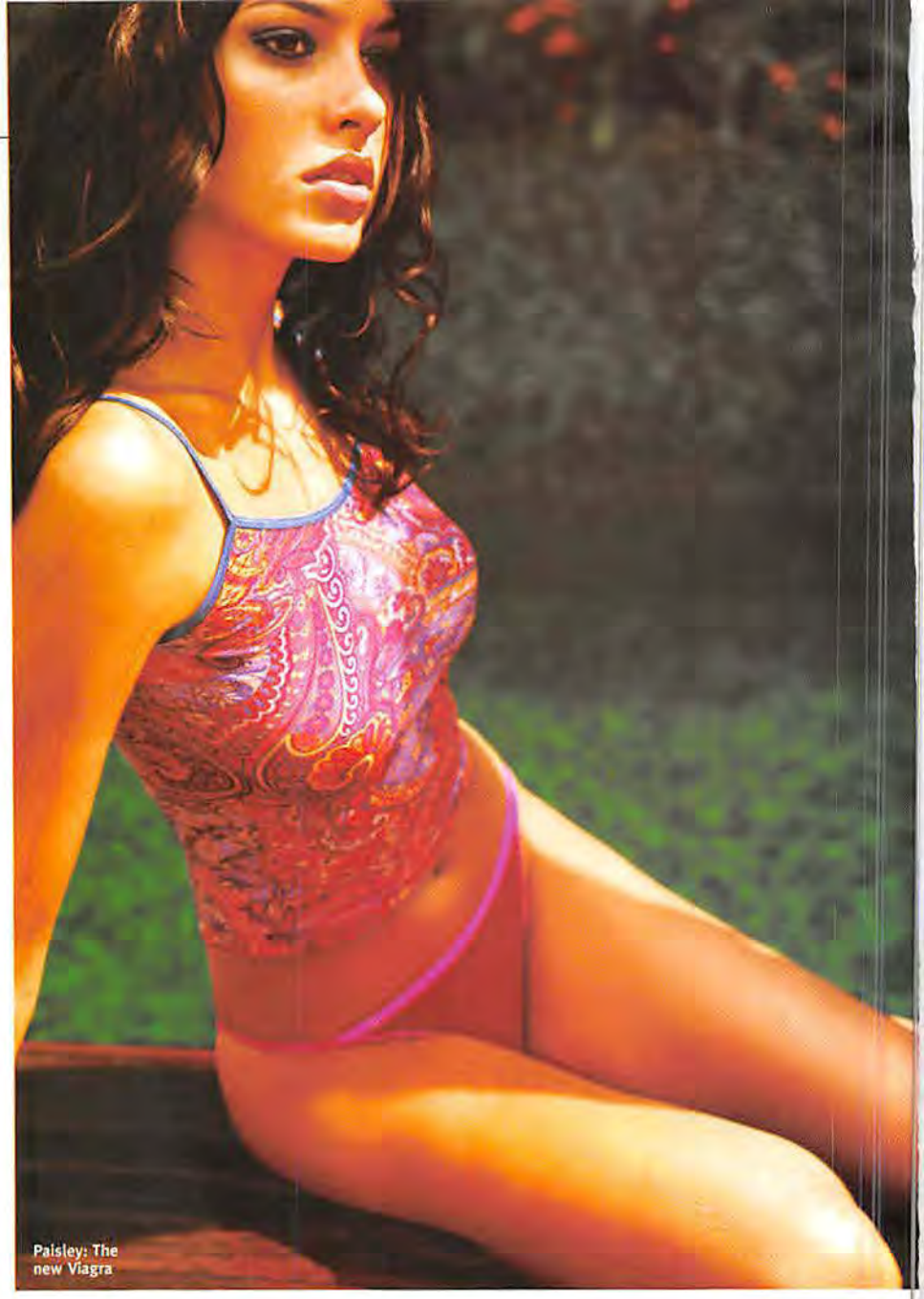

Paisley: The new Viagra

Brazil 101

Ay, caramba! You guys are the best thing to come down the pike since *National Geographic*. That Brazilian model supplement made me finally appreciate the true natural resources of South America. These girls make American chicks look like Mike Ditka. Thanks for the cultural enlightenment.

—Howard Sherwin, Cleveland

Sure, Howie. It's always good to know that our readers can rely on us to be a solid educational source on international people and customs. If you listened to Sting, you'd think every girl down there hugs only rubber trees and keeps a satellite dish in her lower lip. We just wanted to dispel stereotypes and set the record straight.

Alice in chains

There's no way I can disagree with Marcia Brady as a quality Babe of Yore, as she was definitely the most spankable of all the Brady girls—though it was hardly any competition when you compare her with that reject Jan and that little butthead Cindy. Yet, I simply cannot disregard my own perverse attraction to Alice the housekeeper. Alice was a rugged, outgoing, nasty piece of ass who looked as if she'd be open to anything. I bet Mr. Brady used to slip her the old dust mop when they were alone. What do you think?

—Mitch, via e-mail

Um, sure. Some guys are drawn to women with an alluring perfume, but we guess the scent of an industrial-strength toilet-bowl cleaner can be just as erotic.

Anywhere but there

"Party Over Here (from Thailand to Toronto)" is supposed to be your exclusive invitation to the planet's best bashes. But you neglected to include Toronto in the article, and I'd like to know why!

—Blair Davis, via e-mail

We went to Toronto once.

The fall guy

Just recently, I decided to go four-wheeling to a scenic spot here in Los Alamos so that I could read your mag in the great outdoors. I climbed up onto this nice, big rock and started to read. At one point, ▷▷▷

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Gag here: Stuff's first proposal

I am stationed aboard the *USS Valley Forge*. I have been a big fan of *Stuff* ever since I picked up my first copy. Since mail is so delayed, no one onboard had received any recent issues. In the last port we hit, we finally got some mail, and my girlfriend had sent me the last two issues. The magazines have circulated around the boat, and we now refer to ourselves as *The Good Ship Stuff*. I was hoping to get this letter printed to propose to my loving girlfriend, who has been there for me through all of this. So, Gina, if you are reading this, will you marry me?

—Derek Stiles, USS Valley Forge

Hey, what do we look like, the *Today* show window? No proposals! But now that you've gone and done it anyway, what can we do except say: Gina, if you're reading, you'd better slip on the ring quickly—months at sea have clearly made your Derek delusional. To keep the poor swabbie's mind off his johnson till he gets back to your port, we're sending him *Boiler Room* on DVD, a state-of-the-art player and nine other New Line DVD titles worth $25 each. It's hard to think about sex after being stuck below deck with Giovanni Ribisi for more than a couple of hours. Consider it an early wedding present.

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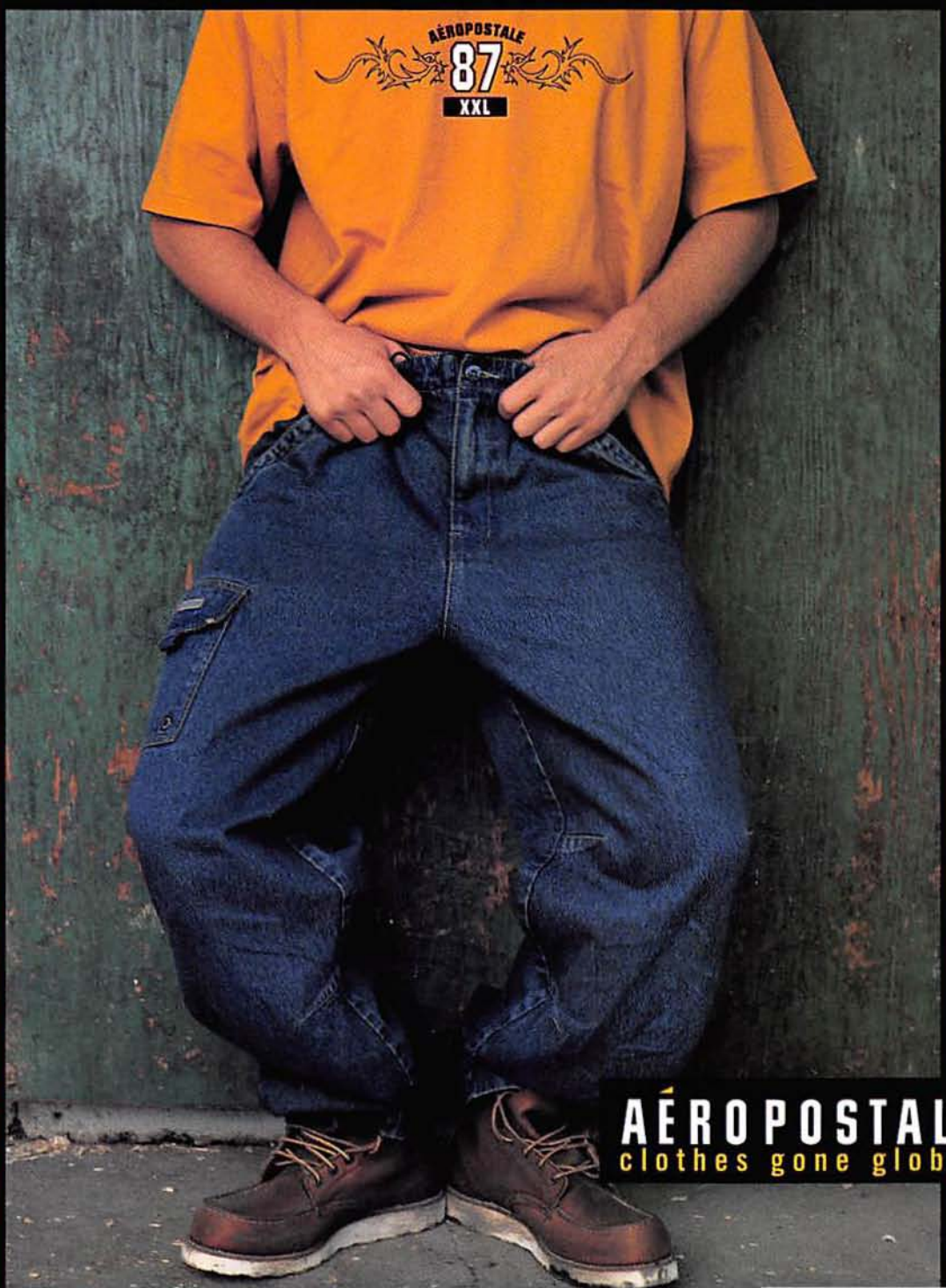

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I set the mag down, and the wind suddenly gusted and started to blow my *Stuff* over the edge. I leaped over to save it from falling, but unfortunately, my leap was a little too Michael Jordan–esque—I fell over the edge and plummeted to the ground 20 feet below. Luckily, I only suffered a broken finger and some cuts and bruises, but I managed to save my *Stuff*.

—Mike O'Toole, Los Alamos, N.M.

Grateful public, take note: *Stuff* is doing its best to improve the gene pool.

Bite me

The statistics on shark attacks that you presented in the June/July issue were accurate, but the way you presented them only tells half the story. More than 50 attacks in a year *is* a lot, but even if there had been 100 attacks in a year, what percentage of the total number of people in the water that year would the attack rate represent? We pose a far greater threat to sharks than they present to us, and they are disappearing at a rapid rate. Articles that bolster fear and ignorance will only make matters worse. All I ask is that you consider the larger picture, though I'm quite sure you don't care at all.

—Tree-hugger, via e-mail

Ouch! That hurts! Maybe not as much as a tendon-shredding shark strike—but cutting just the same. Nevertheless, you've got a good point. We're going the other way with our follow-up piece on the 50 million people who swam last year without encountering a single shark attack. Many of them got quite a sunburn, though. It'll make you think twice about going in the water again.

Dress for sex-cess

Your recent sex survey was a real eye-opener. The stats on the guys were pretty interesting, but it was the dirt on the ladies that got my, um, dander up. Usually I'm really scared to ask women for sex, but with 53 percent of them saying that their secret desire is to deliver a helluva hummer, I've gotten more confident. Now that I know that they like to play the bugle so much, I don't feel the pressure to ask for an all-access pass to the orchestra. It gives me some balls. Still, the idea of somebody asking me to dress up like Little Bo Peep to shave her wool scares the crap out of me. I look terrible in ruffles.

—Gerald Allen, Chicago

Look, man, if you wanna dance, you've gotta pay the band. Besides, judging by the candy-assed tone of your letter, it sounds like you probably have plenty of experience with sheep, anyway.

Tiny Kim was everyone's favorite in the remake of *A Christmas Carol*

Monkey wrench

I work at the sales counter at a Boston plumbing supply house. Recently, I placed a copy of *Stuff* on the counter after I had finished reading it. Most plumbers are kinda like, "C'mon, hurry up, gotta go—I'm charging someone $75 an hour here." But *Stuff* has changed all that. Now I can't get these lazy-ass freaks out of my store.

—Todd Semon, Beverly, Mass.

Finally, the *real* reason that we have to wait from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. before someone can find the time to plunge our toilet bowls.

Kool-Aid, anyone?

I'm thinking of starting a cult at work, and you'd be surprised at the amount of interest that I'm gaining. The problem is that the first question people ask is: "So, just what is your cult all about, anyway?" This is where I need your help. Other than weird food taboos and polygamy, I'm at a loss. I think "10 Steps to Starting Your Own Cult" would make an excellent article, and it would help me out, as well.

—Trevor, Abbotsford, B.C., Canada

Actually, *Stuff* is officially recognized as a cult. We offer goddesses (Alyssa Milano, Heidi Klum...) and a philosophy of life (beer and gear), and we're always trying to get you to mindlessly follow our instructions (loose subscription cards and renewal letters). Throw in an occasional bar trick

Photography ("Mum") Robert Duda; Styling, Sarah Gore Reeves; Hair, Luis Guillermo for John Freda Frizzante; Makeup, Bryn Schoot for Club Monaco/Artists; (Beer) Jens Mortensen

for miracles and you're there. Best of all, *Stuff* readers don't have to shave their heads or go see John Travolta movies.

Another life saved

I would like to thank *Stuff* for giving me a reason to live. Recently, I was depressed and had no direction. All of that changed when I hit the magazine section of a local bookstore. As a loser, I used to create the illusion of feminine companionship by burying myself in a massive collection of supermodel photos. I pored over the other magazines on the rack and found that although they all had hot girls in them, the rest of each magazine was garbage. It was then that I discovered *Stuff*. Sure, it has great babes, but I was so inspired by your mag's witty writing that I decided to take a journalism class and start writing for my college paper. Thanks to *Stuff*, I have a bright future as a journalist.

—*Claude Cardenas, Manteca, Calif.*

That's great. One question: This journalism class—what's it like?

True dat

I'm writing to you folks down at *Stuff* to let all your other faithful subscribers know that I think this magazine is "The Shits!" I mean, when I first checked it out, I was like, "Daamn!" I mean, it blew my mind—and I'm from East Oakland, where minds ain't blown all that easy, ya know? Keep it coming like it's been coming and y'all will be known as Big *Stuff* for the Two Zero Zero One and beyond! Peace out!

—*Oldie, Oakland, Calif.*

Please don't tell us you're heading into journalism, too.

$300 FOR YOUR THOUGHTS...

Ahhh...the dog days of summer: sunburn, advanced levels of body odor, skin disease and a harsh realization that you blew all your dough on suds and the pursuit of sweaty sex. Heineken's summer "In-Dex" estimates that by the end of the season, the average dude's party tab will total $5,428—and *you* can't even scrape together enough scratch for a case of cold brew. In an effort to ensure that your final weeks in the sun will not be without sweet imported beer, whoever sends in the letter that kisses our butts best will receive a $300 check from Heineken. So send us your thoughts and we'll either send you the funding for a fall fiesta, or we'll just intoxicate you with 100-proof insults. Cheers!

Do words come easy for you? Send 'em to: **Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; letters@stuff-mag.com. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.**

Thirsty for nightlife?

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Did You Hear the One About...

The cantaloupe, the undead and other sick stories.

Culture shock

A couple of months ago, a coworker and I went to Japan on a business trip. There, we met our Japanese product manager, who spoke very little English but was coming back to America with us for a week. He was worried about his poor vocab, and he asked us to help him with his English phrases. Doing our best to improve international relations, my bastard buddy decided to teach him a truly special phrase. He told him that when he got to customs and the agent asked him if he had anything to declare, he should say, "Dude, I'm a little crispy, but I'm not holding." Unbeknownst to us, he practiced saying this every day. A week later, we arrived at JFK, and he walked up to customs and said the fatal phrase. Within minutes, two guards appeared and escorted him into a back room, where he was interrogated for two hours before they finally realized that he was innocent. We felt really bad.

—Jay K., Houston, Tex.

Serves those Japanese right for corrupting our nation's youth with Pokémon.

Dead wrong

Being a mortician in Los Angeles, I have witnessed many bizarre things, but I recently saw something that took the coffin. It was about 3 A.M., and I got a call to make a removal at a nursing home. I asked the night-shift nurse to give me the room number of the deceased and then entered that room and saw a woman with her mouth open and her hands in the air—a typical sign of rigor mortis. I wrapped her feet, which is standard procedure, but when I started to wrap her arms and her head, she opened her eyes! Then she started screaming at the top of her lungs. She scared the living crap out of me, and I just bolted out the door. I later found out that the nurse had given me the wrong room number.

—Matt D., Pontiac, Ill.

Next time, check for a pulse before wrapping up a stiff like moo shoo pork.

Tumble-dry doggy

My ex-girlfriend had this dog, Ed, who chewed everything. One day, Ed decided to attack the garbage, and he managed to swallow a used Snuggle clothes dryer sheet. It was too late for us to do anything about it, so we kept a close eye on him. We figured everything was fine—until a few days later when we took the dog for a walk in the country. Ed squatted to take a crap, but nothing came out. He started walking around in circles. Upon closer inspection, we noticed the Snuggle hanging out of the pooch's ass! I found a large leaf and used it to carefully extract the offending object. Then, I threw the leaf and sheet a few feet from the dog, but before I could stop him, Ed joyfully ate the damn thing again! I don't know what ever became of the dryer sheet the second time around, but one thing's for sure: The hair around Ed's ass didn't have static cling!

—D. Breeden, Natural Bridge, Va.

Did his emissions smell April fresh?

Harsh high

I used to work in a logging camp, where I lived with five guys in a trailer. One day, we were sitting around smoking some hash, as usual. This guy Ted got up to go to the bathroom, and we decided to have some fun by loading his hit up with mouse turds. (Little known fact: Mouse turds look like hash.) So Ted comes back from the bathroom, and he takes a toke. Soon, he starts hacking away and turns a funny color. Then, he looks at us with bloodshot eyes and mumbles, "Damn, that was some heavy shit." Man, did we laugh.

—Ty. C., British Columbia, Canada

We highly recommend referring to your friend as Puff Doodie from now on.

TRUE LIE OF THE MONTH

I was sharing a house with two guys. Me and one of my roommates went on a weekend fishing trip, but we came back a day early. When we got to our place, we heard strange sounds coming from our other roomie's bedroom and discovered that he was doing the do with a cantaloupe! This needed to be documented, so I grabbed a recorder and secretly filmed him through the curtains. We never told him about the tape and hid it in a closet. Cut to two months ago: My friend and I moved out of the house, and the cantaloupe humper had his girlfriend move in. You know where this story is going. We forgot the tape, but guess who found it? Whoops.

—Charles M., Oceanside, Calif.

Sounds like a bad case of melon-omaGod. Make amends and share your $535 Nintendo prize package with your joystick-happy bud.

WIN A BOOMIN' CAR STEREO

There are those in life with gold-plated sandwich makers, marble skateboards and platinum underwear. But for those of you who put the po' in po'boy, even the most basic luxuries, like a decent window-shatterin' car stereo, are distant dreams (cue violin). Don't despair—send us some titillating tales and we just might spruce up your rusted ride with a Jensen 510K flip-face CD receiver, six-disc CD changer and a set of 135-watt titanium-plated Jensen coaxial speakers. This $590 car-audio prize package will allow you to get your jam on while waiting for that tow truck. In style, baby.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; letters@stuff-mag.com.

Photography: (Stereo) David Weiss. Illustration: Shag

IT DEPENDS HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

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A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT ON YOUR SENSES

First lady

Kramer vs. Camera

Clare Kramer takes her job as an actress pretty damn seriously. Borrowing her technique from masters such as De Niro and Pacino, she immerses her whole being into a character. For her role in the current flick *Bring It On*, Kramer went to an intensive three-and-a-half-week cheerleading boot camp—jumping around, cartwheeling and constructing a massive human pyramid. "It was an amazing experience," she says. "I was so sore after the first few days, I couldn't sit on a toilet." But all that training couldn't prepare her for the true perils of pom-pom life. "In one scene, I climb up my partner's body, and he lifts me over his head," she explains. "And let's just say that his thumb goes somewhere it isn't supposed to go. It's hilarious because this really does happen to cheerleaders. You know, when you're flipping around with next to nothing on your bottom half..." Let's just say that's all the information we need.

use Palmolive and never have dishpan DJ hands again

Vinyl analysis

Old Skool Meets Playskool

These kickin' kiddie-size turntables let you rock it till the break of nap time.

Meet the Mini-Mes of turntable technology: They're small, they're cute and they'll complete you. Available at A.P.C. in New York City, Columbia's plastic, portable decks and mixer run on D batteries and play both 45s and 33s. These babies are training wheels for the pro DJ set—so scratch to your heart's content. You'll have to drop $450 in order to drop mad science, but dammit, the beat needs you. **212-966-9685**

CASTLES IN THE SPAM

It's a gelatinous animal by-product, but is it art?

Behold Spamalot, the first-place winner of a SPAM sculpture contest held in Phoenix. Take a good look, art lovers, for there may never be another like it again. Says Spamalot's creator Dale Novack, "They say art is immortal, but I don't know how long a SPAM sculpture lasts. I ate mine after three days." The artist consumes his own art. Is there anything more poetic?

Running low on materials, Dale dices up his thumb

"Would you care to meet my Boy Wonder?"

KOOL KEITH Living

Kool Keith (aka Dr. Octagon, aka Black Elvis) could use another alias in his litany of names: Nut Job. We caught up with him during the recording of his latest album, *Matthew*, to pick his polite brain with your etiquette Q's.

DEAR KOOL KEITH,
What is the proper way to ask a young lady for a date?

—Paul R., Cincinnati

Just approach her with a mask on and a long cape and say, "Do you want to go out?" Wear some Batman-type shit and a pair of Outpost jeans. Don't be shy. Jump out in front of her like a flasher.

DEAR KOOL KEITH,
When and where is it appropriate to use a cellular phone?

—Arnold T., Miami, Fla.

Things can get pretty busy on tour, so I like to use my telephone in movie theaters. If anyone complains to me, I just tell them, "Be quiet—I'm making a call." I also make sure that I keep the ringer on LOUD.

DEAR KOOL KEITH,
My job involves going on a lot of business dinners with important clients. I was hoping you could suggest some proper topics for dinner conversation.

—Steven B., Phoenix

Discuss your hopes and dreams. I like to talk about how it is my longtime fantasy to walk through the biggest mall in America naked. I'm going to do it, too. For real.

DEAR KOOL KEITH,
I want to be a rock star. Anything I should know about living on a tour bus?

—Sal T., Virginia Beach, Va.

My only touring rule is that nobody is allowed to use the bathrooms on the bus. I don't want any waste on the bus riding with me from city to city.

Photography: (Turntable) Jens Mortensen; (Spam can) Jens Mortensen; (Keith) Chris Cuffaro; Grooming: Cheryl Garcia

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punching bag:
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New from IKEA: The Flügen Slicer, $59.99

Museum of Death

Pay-per-view To a kill

Looking for a cheap thrill? For just $7, you can step inside death's door.

Next time, try Tide

Every day, death gets a little closer, especially if you're walking up Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, where intrepid tourists can visit the Museum of Death. Featuring curiosities such as Charles Manson's signed baseball, copies of paintings by Dr. Jack Kevorkian and an electrocuted convict's ooze-stained T-shirt that was peeled off his crispy corpse, the museum is not a highly recommended stopping point before dinner at Spago. The 10-room temple of doom is the stillborn brainchild of Cathee Shultz and her husband, J.D. Healy. One very special exhibit is the Heaven's Gate display, which contains an actual purple shroud, a pair of Nikes and a bunk bed used by the suicide-pact cult members. According to Shultz, it comes "complete with smell!" The Celebrity Pet Death exhibit displays, among other famous dead animals, Jayne Mansfield's stuffed Chihuahua. If that doesn't make you drop your chalupas on the floor, this might be the spot for you. 323-466-8011

HIGHLIGHTS IN LOW INTELLIGENCE

THE WORLD OF STUPID

Our roundup of people who are a few eggrolls short of a pu pu platter.

SWEDEN

Italy crashes wrong party

Italy's elite army unit, the Alpini, may have mastered the fine art of eating fettuccine in foxholes, but they apparently haven't gotten a handle on map reading yet. While attempting to carry out a NATO training mission to Kristiansand, Norway, they accidentally invaded Kristianstad, Sweden, instead. The Italian Defense Ministry tried to blame the mix-up on the civilian airline that the Alpini chartered to fly in on ("Please stow all automatic weapons in the overhead compartments"), but Italian newspapers were quick to point out that, while the names of the towns might indeed sound similar, Sweden isn't even a part of NATO.

FLORIDA

Woman bugs out

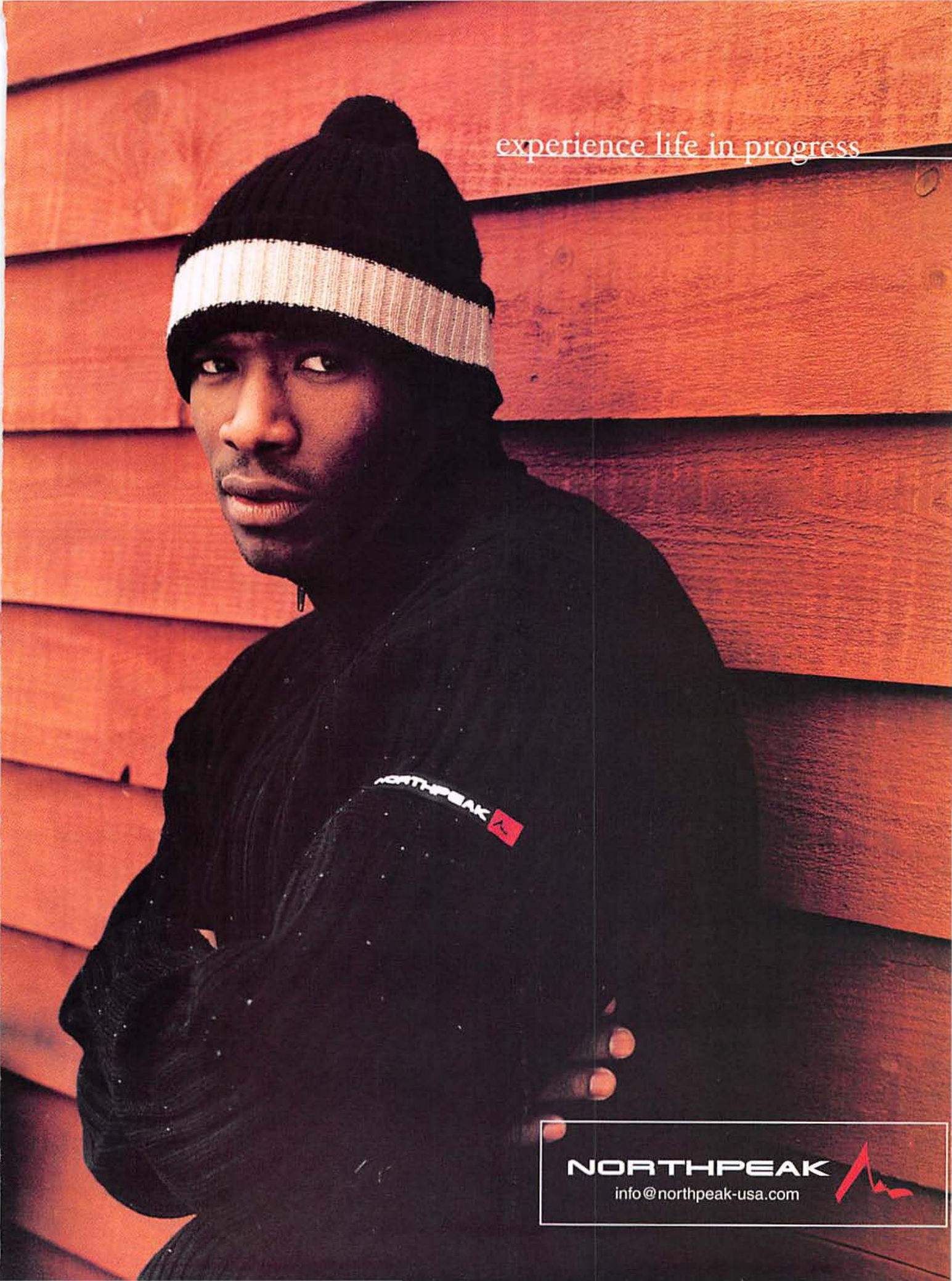
An entomophobic woman in Tampa was understandably freaked when she saw a cockroach crawling across her TV screen. Not about to risk having it survive a whack with a rolled-up newspaper, she instead chose to throw a motorcycle helmet at the offending *cucaracha*. The result? A smashed television and the painful realization that the roach was actually just part of a commercial for Orkin Pest Control. The woman has since demanded that the Atlanta-based company pay for a new television. When reached for comment, lawyers for Orkin were laughing too hard to speak.

CANADA

Crooks eat crow

This past January, a fearless and quick-thinking employee at a Subway sandwich shop in Edmonton, Alberta, was able to set off a burglar alarm and disarm two men who were attempting to rob him at knifepoint. Scared by the sandwich-maker's heroics, the felons fled the scene, but the action didn't stop there. The Subway employee pursued the would-be thieves, shouting that there was no harm done and that he'd gladly make them free sandwiches if they came back. The robbers—apparently jonesin' for a Cold Cut Trio—accepted his offer and returned. Minutes later, police arrived and arrested the hungry thieves, who were patiently waiting on line for their sammies.

Illustrations: (Subway) Ruth Hughes; (Cartoon) From the book *More Red Meat*. Copyright©1998 by Max Cannon. Reprinted by arrangement with St. Martin's Press Inc.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DAMNNATIONS

IS AMERICA THE BEST?

You can tell a lot about a country from its indigenous cheese. Canada, for example, may have "bacon," but no notable *fromage*. And Canada isn't exactly a superpower, now, is it? Coincidence? We rounded up several foreign cheeses to see how good ol' American stacked up. Let the cheese fall where it may.

USA AMERICAN

Tastes the same, with or without the wrapper. — 4

FRANCE BRIE

Lovingly crafted by bushy-pitted French milkmaids. — 7

GREECE FETA

Mmmm... cubes of coagulated goat piss. — 3

ENGLAND STILTON

Features an aftertaste remarkably reminiscent of vomit. — 2

SWITZERLAND EMMENTAL

Has more holes than their stolen Nazi gold excuses. — 4

BELGIUM LIMBURGER

Fatty and smelly: the Rush Limbaugh of cheeses. — 1

ITALY PARMESAN

Like a good woman, it's firm and goes well with wine. — 8

Do not taunt Happy Fun Ball

K-9 smackdown

Three Dog Fight

Robotic dogs. They're everywhere these days—from toy-store shelves to *The Real World New Orleans*. But is it time to trade in your real-life pooch for a machine? To find out, we pitted two electronic canines and a poodle against one another in a battle to the death.

THE DOG		
AIBO ERS-111 Sony's entertainment robot	**POO-CHI** The interactive puppy	**MITZI** A real poodle
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE		
An armor-plated monkey	Scrappy-Doo mated with a toaster oven	A four-legged Michael Bolton
SPECIAL TRICKS		
He expresses emotions (he points to his head when he wants to be petted), follows voice commands ("kick the ball") and plays heartwarming melodies.	He chirps songs, sits, stands and dances on tiptoe. When two Poo-Chis are put together, they will start either singing or growling at one another.	He provides great socially awkward moments by pressing his snout into visiting friends' crotches.
WILL IT HUMP YOUR LEG?		
AIBO is made to "interact with people," but has no genitalia, so you're safe.	Stand too close when he "dances" and you'll be in interactive leg-sex hell.	Oh, yeah.
WHAT POWERS IT		
A lithium ion battery pack	Three AAA batteries	Kibbles 'n' Bits, table scraps, toilet water
HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW?		
$2,500	$28	Free at animal shelters
HOW IT DID IN BATTLE		
AIBO can be a mean SOB. He tried to pick Poo-Chi up with his crushing jaws.	Poo-Chi sat there, singing like a robotic mental patient, until AIBO dogged him.	Mitzi barked incessantly at AIBO, then knocked him over and ran away yelping.
THE RESULTS...		
AIBO kicks ass!	Poo-Chi is an ass.	Mitzi sniffs ass.

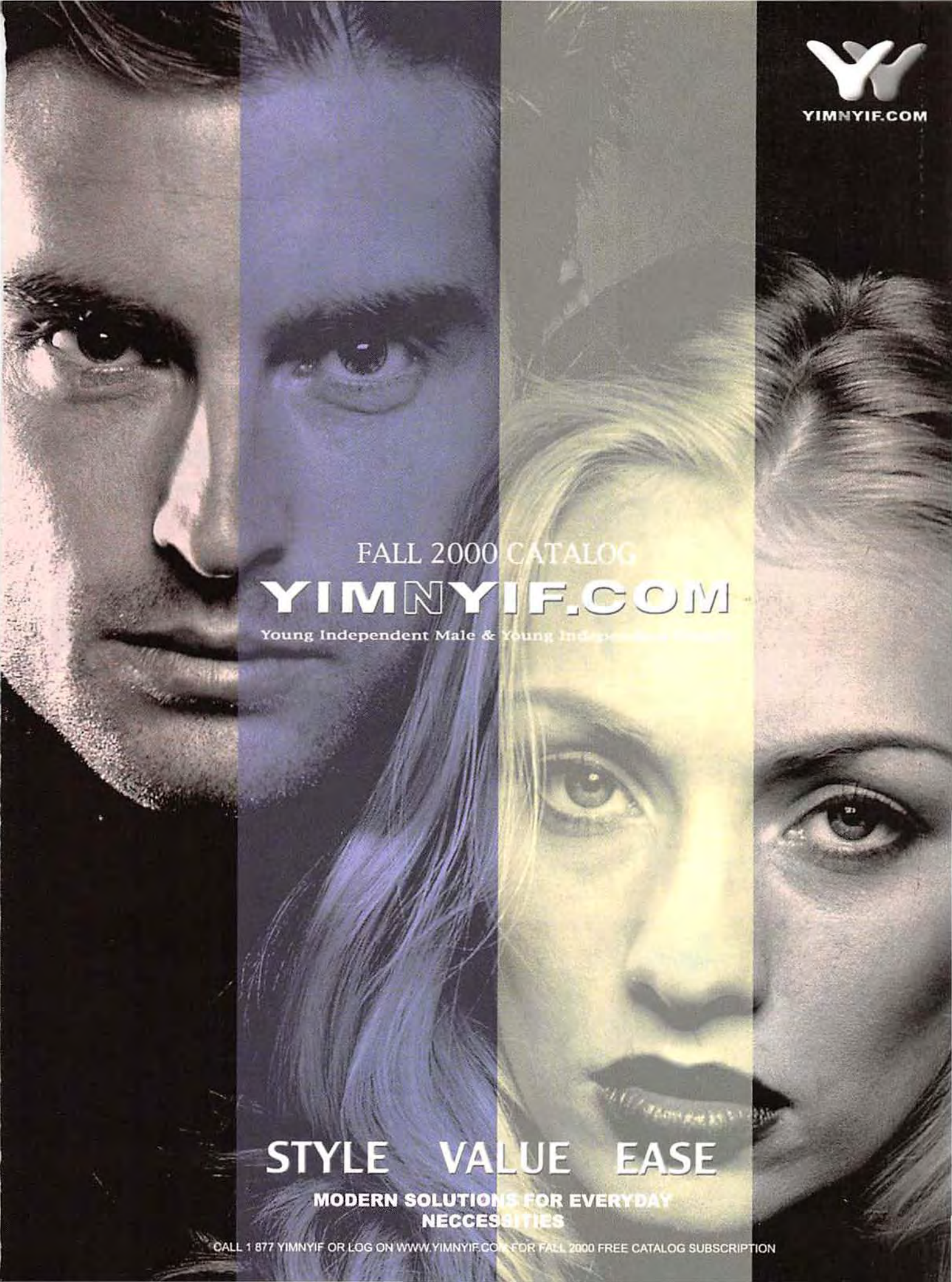
Nine out of ten dentists say, "Oh, yeah, baby!"

A SUCKER'S BORN EVERY MINUTE

Introducing a tasty new candy that'll blow your mind.

We haven't heard many complaints about oral sex, but apparently there's always room for improvement. Enter Head Candy: a fruit-flavored, mouth guard–shaped gummy candy that the giver of oral delights presses over her teeth, allowing for a smooth, cushiony sensation with no scraping action. And it's not just for fellating the fellas: To give your lady a turn, choose the pair with the small indentations in the front, which create "a soft, slippery cradle" for nestling the clitoris. As if all of this weren't cool enough, Head Candy is also certified kosher. Shalom, baby. Get four pairs for $10 at www.adameve.com.

Photography: (Dogs, Candy) Jens Mortensen; (Cheese) Damien Borck.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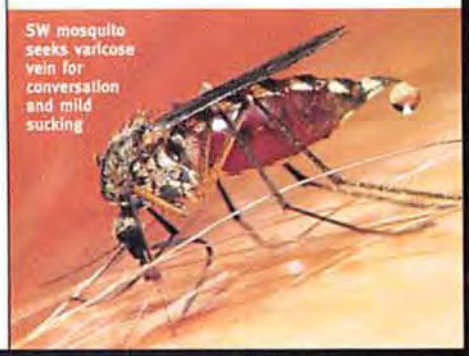
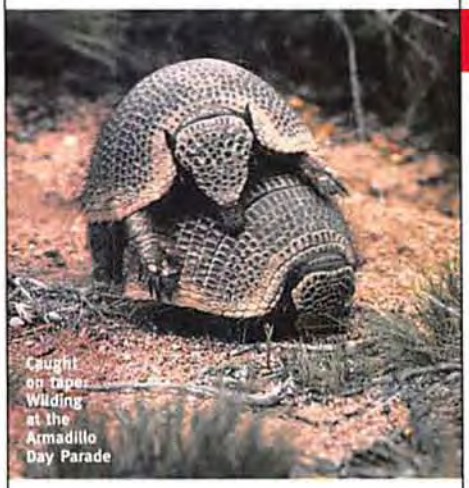


SW mosquito seeks varicose vein for conversation and mild sucking

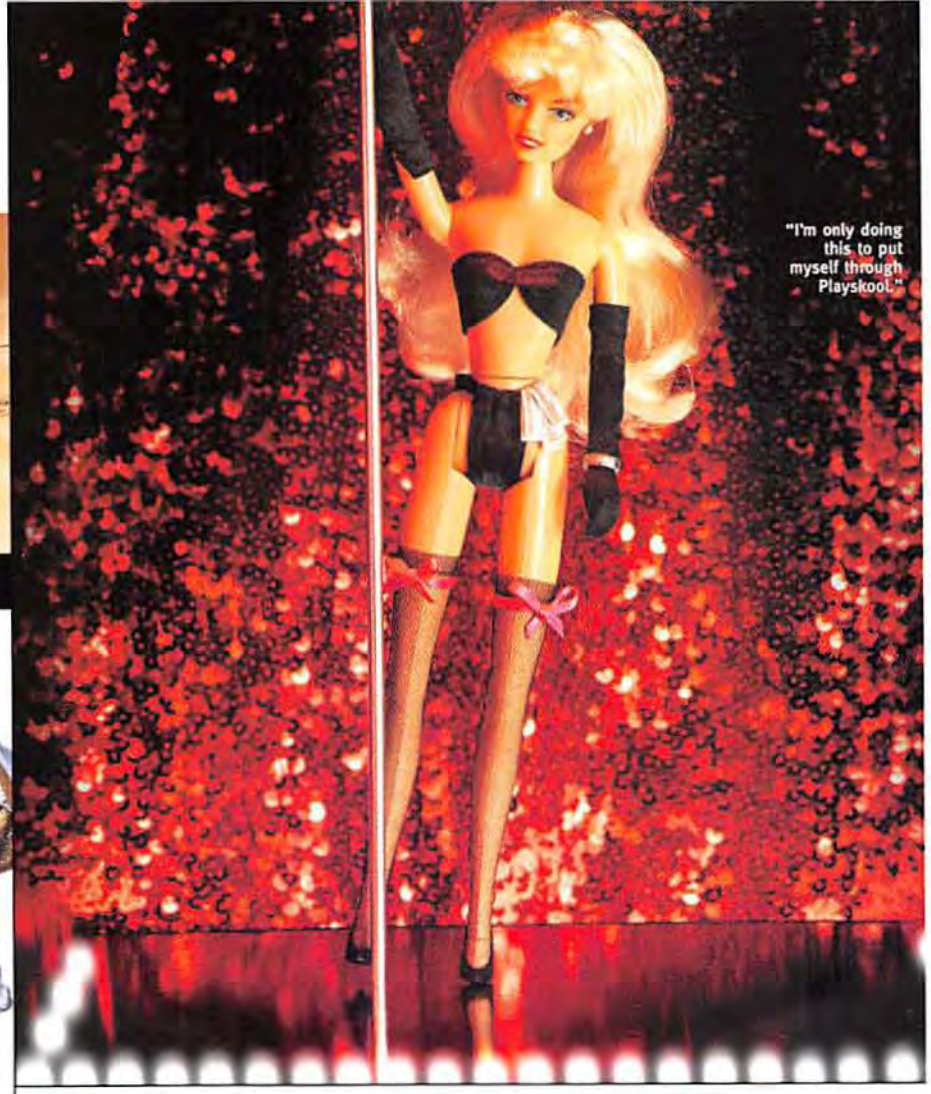
CONVERSATION STARTERS

Annoy your nearest and dearest with these utterly useless facts.

- Even if severed, the sexual organs of an armadillo are still functional.
- A pair of Elvis' underpants is worth an estimated $1,300.
- In Texas, it is illegal to have sex with a fish. In Florida, it is illegal to get a fish drunk. In North Carolina, it is illegal to have sex with a drunken fish.
- The first toilet ever to appear on television was on *Leave It to Beaver*.
- In Argentina, it is rumored that eating cats is good for your health and stimulates your sexual appetite.
- Research indicates that mosquitoes are attracted to people who have recently eaten bananas.
- Sperm whales are sexually mature at the moment of birth.
- In Puerto Rico, wiggling one's nose means, "What's going on?"
- A can of SPAM is opened every four seconds.



Caught on tape: Wilding at the Armadillo Day Parade



"I'm only doing this to put myself through Playskool."

Kiddie corner

G.I. Joe's New Ho

Admit it. You sneaked a peek under Barbie's shorts in your early years, and you were terrified by what you learned: The blond beauty has a skin graft between her legs. To prevent the mental scarring of future generations of sexually curious rugrats, the somewhat anatomically accurate Racy Stripper doll has hit the scene. Beneath her thigh-high fishnets and black bikini stuffed with dollar bills, Racy has something that, by some definitions, could be regarded as genitalia—although it's more like a strip of the old G.I. Joe's afro. To ensure that everyone gets a look, she comes with a cassette tape of striptease music that talks the listener through the routine. "Want to see all of my accessories? You'll have to tip me first," she instructs. Available in blond or brunette. (Dreamhouse not included.) **www.racydoll.com**

THE COOLEST KEG ON EARTH

We've seen the future of ice-cold brew...and its name is Barfly.

For years, you've dreamed of a refrigerator that would stay permanently stocked with beer, and now the Barfly Retro Beer Fridges Company has made it happen. Scientists in their Toronto labs took 1950s-style fridges, custom-painted them with high-end automotive paint (you can choose from 14 colors, including Batmobile black and Mustang red), gutted the interiors and inserted a 30-liter keg of beer (for the metrically impaired, that's 88 bottles worth) into each one. A beer hose connects the suds to an outside tap, which, in turn, connects the fermented hops to your brain. Added bonus: There's enough leftover room inside the fridge to make it the ideal spot to chill your finer spirits (Jell-O shooters, Ripple, etc.). Consider all of these perks (and spend enough time at the tap) and the $1,400 price tag will seem perfectly reasonable. **www.barfly.ca**

Photography: (Stripper doll) David Weiss.

Alvin Sanders is going to help the Feds catch a killer.
He just doesn't know it yet.

JAMIE FOXX

BAIT

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS JAMIE FOXX "BAIT" DAVID MORSE DOUG HUTCHISON KIMBERLY ELISE
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PRODUCTION DESIGNER PETER JAMISON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY TOBIAS SCHLEISSLER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TONY GILROY JAIME RUCKER KING PRODUCED BY SEAN RYERSON WRITTEN BY ANDREW SCHEINMAN
& ADAM SCHEINMAN AND TONY GILROY DIRECTED BY ANTOINE FUQUA

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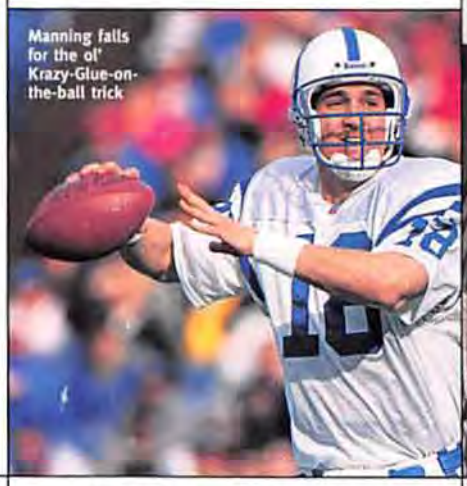
OPENS SEPTEMBER 15 EVERYWHERE



Manning falls for the ol' Krazy-Glue-on-the-ball trick

Henley: No shirt, no shoes, no pardon

PLAY THE PERCENTAGES

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

U.S. OPEN (MEN)

WUSS BET	PETE SAMPRAS	2–1
MONEY BET	MARK PHILIPPOUSSIS	15–1

Philippoussis, 23, the 6'4" Australian Scud, has the best serve in tennis, and it carried him to the 1998 finals. He slammed Sampras at the French Open this year and the Australian in '96.

U.S. OPEN (WOMEN)

WUSS BET	MARTINA HINGIS	2–1
MONEY BET	ANNA KOURNIKOVA	25–1

So what if Kournikova has never won a singles title? She's not *just* a pretty face with a body that causes men to foot fault on their own tongues.

NFL MVP

WUSS BET	PEYTON MANNING	2–1
MONEY BET	VINNY TESTAVERDE	25–1

Not as much of a Hail Mary as you might think. Though he missed last season, Testaverde had a terrific '98. Despite losing Keyshawn Johnson, Vinny's arsenal is loaded with vets Wayne Chrebet and Dedric Ward, along with promising draftees.

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION

WUSS BET	REDSKINS	3–1
MONEY BET	COLTS	10–1

Indy looks like a team without a weakness. The Colts used their first three draft picks (Rob Morris, David Macklin and Marcus Washington) to muscle up on defense.

Picks by *NY Post* betting guru Hondo.

C. WAYNE LIPPARD

JIMMY WAYNE JEFFERS

CONAN WAYNE HALE

JOHN WAYNE GACY

Trend spotting

Evil Has a Middle Name: Wayne

These American murderers have two things in common: A love of evil and the same middle name.

JOHN WAYNE GACY
Executed in 1994 for killing 33 young men and boys in Illinois.

CONAN WAYNE HALE
Oregonian who earned a spot in Benetton's "We, on Death Row" ads after shooting his ex-girlfriend and her boyfriend to death.

MICHAEL WAYNE THOMPSON
Sentenced to life in prison for the beating death of a British army officer in New Mexico.

ELMER WAYNE HENLEY
Currently serving a 594-year sentence in Texas for killing six teenage boys.

JIMMY WAYNE JEFFERS
Arizonian executed in 1995 for injecting his girlfriend with a fatal overdose of heroin.

ROBERT WAYNE SAWYER
Executed in 1993 for the heinous murder of a baby-sitter in 1979.

WESLEY WAYNE MILLER
Serving 25 years in Texas for the fatal stabbing of a cheerleader.

MICHAEL WAYNE BROWN
Saying he was "tired," this escaped Oklahoman, who killed an insurance agent, surrendered in June 1999, after being on the lam for 15 years.

THOMAS WAYNE AKERS
Threatened to kill the judge if he wasn't executed for fatally beating a man with a baseball bat. He was sentenced to death in 1999.

MICHAEL WAYNE HALL
Texan who tortured and killed a woman in 1998; sentenced to death in February.

CHRISTOPHER WAYNE LIPPARD
Arrested for allegedly killing five members of a Waynesville, North Carolina, family with a shotgun.

ROBERT WAYNE HARRIS
Allegedly shot and killed five people in a Dallas car wash.

BONUS CANADIAN ENTRY
MICHAEL WAYNE McGRAY
Canada's most prolific serial killer, he admitted to killing 16 people before being sentenced to life.

AMAZING SEX IS EASY TO SWALLOW

A new herbal pill will make you hornier than a heifer in heat.

BEEN DROPPING THE BALL IN BED? Then meet Horny Goat Weed (epimedium grandiflorum), an all-natural sex enhancer for both men and women that promises to ignite more wood than a forest fire. To find out if this medicine really raises the wheat, we asked a reporter to pop some pills before plowing the field.

TIME TO AROUSAL Fully erect at the 90-minute mark. Unfortunately, our test subject underestimated the length of the movie he and his girlfriend were seeing and was at full salute for the final half hour of *Shaft*.

WHAT HAPPENED To stay with the theme, they chewed each other's cud and role-played Farmer Brown and the Naughty Nanny Goat.

OVERALL IMPRESSION "Amazing stuff." Back scratches appear to have been left by an amorous wolverine.

Photography: (Goat Weed) Jens Mortensen.

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XXXOOO

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NEW FRAGRANCES FOR MEN AND FOR WOMEN

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BABES OF YORE NO.9

SAMANTHAFOX

Her music touched our souls, and we, in turn, touched ourselves.

Samantha's butt implants were becoming an occupational hazard

Waiflike: For more than 10 years, it has been the qualifier for what makes a model "super." But it wasn't always this way. Back in the '80s, the ideal woman didn't look like a 68-pound extra from *Trainspotting*. She was fleshy, spunky and used no small amount of hairspray. She was a pinup girl, and if there was a queen of the pinups, it was Samantha Fox.

She first earned our respect and admiration at the tender age of 16, when she helped Bob Geldof's African hunger-relief project by baring her breasts in the British tabloid *The Sun*. Like her cleavage, though, Sam's ambition could not be easily contained, and in 1986, she left full-time modeling for the glamorous world of pop stardom.

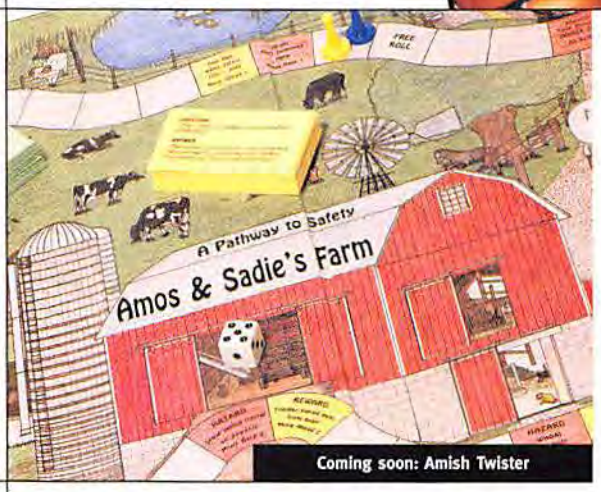
Samantha was fleshy, spunky and used no small amount of hairspray.

Critics railed against her candy-coated vixen image, but what critic could deny the stirring in a young boy's Hanes the first time he heard her album *Touch Me*—or the four million copies that it sold? And who could imagine one of today's urchinlike models belting out tunes such as "Your House or My House," "Hot for You" and the inimitable "I Wanna Have Some Fun"? Eat your heart out, Kate Moss—provided it doesn't contain too many calories.

Fox continued to model after her singing career took off, answering the prayers of prepubescent and pubescent men worldwide. Her spread in *Playboy* (outtakes of which can still be seen on samfox.com) continues to be a classic in gentlemen's entertainment.

Confusion with another Samantha Fox led many to believe that the chesty Brit starred in pornographic films such as *Slammer Girls, Burlexxx* and *Undressed Rehearsal*. But that porno hussy couldn't hold a candle to the acting skills *our* Samantha deftly displayed in her 1994 big-screen debut, *Rock Dancer*.

Her 1999 release, *21st Century Fox*, failed to achieve multiplatinum status, but she may have been too busy saving her soul to notice. Just before the album's release, Samantha was born again, stating that "God is a pretty cool chap to hang around with." And the man upstairs is the only man she'll be hanging with. After suffering failed relationships with an Australian con artist and a Spanish bull fighter, Sam has sworn off men and become something of a lesbian icon, which just goes to show that dreams really do come true.



Coming soon: Amish Twister

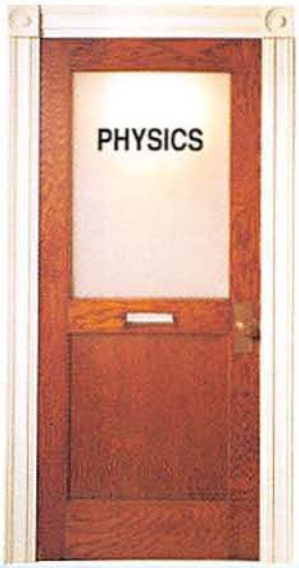
The Puritans got game

"Roll the Die, Jebodiah"

A new Amish board game churns out the fun.

Cocaine dealing, Internet usage, carriage theft—there is something seriously awry in the Amish community these days. Realizing that something must be done, local do-gooders at Penn State have taken a drastic step toward educating the children before they grow to be as unruly as their papas' beards: They've created a board game. Amos & Sadie's Farm teaches young Amish (or Amlettes, as they like to be called) the dos and don'ts of farm safety. Each player navigates through occupational hazards—such as stampeding bulls—that would give an insurance agent an aneurysm. Players advance by correctly answering questions such as "What would you do if a horse kicked your brother?" and "True or False: You can put hay over a hay hole to cover it and keep children from falling through." The game is not available for general consumption, so if you're hankering to play, grow out those facial follicles, move to PA, swear off the devil's electronics and you're in.

Photography (Board Game): Damien Donna



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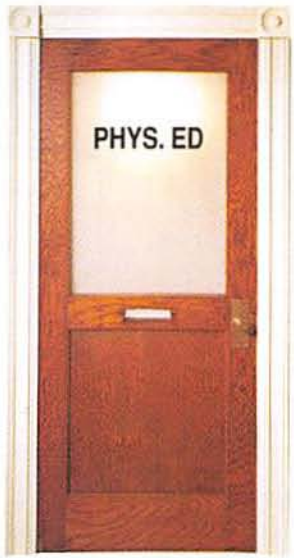

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IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

DEAD MAN SPACE-WALKING

Ribbed for robots

Thanks to Celestis Inc., more than 100 people have been "buried" in the Earth's orbit, their ashes launched in tiny, plastic capsules (left). But the Texas-based company has bigger plans for galactic graveyards. Within the next few years, they say they'll be able to sprinkle dearly departed earthlings over the surface of the moon for $12,500. Sound a bit steep? The price, according to Celestis president Chan Tysor, "is not completely out of line with what people might spend on a traditional funeral." Think of the benefits: You won't have to worry about folks walking over your grave or stealing your flowers.

CAT'S MEOW²

Butt-Butt, a seven-year-old cat from Bensalem, Pennsylvania, recently gave birth to a most unusual kitten: Image, a little bugger with one head, four eyes, two noses and two mouths. Although Image seemed to be happy and healthy, sadly, he died three days after birth—possibly due to mama Butt-Butt's rejection. Image's human mom is considering donating the body to the Mutter Museum's collection of medical oddities in Philadelphia. She is also considering not allowing Butt-Butt to go near the microwave anymore.

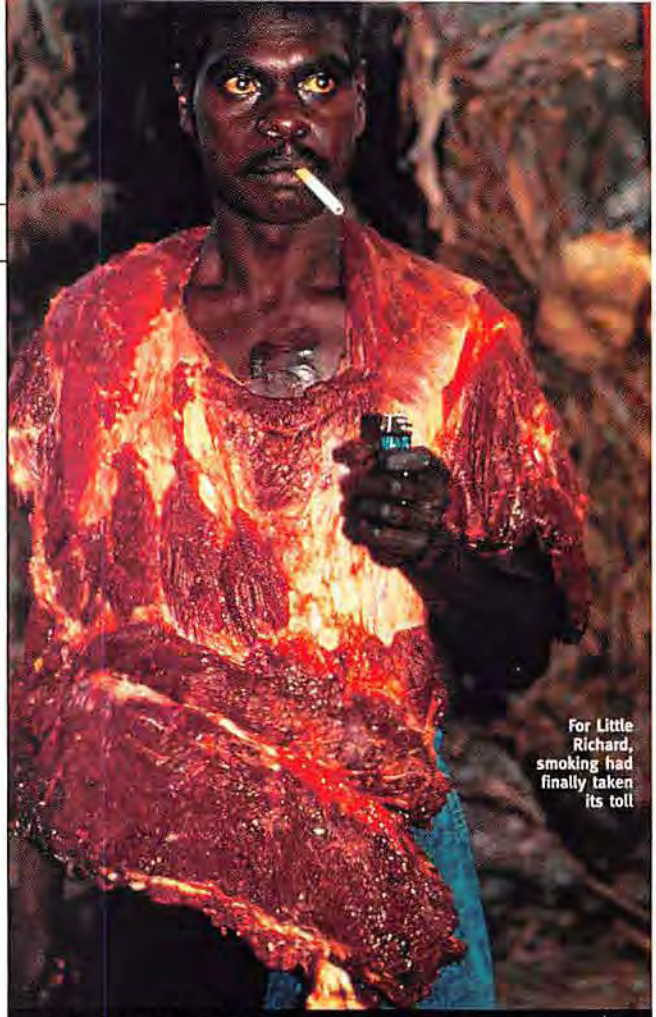
DOCTOR PULLS PATIENTS' LEGS

A man in England and another from Germany each lost one of his legs—on purpose. Hans Schaub, a 71-year-old retired German boat builder, had one of his healthy legs cut off in April 1999 by British surgeon Robert Smith, in order to alleviate Schaub's suffering from body dysmorphic disorder—a mental illness that causes people to obsess about imagined flaws in their physical appearance. In 1997, Smith also removed the lower leg of British teaching assistant Kevin Wright, who claimed that since the age of eight he knew that he "didn't want it."

SUMO BARES HIS SOUL

The mawashi belts (size XXXL thongs) worn by sumo wrestlers may expose an obscene amount of buttock to the Western eye, but they're pretty handy at keeping the ol' sushi roll out of plain sight—if you tie them on properly. The formerly unknown sumo wrestler Asanokiri didn't, and the world soon discovered just how well-hung he was, when his dueling diaper dropped on national television. As if this public display of sashimi weren't humiliating enough, Asanokiri was forced to forfeit the match. According to an obscure sumo rule, any wrestler who does not wrap the mawashi around his body securely automatically loses the bout. The man-mountain tried to explain his blunder: "I tied my mawashi the way I always do, but today it just came loose." Strangely enough, the next day, his dog ate his homework.

New from Chernobylpets.com



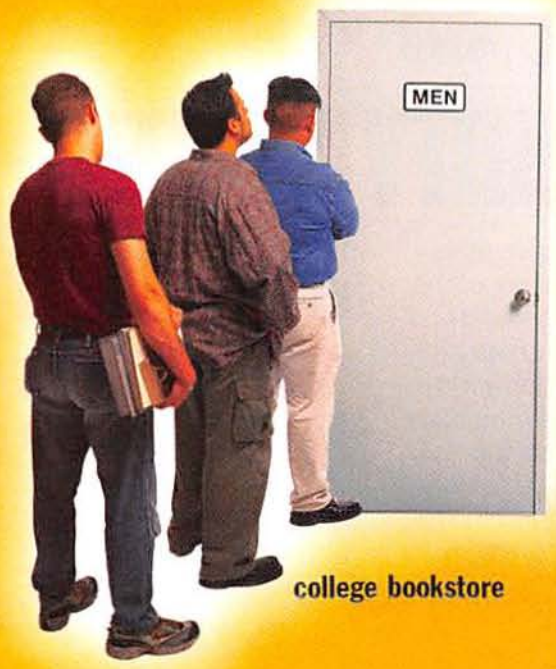
For Little Richard, smoking had finally taken its toll

AUSTRALIAN FOR FASHION

Hunting can be such a drag. After you chase, wrestle and eventually kill your prey of choice, you have to lug the damn carcass back to the village. Really annoying. Well, Moses Kurlbakurlba, an Aboriginal Australian, has a solution. After he slays, say, a koala, he disembowels it, turns it inside out and wears it like a jacket. Here, he sports a trendy fresh-kill coat while enjoying a smoke on the long road back to the barbie.

FIRE RAVAGES KIWI'S PEEWEE

Oh, those wacky Kiwis! Crazy Television New Zealand tops the good-taste-ometer with the show *Havoc Deluxe 2000*. A recent episode showed Christchurch student Thomas Hendry winning $245 and a $500 bar tab for stapling his penis not once, not twice, but 18 times to a wooden cross with an industrial-strength stapler. But wait—the stunt didn't stop there: After securing his member, Hendry doused the cross with lighter fluid and set it on fire. Amazingly, New Zealand's TV watchdog ruled that footage showing a young man stapling his penis to a crucifix and then torching it was "unusual and macabre" but not in poor taste. The episode aired, receiving only two complaints from viewers.



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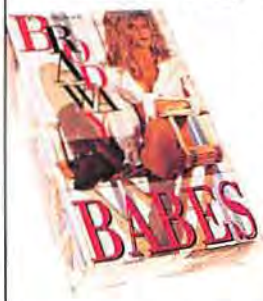
CONSUMER REPORT NO. 2

Porno Tape Scam



Ever-vigilant, always alert—this is the mantra by which we here at *Stuff* live in our quest to protect you, Johnny Average, from the shams and shenanigans of crooked-eyed businessmen. So, when we caught wind of the rumor that many of the stars and sexy scenarios displayed on adult-video boxes were nowhere to be found in the actual films, we leaped into investigative action. Here is the worst offender in our findings:

BROADWAY BABES (FHV) $30
As advertised, one would believe this to be a scandalously pleasurable mix of high-budget sin and skin, but instead, this XXX terror turns out to be nothing more than D-grade trash, shot in a studio not worthy of cable access. The first devastating surprise comes when one quickly discovers that the film features neither a Broadway musical nor a sequin-speckled showgirl. Oh, but the lies don't stop there. The prospective viewer sees, clearly displayed on the cover, a sexy woman in an alluring pose, along with a series of "action shots" (naughty pictures one would presume to be from the film). Hold the Kleenex, though, since neither the exotic locales nor the steamy sequences find their way into the film's final cut—no poolside 69, no hot-tub humping, nothing. In fact, this work has no man-woman scenes at all, just an endless string of sophomoric, girl-on-girl action. To top it off, said "movie" appears to have been shot on somebody's old home-video camera, with nary a Kodak moment—contrary to what the cardboard fabrication would have you believe. *Broadway Babes*? More like *Skid Row Eyesores*.

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

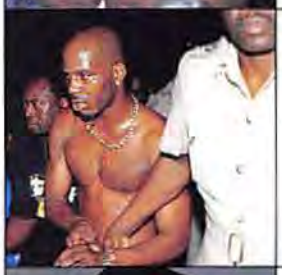
Our monthly ranking of the degenerate denizens of the world and their bad behavior.

1 EMINEM

Bad boy and even worse rapper Eminem has pled not guilty to weapons and assault charges of damaging another man's dome. According to prosecutors, the crooner spotted his wife canoodling with a lippy lad, shouted, "I'm going to kill you," and beat him with an unloaded pistol. If convicted, the real Slim Shady should definitely stand up when showering in the clink.

2 MIKE TYSON

Forget chewing on an ear—Mike Tyson has declared himself a card-carrying cannibal. After delivering two post-bell punches to his defeated foe Lou Savarese, he ranted that he wanted to rip out Lennox Lewis' heart, adding, "I want to eat your children. Praise be to Allah." Prior to this, he allegedly hit promoter Frank Warren and threatened to throw him out of a window.



3 DMX

DMX lost his mind and will likely soon lose lots of dough. After plowing his Ford Expedition into a Honda full of women in New York City, the usually sweet and soft-spoken Ruff Ryder allegedly told the woman driver, "Fuck you, bitch! I'm not paying for shit!" With the niceties out of the way, he fled the scene. DMX still contends that he is the real victim. Right.

4 JAMES BROWN

The Godfather of Soul was hit with a $1 million lawsuit from Lisa Ross Agbalaya, who ran his L.A. offices, for allegedly presenting her with a pair of zebra-print underwear and demanding that she wear them while he massaged her with oil. According to the woman, he then said that she was "built like a stallion, just right for riding." And just right for draining your bank account, Jimmy.

5 GUY RITCHIE

Madonna's boyfriend/sperm donor stepped into trouble on the sidewalk outside her London home. The 31-year-old director of *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* had had enough of an omnipresent 20-year-old man lurking about her abode, so when the "fan" tried to open Madonna's car door, Ritchie beat the piss out of him. To top it off, he didn't tip him either.

Photography (Video box) Darren Block

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LARRY MANILOW IS...

LORD OF THE BAR

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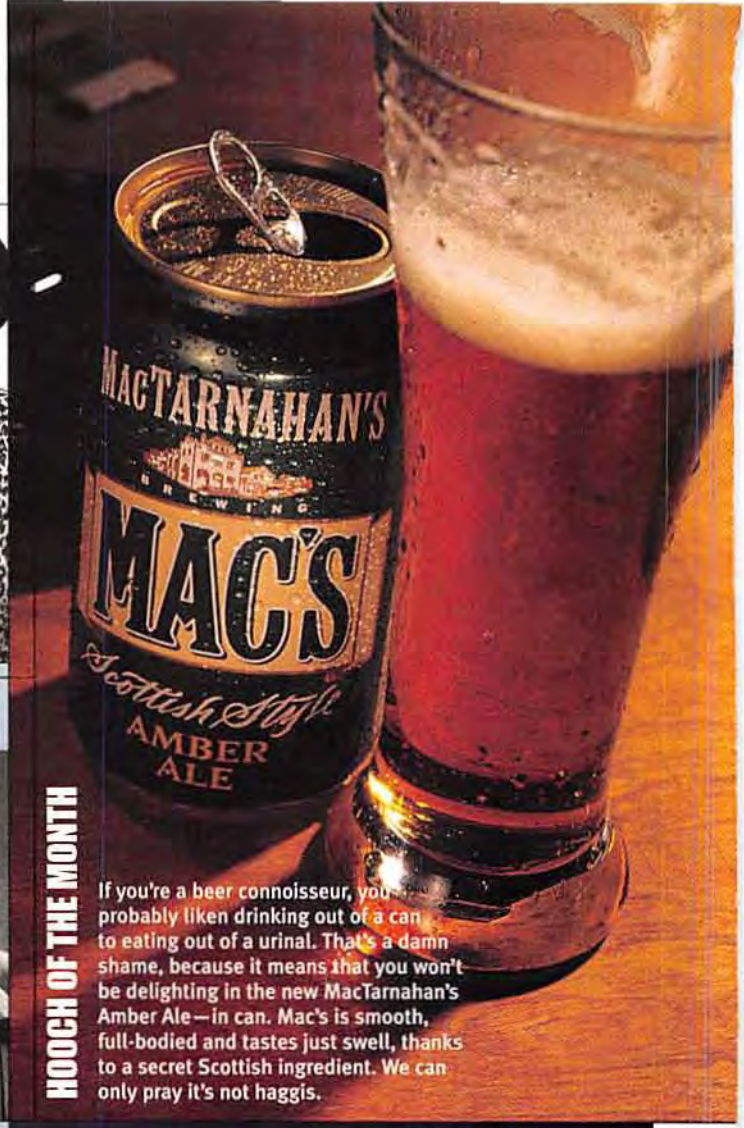
PARTING SHOTS



HOOCH OF THE MONTH

If you're a beer connoisseur, you'd probably liken drinking out of a can to eating out of a urinal. That's a damn shame, because it means that you won't be delighting in the new MacTarnahan's Amber Ale—in can. Mac's is smooth, full-bodied and tastes just swell, thanks to a secret Scottish ingredient. We can only pray it's not haggis.

THE JOKES

- A guy walks into a bar with a poodle and says, "One poodle drink, please." The bartender asks, "How do you make a poodle drink?" The man replies, "Put it in a blender."
- **Three guys are sitting in a bar, arguing over who has the dumbest wife. The first guy says, "My wife is so stupid, she bought $5,000 worth of CDs and doesn't have a CD player." The second guy says, "My wife is so thick, she bought a $40,000 car and she can't even drive!" "Pah!" says the third guy. "My wife is so dumb, she bought 1,000 condoms and doesn't have a penis!"**
- A Texan walks into a pub in Ireland and says, "I'll give $500 to anybody in here who can drink 10 pints of Guinness in a row." No one takes him up on his offer; one man even leaves. Thirty minutes later, the guy who'd left returns. "Is your bet still good?" he asks. The Texan says yes, the bartender lines up 10 pints and the Irishman drinks them all. The Texan pays up and says, "If ya don't mind me askin', where did you go for that 30 minutes you were gone?" The Irishman replies, "Oh, I went to the pub down the street to see if I could do it first."

Bust balls with these ingenious insults.

"I couldn't warm to him even if I was cremated next to him."
Keith Richards on Chuck Berry

"I never forget a face, but in your case, I'll make an exception."
Groucho Marx

"You're so inept, you can't even pay attention."
Damon Wayans

"You couldn't score in a monkey whorehouse with a bag of bananas."
David Spade

"I've got chunks of guys like you in my stool."
Phil Hartman as Sinatra

THE BET

- **THE SETUP**
  Lay a dollar bill on the bar, and place an empty beer bottle upside down on top of it. Bet anyone that they can't remove the bill without knocking over the bottle.
- **THE TRAP**
  Everyone will try the old tablecloth technique and yank out the bill as quickly as possible. This won't work, and they'll be humiliated. Point and laugh at your frustrated friends until they challenge you to do it.
- **YOU'RE THE KING WHEN...**
  You remove the bill by simply rolling it up. When the half-rolled bill touches the bottle, gently push the bottle along with the bill while continuing to roll. Next, bask in the uproarious cheers of your wowed bar buddies.

Photography (Drunk) Donald Miller (Beer, Prank) Jens Mortensen. Illustration Shag.

SOMETIMES THERE'S NO TOILET PAPER. SOMETIMES THERE ARE NO LEAVES.

Strong, smooth whisky from a country that requires it.

The Revelstoke Canadian Spiced Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof), Imported from Canada by Phillips Beverage Co., Minneapolis, MN

MEET THE HEAD CHEESE

Most people look at pizza and see indigestion. Rene DeGuia took a gander at 'za and saw nothing but dough.

He may look like the average human, but Rene DeGuia possesses speed not of this world. The 27-year-old made 14 perfect pies in only 2 minutes and 34 seconds, winning the Domino's Pizza World's Fastest Pizza Maker competition in Vegas last May. The reward: a saucy $5,000 in prize money. We caught the pie pounder in a moment of reflection.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU'RE MAKING PIZZAS? I focus and become one with the dough.

WAS THERE TENSION BETWEEN FINALISTS? It's like a war within yourself. You don't worry about the other competitors.

WHAT DOES RENE DEGUIA DREAM ABOUT AT NIGHT? Of having my own store with 10 employees, and they're all blond and six feet tall...just kidding.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NOID? He retired.

WHAT'S THE WEIRDEST TOPPING YOU'VE EVER SEEN? One time, I delivered a pie to this house and the woman who answered the door was naked.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? What do you mean?

NEVER MIND. THANKS, RENE.

"For my next trick, I will make doughnuts with my penis."

WHO'S THE MAN?

A pop-rock pretty boy, a psychologically imbalanced actor and a smart-ass comedian do battle in an intellectual arena of death!

	Stephan Jenkins Third Eye Blind front man and author of lyrics such as "Do do doo, do do do doo."	**Vincent D'Onofrio** Played the suicidal recruit in *Full Metal Jacket* and the serial killer in *The Cell*.	**Hal Sparks** Lifelong kung-fu student and host of *Talk Soup*—until he decided to quit to pursue "acting."
WHAT'S THE MOST EXPENSIVE THING YOU'VE EVER BROKEN?	I once poured an entire can of Coke onto a mixing board that cost around $700,000. **(1 point)**	I was on a date and crashed my Jeep into a laundromat. This guy jumped on top of a washer because we scared the shit out of him. **(2 points)**	Some guy's femur. I was defending myself, so I didn't have to pay for it, but I hear repairing one is pretty expensive. **(1 point)**
HAVE YOU EVER SET FIRE TO ANYTHING "JUST BECAUSE"?	Yeah. Ants, snails and things like that. **(0)**	Model airplanes and G.I. Joe figures. **(1)**	I tried the Wile E. Coyote thing of lighting a trail of black powder. I burned my face and hair so bad that I looked like Buckwheat. **(2)**
HAVE YOU EVER OPERATED A CHAINSAW?	Oh, hell yes. I'm no stranger to the Husqvarna. **(1)**	Yeah, but I didn't like it much. I really prefer an ax. **(1)**	Oh, yeah. I can double-hand a chainsaw if I need to. I was actually present when my scoutmaster sawed into his shin. **(2)**
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU KILLED SOMETHING?	It was just recently. An ant was crawling on my surfboard, so I squashed it. **(0)**	I shot a crow when I was a kid, and it just hung on a telephone wire—dead. It was the first and last time I shot a gun. **(1)**	1996. A squirrel. It was a mercy killing with a towel and a monkey wrench. I've racked up quite a few mercy killings in my time. **(2)**
HOW MANY PORNOS DO YOU OWN?	A lot. I have the entire Vivid catalog. Plus, my roommate has about 7,000 reels of vintage porn loops from the '40s and '50s. **(2)**	Well, I rotate them, so I don't own too many at once. **(0)**	In current rotation? I would have to say 12. I rotate them around to friends. **(0)**
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN INJURED DURING SEX?	You know when a girl comes down too hard and *it* bends? Very agonizing, but I'll bet no man has ever said, "We should stop fucking." **(1)**	Yeah, we've fallen off of couches, beds, tables, etc. **(1)**	If scratches count, then yes. **(0)**
AT THE BUZZER	**Despite an admirable collection of porn, he only earns 5 points—and the booby prize.**	**D'Onofrio collects a respectable 6, so he should feel no urge to blow his brains out.**	**Winning with 7, Hal proves that chainsaws and broken femurs make a tasty soup.**

Photography: (food) Jens Mortensen. Blitz! was brought to you by Brett Bara, David Blend, Dan Boog, Laurina Gibbs, Lance Gould, Karen Kritzanovich, Lisa Lombardi, Gregory J. Morris, John Newlin, John Parrish, Carmel Quirk, Henry Sanderson, Bill Schulz, Nick Stevens, Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.

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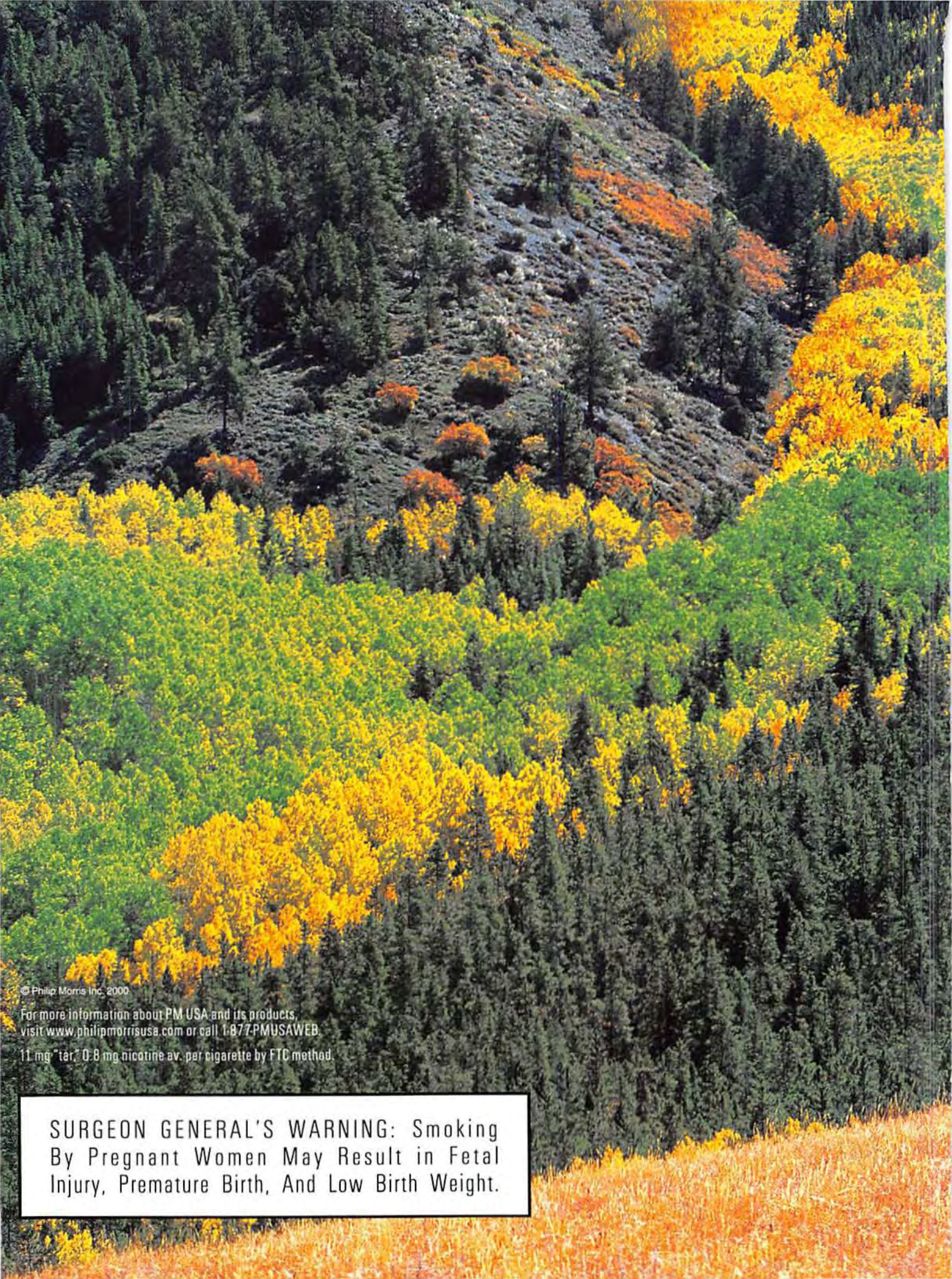

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STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO, GO, GO!

Instant Coco

Coco Lee is the Mariah Carey of Asia. With legions of loyal fans and millions of records already sold in the Far East, she's launching her assault on America and getting ready to bury Britney and Christina.

By Dan Bova
Photographs by Rod Spicer

Her American debut is titled 'Just No Other Way,' which says it all about admitted perfectionist Coco Lee. At 23, the Hong Kong–born, American-raised ragin' Asian has sold 7.5 million records and released 20 albums in the Far East. Discovered by Chinese talent scouts while vacationing in Hong Kong, she's got a sweet disposition and a charming smile—but don't mistake Coco for a cream puff. Whether she's rocking in front of 30,000 hyperventilating Taiwanese fans or selecting the tracks for her next album, Coco Lee wants it her way. Oh, my God! We just quoted the Backstreet Boys. Better get to the interview.

"One girl ripped my jacket off and everyone started fighting over that."

STUFF: So you've made a gazillion dollars in Asia. Why come back to the States?
COCO: This is like a homecoming album for me because I grew up in San Francisco. America is where I got my inspiration to do music. That's part of the reason I've been so successful in Asia. Nobody sings like me over there.

You were a biology major while you studied at U.C. Irvine. If you were an internal organ, what would you be?
I would be a liver. It filters out the dirty stuff and leaves the good. That's what I want to do. I want to just give the good stuff to people and wipe out the bad.

After high school, you were signed to a record label after winning second place in a singing contest. Do you ever think of the first-place winner and just laugh?
The first-place finishers were two brothers who were really nice. Actually, I don't think they're even singing anymore. They've been gone for a while. I entered that contest because I had cracked the oil pan on my mom's car while going fast over some speed bumps. Since I'd never worked in my life, I had to enter and pray for the best.

Five years later, you're a megastar. Do your fans freak when they see you?
Once I was in Korea doing a concert at an all-girls college. I was so hyped up that I jumped into the crowd. I figured that girls wouldn't go crazy over another girl, so I wasn't worried. But the place went berserk. My dancers pulled me back onstage. Afterward, as we were walking to the van, this girl asked if she could have a hug. I said sure, but she wouldn't let go. That's when 2,000 girls charged at us. I only had my two dancers and my manager. I was screaming, "Don't hurt them! Don't hit my fans!" I finally got into the van after one of the girls ripped my jacket off and everyone started fighting over that.

Ever have a fan do anything really bizarre to get backstage?
Well, once for a birthday gift, I got a two-carat diamond necklace—from a girl. I don't know where she got the money to get something that expensive, but I appreciated it. I have everything that I want, but it was great to get such a good gift.

So you kept it?
Oh, yeah. It was huge.

Have you ever trashed a hotel room like a rock star?
Never. I'm considerate of other people. The nicest thing I've done was for this girl who worked at a hotel. She was very young and had moved away from home so she could make money to support her family. And it was during Christmastime. I was so touched that I gave her a hundred bucks—I felt like I helped someone.

Now you can help me. Which pun on your name would you *least* like to see in the headline of this story: Hot Coco, Coco Puff or Instant Coco?
Instant Coco? It sounds weird.

Give us a cheesy Chinese pickup line.
I don't know about cheesy, but *"Ni how peyow leung"* means "You're very pretty." That always works.

I see that you have a Puff Daddy album in your CD collection. Would you like to meet him, or would you be afraid he'd shoot you?
I think I would like to meet him. I'm sure he's very nice to girls. But I wouldn't recommend you meeting him. I don't know if he's so nice to guys.

Are you aware that if you met him, fell in love and got married, your name would be Coco Puff Daddy?
[*Laughs*] That's cute. I didn't realize that.

Do you think of people like Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears as peers you'll eventually crush with extreme prejudice?
I think the music market is big enough for new artists to come out and have a place of their own. So I would never see it as crushing others.

Do you think their success can be directly traced to the controversy over whether or not they had breast implants?
That's their own prerogative. I live in L.A., and so many people there have done it. I wouldn't have it done myself—I'm happy with what I have. But if someone's not happy with what they have and they want to change it, that's fine.

As someone attempting to break through in another country, can you make any sense at all of David Hasselhoff's astounding success in Germany?
I don't know his music. I'm sure he can sing—a little bit, at least. I don't think people would listen to a horrible singer, right? But I'm sure his looks helped.

Wait! Do you find him attractive?
Oh, sure. If I saw him in person, I would do a double take. Like, "Who was that?"

Any parting words to the *Stuff* readers?
I would tell people to believe in themselves and that if there is something you want to do, just go for it. Don't ever deny yourself the chance to make it happen.

Even if you're David Hasselhoff.
He made it. See, anything is possible.

Styling: Denise Greco for Deborah Martin; Hair: Bobby Collins for Gia, NYC; Makeup: Billy B for Streeters. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

THE SHOES CAN HANDLE IT.
CAN YOU?

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Reeves never got the "line up by number" concept

ROTISSERIE CINEMA

With *The Replacements* scoring at the box office and *The Legend of Bagger Vance* about to tee off, we wondered (since we're obviously busy guys) which type of sports film consistently KOs the competition at the cash register. So we did the math.

THE MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS

FOOTBALL
$61.61 MILLION

BOXING
$38.47 MILLION

GOLF
$34.76 MILLION

BASEBALL
$32.06 MILLION

HOCKEY
$27.61 MILLION

BOWLING
$24.94 MILLION

BASKETBALL
$24.87 MILLION

CROQUET
$0

THE RULES OF OUR POINTLESS LITTLE GAME

1 Standings are based on the average box-office receipts per film in each sport since 1981—when they started formally tabulating this crap.

2 The sport has to be integral to the plot. No shorts, docs or gimmick flicks. *Any Given Sunday* is in. *Flubber* is out.

"Makeup! A little help?"

Generation Ex-lax

Geriatric mobsters in *The Crew*, ancient astronauts in *Space Cowboys*: What coffin-dodging shenanigans will Hollywood foist on us next? Here are a few creaky pitches for senior-cinema that never made it past the execs.

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID IN THE SUMMER OF '34

Theaters echo to sound of blunt metal bouncing off of slack, gray flab as a spatula-wielding psychopath wreaks doddering vengeance on a group of friends who forgot to pick him up for the school dance six decades ago. Winner of *Le Prix H'orrible* at Cannes for Most Terrifying Use of Halter Tops.

STARRING JULIE NEWMAR AS "THE JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT CHARACTER"

ANIMAL HOME

The madcap geezers of the Delta Retirement Home torment the straight-laced retirees at nearby institutions, throw up on the home supervisor, force the new kid to steal Depends from the local pharmacy and hold a hideously revealing toga party in the rec room. The boys also launch a support-hose raid on the nurses' dormitory, but they're thwarted by a small step in front of the door.

STARRING MARLON BRANDO AS BLUTO AND TOMMY LEE JONES AS NEIDERMEYER

THE HIP-REPLACEMENT KILLERS

In this ultraviolent Hong Kong thriller about a hit man with hardened arteries and his pants pulled up too high, the ancient Asian ass-kicker looks like a three-week-old wonton in plastic makeup. As he hobbles around a futuristic Tokyo that he doesn't understand, he forgets his intended victim's identity and empties clips at annoying kids playing "that infernal hip-hop." In this visual masterpiece, balletic action isn't filmed in "slo-mo." It's just "slo."

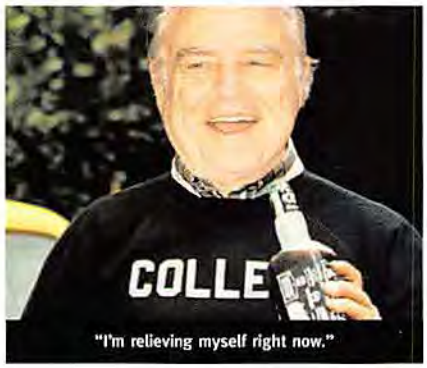
PAT MORITA *IS* THE HIP-REPLACEMENT KILLER

MENACE II SOCIAL SECURITY

It's a hard-knock life in the 'hood when you're a senile delinquent who don't give a damn 'bout nuthin', mainly because you can't remember what it was. Lay-Z and 'N-Tique are accidents waiting to happen, bumping into innocent bystanders, crossing against traffic lights and knocking over Korean groceries—literally. This searing indictment of inner-city geezers features hard-core beats from the Mills Bros., Louis Armstrong and W.C. Handy.

STARRING OSSIE DAVIS AND NIPSEY RUSSELL

"Let's bum-rush the shuffleboard court!"



"I'm relieving myself right now."

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FIVE-MINUTE FILTER

This month's look at the tastiest new eye candy on TV, DVD and the Web.

DVD CLASSIC MAKEOVER OF THE MONTH

T2—The Ultimate Edition DVD

It only took nine years, but James Cameron's sci-fi superflick, *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, muscles its way onto DVD this month—and proves why DVD technology has turned a night of home entertainment into the equivalent of a full body massage. Enjoy three versions of awesome Ahnuld action, plus more than 40 bonus features, all in a limited-edition metal case—just in case some cyborg dude from the future drives a 4x4 through your DVD shelf or something.

BIOGRAPHY ON CRACK

Liebography.com

TV profiles—*Biography*, *Behind the Music*—are ripe for parodic picking. And that's the genius of *Liebography*, a low-fi spoof of a celebrity bio that takes footage of the subject (say, Bill Gates or Ronald Reagan), tacks on completely random film bits and dubs in utterly fictional narration ("Ronald Reagan improved the living conditions of midgets on Hollywood studio lots"). The New York public-access TV show is now just keystrokes away at www.liebography.com. We're currently holding our breath for the Elian edition.

SHORT ATTENTION SPAN THEATER

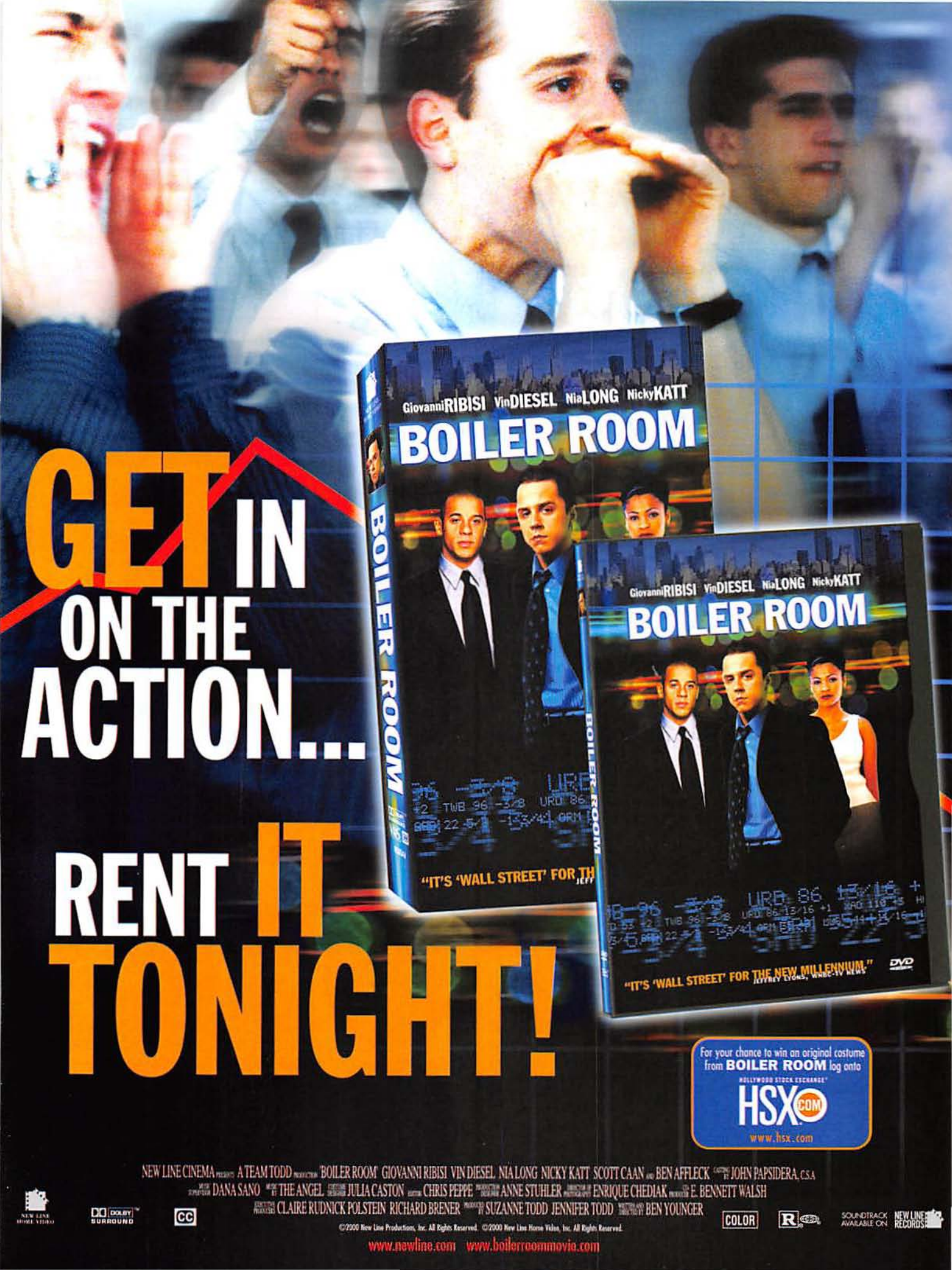
JoeCartoon.com

Screw Post-it-size, stop-and-go crapfests that pass for "films" online. Instead, ogle animated genius, such as a searing spoof of Metallica's war on Napster, or a game in which you puree foul-mouthed frogs in a blender. It's a great alternative to using your computer for, like, work.

JoeCartoon: Endorsed by zero in 10 animal-rights activists

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	THE INSIDE STUFF
	The Crew AUGUST 25 BURT REYNOLDS, RICHARD DREYFUSS, DAN HEDAYA, CARRIE-ANNE MOSS DIR: MICHAEL DINNER	Four geriatric godfathers (Reynolds, Dreyfuss, Hedaya) get medieval one last time to bitch-slap some yuppie developers who've taken out a contract on their beloved retirement home.	This is funny? How? Like a clown? This merry mobster joke is getting as old as the hardened arteries in this cast.
	The Art of War AUGUST 25 WESLEY SNIPES, ANNE ARCHER, DONALD SUTHERLAND DIR: CHRISTIAN DUGUAY	An undercover agent (Snipes) finds himself accused of offing a Chinese politico and must stay out of the house long enough to (duh) solve the crime he didn't commit.	Yawn! Wasn't Snipes already in *U.S. Marshals*? File this under *White Men Can't Come Up with Anything New*.
	Whipped SEPTEMBER 1 AMANDA PEET, JONATHAN ABRAHAMS DIR: PETER M. COHEN	Three heat-seeking New Yorkers gather weekly to talk smack and chase tail—then fall in love with the same chick. The good news? She says she's up for a foursome. The bad news? *They* may not be up for it.	*Three Men and a Babe*. For once, it's the girl who comes across as vapid, egotistical and sex-obsessed. So where can we meet her?
	The Watcher SEPTEMBER 8 KEANU REEVES, JAMES SPADER, MARISA TOMEI DIR: JOE CHARBANIC	An FBI agent (Spader) who'd rather chase his pension than serial killers is tantalized out of retirement by a madman (Reeves) who sends him clues about gruesome killings that he's about to commit.	Keanu as a psycho killer? Like, whoa, dude! Two severed thumbs up!
	The Yards SEPTEMBER 8 MARK WAHLBERG, JOAQUIN PHOENIX, CHARLIZE THERON, JAMES CAAN DIR: JAMES GRAY	Wahlberg is an unjustly imprisoned man (apparently, Snipes was busy) who gets sprung—only to wind up in a more dangerous world of murder and corruption in the NYC subway yards that his family runs.	Theron's lovely caboose takes a backseat to Wahlberg's head-on collision with his childhood buddy and grown-up bad boy, Phoenix. Hop on, action fans! This is the money train.
	Urban Legends: The Final Cut SEPTEMBER 15 JOEY LAWRENCE, JENNY MORRISON DIR: JOHN OTTMAN	A film student (Morrison) working on her thesis about true lies sees her crew snuffed like the legends they're documenting. Which, you may have noticed, was the plot of the first installment.	Sorry, we're not buying this one.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executive producers CLAIRE RUDNICK POLSTEIN RICHARD BRENER produced by SUZANNE TODD JENNIFER TODD written and directed by BEN YOUNGER
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Plumber-butt close call (left)

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Class Tripping

THE DANDY WARHOLS
Thirteen Tales from Urban Bohemia
(Capitol)
★★★★★

Three years ago, the Dandy Warhols were Portland poseurs and glam-rock wanna-bes, trying to save America's youth with a catchy little antidrug anthem called "Not If You Were the Last Junkie on Earth." America's youth yawned. Cut to 2000, and suddenly the "just say no" mascots are crooning "you get me high" and wallowing in wails of acid guitar in the tradition of the Stone Roses and Primal Scream. Whether these guys (and one girl) are opportunists or merely crackheads-come-lately isn't the point. What matters is that the Dandy Warhols' music reached a higher altitude. "All I wanna do is get off," lead singer Courtney Taylor-Taylor announces in the symphonic "Get Off," an admirable sentiment that almost makes up for his preposterous last name. Taylor-Taylor's on-key Lou Reed–like vocals blend right in with *Thirteen Tales*' perfect storm of sound, built on fuzzy guitar, retro sitars (in the Middle Eastern-ish "Mohammed") and burnt-out Brian Wilson–esque farm-animal noises ("Country Leaver"). Blend in some synths and let the slooow trip-hop beats crawl in through your ear and burrow into your blissfully groovin' brain. Laid end-to-end, the album's 13 songs may well be an audio *Trainspotting*, an ecstasy-fueled alt-pop soundtrack without the track marks.

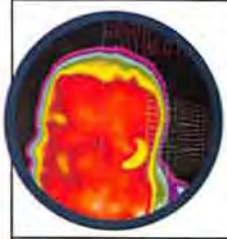
Eminem visits his mom

MATH CLASS

143

The number of times that potty-mouthed, mom-slagging, gun-toting, hell-raising Dre protégé **EMINEM** utters the word *fuck* on his smash, multiplatinum album, *The Marshall Mathers LP*. Hey, kids, be sure to tell your parents.

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

	Rancid RANCID *(Hellcat/ Epitaph)* ★★★★	Setting aside the spliff, California's rudest punk band drops the ska-reggae vibe and returns to its angrier rebel roots. **FEEDBACK:** Furious sonic assaults—a combat boot to the teeth of bland, canned radio rock.
	The Twilight Singers TWILIGHT AS PLAYED BY THE TWILIGHT SINGERS *(Columbia)* ★★★★	Sexed-up R&B grooves blend with guitars and trance in Afghan Whigs singer Greg Dulli's almost aphrodisiacal side fling. **FEEDBACK:** A worthy companion for Moby's *Play*—the next time you want to play coed Twister.
	Confrontation Camp OBJECTS IN THE MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR *(Sheridan Square/Artemis)* ★★★	Public Enemy's Chuck D. and his rap-metal posse bring da noise with wailing, Korn-style guitars. **FEEDBACK:** Lacks the kick-ass carnage of Body Count, but Chuck's verbal assault makes Limp Bizkit sound like the Backstreet Boys.
	**Divine Styler** WORD POWER 2 *(MoWax/ Beggars Banquet)* ★★★	The Islamic-influenced rapper melds his music (rap with distorted jungle beats) with his view of the future (religious sci-fi). **FEEDBACK:** The mix kicks, but the cheesy lyrics make us want to launch a jihad against concept albums.
	Orgy VAPOR TRANSMISSION *(Elementree/ Reprise)* ★★★	The electro-rockers cross furious guitars with new-wave synths in a pure pop presentation. **FEEDBACK:** The angriest record Duran Duran never made. Just as catchy, but almost as stupid. God help us—we think we like it.
	Morcheeba FRAGMENTS OF FREEDOM *(London-Sire)* ★★★	UK trip-hop heroes inexplicably toss in disco synths, funk, gospel choirs and rap jester Biz Markie to revamp their sound. **FEEDBACK:** Pretty, mood-setting lounge grooves = good. Inexplicable, ironic funk attacks = bad.
	Unified Theory UNIFIED THEORY *(3:33 Music Group/ Universal)* ★★	Ex-members of Blind Melon and Pearl Jam discover an old sound—high-pitched vocals and endless instrumentals. **FEEDBACK:** Like Radiohead with a hankering to echo the "stylings" of Rush. In other words, a really bad idea.

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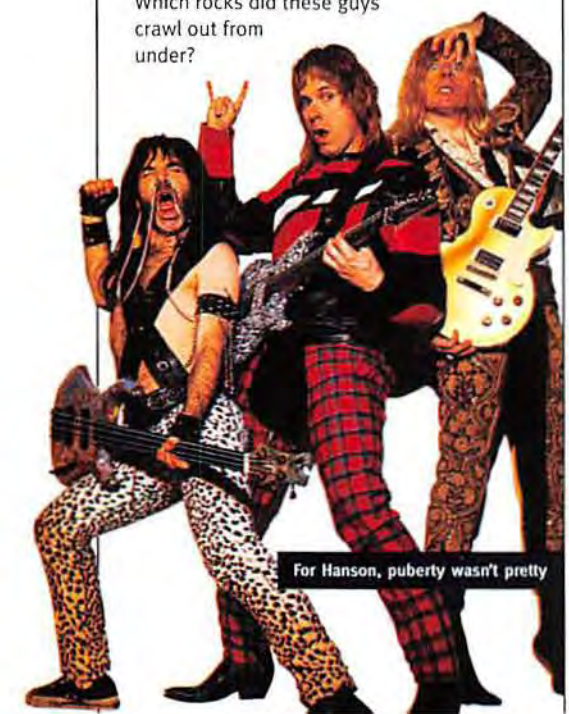
Charlie's Angels took a serious beating from the ugly stick

Spinal Rap

As *This Is Spinal Tap* encores on DVD, bandleader David St. Hubbins gives us a backstage tour of their biggest influences.

Before stateside poseurs such as Aerosmith cornered the self-importance market with hyperdecibel arena noise—on the road to massive career and liver rehab—there was Spinal Tap. Before Michael Jackson made a living squeezing his weasel onstage, spandex-sportin' axman Nigel Tufnel proclaimed: "I've got an armadillo in my trousers!" We live in a musical era that's not just influenced but defined by Tap metal milestones such as *Intravenus de Milo* and *Bitch School*. Now, almost two decades after rock's quintessential 1982 "mockumentary" debuted, we herald the rerelease of *This Is Spinal Tap*, both in select theaters and on DVD. Why the comeback? Because "we just try and keep whorin'," says front man David St. Hubbins, who spilled his guts on the leopard upholstery of a smoke-filled limo to pinpoint what Tapheads must know: Which rocks did these guys crawl out from under?


For Hanson, puberty wasn't pretty

TAP'S TOP INFLUENCES

St. Hubbins fingers those most responsible.

THIS IS NOT A JOKE

BARBRA STREISAND
MY NAME IS BARBRA
(Columbia) 1965
"We've wanted to do a hard version of 'Jenny Rebecca.' It'd bring a tear to the eye and a cramp to the stomach."

BORIS KARLOFF
HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS
(UNI) 1966
Tap's "Saucy Jack" is not dissimilar to this Christmas classic: "Listen: If rock 'n' roll were burglary, we would all be in stir."

THIS IS ROCKABILLY

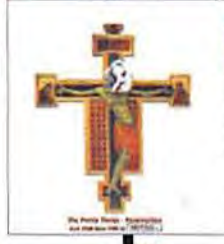
TEX RITTER
HIGH NOON
(Bear Family) 1952
"I try to copy him—with different wardrobe, different music and different hair. He never plugged in, but still—a huge influence."

LONNIE DONEGAN
KING OF SKIFFLE
1954
Once a skiffle group, Tap sees Lonnie as the king: "He proved you can take a cabbage and a length of hose and make rock 'n' roll."

ELVIS PRESLEY
HEARTBREAK HOTEL
(RCA) 1956
"Deafening overuse of echo. An important moment in music history was when someone said, 'If we use this echo chamber, it sounds twice as good!'"

THIS IS VERY LOUD

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
USA
(Columbia) 1968
A benchmark of over-the-top prog rock: "Throw everything in, get someone good on the mixing board and then just put it out."



THE PRETTY THINGS
S.F. SORROW
(Edsel) 1968
Brief rivals of the Stones, T.P.T. set a standard for arrogance: "They'd say, 'This is us. If you don't like it, we're all right with that.' We picked up on that."

THIS IS PURE POP

1910 FRUITGUM COMPANY
SIMON SAYS
(Buddah) 1968
"Basic bubblegum. Accessible lyrics and a tune you think you've heard already. The flavor doesn't last, and your jaws get tired after a while. We loved it."

SMELL THE GLOVE SPINAL TAP
(Polymer) 1982
"The problem was, our Stonehenge set was in danger of being crushed by a dancing dwarf!"

THIS IS POMPOUS

ALICE COOPER
LOVE IT TO DEATH
(Warner Bros.) 1971
"I liked that Alice could stand there at 30 and sing about being 18 and no one questioned it. Now he's 54. It's time for him to do some songs about being 40."

QUEEN
JAZZ
(Elektra) 1978
Queen: "Fat Bottomed Girls." Tap: "Big Bottom." Coincidence? "I always liked the pomposity of Queen. Freddy was larger than life. And now he's larger than death, I suppose."

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Video games under the Giuliani administration

GAME OF THE MONTH

The Carnage Has Landed

QUAKE III ARENA *(Dreamcast)*

Console owners, stop salivating from afar. Meet *Quake III Arena*, the giblet-splattering deathmatch that is the rootinest, tootinest multiplayer shooter on earth. Thanks to Sega Dreamcast, console players can finally experience what PC gamers have long obsessed over: networked game play, which means that you can blast the guy in accounting, your friend in Chicago and even some toddler in East Timor, all from the comfort of your home TV. And you can't do it on PlayStation or Nintendo 64.

The idea is simple. You, the armed-up-the-wazoo warrior, fight other psychos over the Web in a battle to the death. (If you don't even have Internet friends, you can fight computer-controlled "'bots." Loser.) The concept is basic: If it moves, waste it; if it doesn't move, pick it up and waste *with* it. The best killer wins.

While 'bots are smarter than the real-life nimrods in the next cubicle, face it—the real action is online. Humans are brilliant, idiotic and unpredictable in ways that artificially intelligent 'bots can never be. That's what makes this game so frighteningly addictive. (And don't sweat the tech—with lightning-fast Internet codes in the game, you'll rarely encounter Web slowdowns.)

A few final details have yet to be announced, such as which "mods" will be included (see sidebar, opposite page), but Sega does have a mouse on the way to aid in controls (it helps—trust us). But picking a controller is a minor issue—like choosing mittens or gloves for your next Everest expedition. If you own a Dreamcast and you don't buy *Quake III*, you're probably the mittens type, anyway.

"Dude, your shoulder is so toast!"

THE PLAY LIST

Blair Witch Volume One: Rustin Parr *(PC)*

In this puzzle and fight challenge, you're an investigator poring over the bloody trail of a supernatural killer who has slaughtered seven kids. And strap on your armor, 'cause he ain't done yet.

Sydney 2000

(PC/PS/N64/Dreamcast)

Burn like Michael Johnson, leaving the charred carcasses of foolhardy challengers in your wake in this sharp, licensed version of the Summer Olympics. It's as close as you'll ever get to Olympic glory, punk.

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2 *(PC/PS/Sega)*

Yes, it gets better. This smokin' sequel to one of the most praised sports games ever has more skaters, more parks, better music—and enough tricks to keep you occupied until the neighbors' pool drains.

Metal Gear Solid

(PC)

Break into a nuclear facility full of nasty terrorists and engage in body-shredding action that's built on stealth and strategy. You haven't lived until you've sneaked up on a sentry and snapped his neck.

Heavy Metal: F.A.K.K. 2

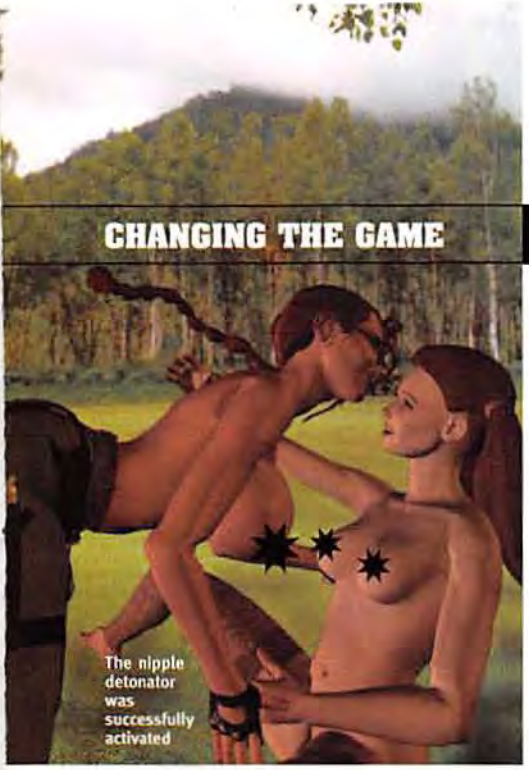
(PC/Mac/Dreamcast)

This stunning, fantasy-fed actionfest with lightning-fast game play and waste-the-baddies-style gun-and-sword combat should whet your sick appetite for destruction.

Demolition Racer: No Exit *(Dreamcast)*

Not every winner has to finish first. Simply take the "wham, bam, thank you ma'am" route and score the ultimate victory based on how much havoc you wreak. Enough carnage to make your eyes bleed.

CHANGING THE GAME



The nipple detonator was successfully activated

While Dreamcast owners are coming to grips with *Quake III Arena*, intrepid PC buffs have moved on to new thrills without spending a red cent. How? With "mods," simple downloads that can transform a regular shooter game into a surreal trip with deadly chickens—or strip Lara Croft butt-nekkid. These are our favorites.

QUAKE MODS

SPEEDQUAKE

www.planetquake.com/fbstudios/speedquake

If the frantic kill-'em-all frenzy of the *Quake* series is still too tame for you, mainline SpeedQuake, a twisted mod that replaces the health booster with a crack syringe. Shoot up the chunky white powder, tell a few Marion Barry jokes and rip around the arena at 1,000 mph. All the hits you take while high seemingly don't affect you, but when the trip ends, you get your missing damage back in one disastrous dose. It's a nasty comedown.

CHICKENQUAKE

www.planetquake.com/chicken

A *Quake II* classic: The goal is to catch the chicken that lurks in the killing zone. You earn points for every 10 seconds that you hang onto the hen, but while you have the bird, it renders you totally and utterly defenseless. It's kinda hard to shoot back with a palmful of poultry.

"Drop the gun or the poultry gets it!"

Strangelove: Now powered by beans!

UNREAL TOURNAMENT MOD

STRANGELOVE

www.planetunreal.com/ofus

Just like Slim Pickens in *Dr. Strangelove*, you can straddle one of your own rockets for a supersonic, bowel-loosening ride. When you reach your enemies' base, you must deliver the parcel before it delivers you to hell.

HALF-LIFE MOD

ROCKET CROWBAR

www.planethalflife.com/rocketcrowbar

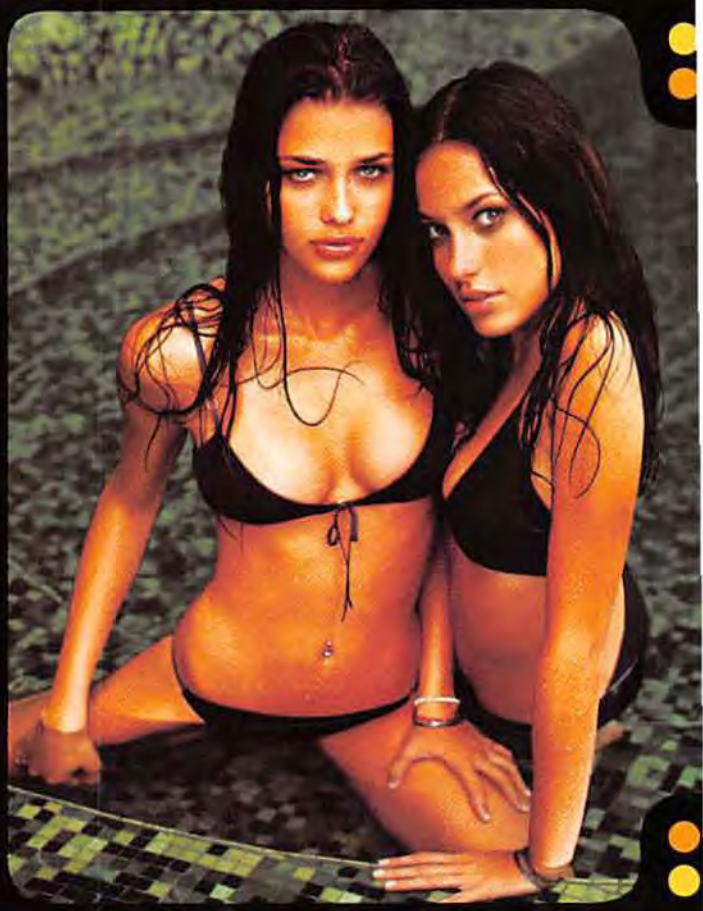
How can you possibly amp up the wattage in gaming's top 3-D sci-fi shooter? Alter the weaponry in your arsenal to include a crowbar that fires "drunk" rockets and "Barney Proximity Mines"—fire the latter to drop fluffy, purple bombs that will detonate if anyone approaches the cute critter. LSD not included.

TOMB RAIDER MOD

NUDE RAIDER

tiger.web1000.com/tpatches.html

It took real genius to realize that the ultimate use for a mod was removing all of Lara Croft's clothes. This one is for those who've long fantasized about *Tomb Raider I* or *II* in the buff. (We mean Lara, not you, Sparky.)



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All of your girl problems solved—thanks to the ancient art of acupressure! *Stuff* reveals the spots that will make her say "Oh, God, yes!" to your every filthy request.

BANISH PMS

TOUCH Her hand. When her monthly visitor threatens to turn your calm evening together into a scene from *The Exorcist*, take her hand in yours and rub the web of skin between her thumb and index finger.

HOW IT WORKS The nerve endings there run straight to the hypothalamus, which will start churning out serotonin, a chemical that, with any luck, could calm her down enough so that you won't have to dodge projectiles.

GET HER TO WATCH A WHOLE FOOTBALL GAME

TOUCH Her big toe. With your thumbs, press the pads of the big pigs on both feet at the same time, holding for two seconds. (You won't miss a down.)

HOW IT WORKS Nerve endings here lead to the thyroid gland, which, when stimulated, releases dopamine, a neurochemical that encourages broad-mindedness. Of course, you'll still have to put up with her asking, "Why's everyone cheering *this* time?"

MAKE HER JUMP YOU

TOUCH Her tailbone. Press between her tailbone and her lower lumbar vertebrae. (If you're squeezing her ass, you've gone too low—at least for the purposes of this experiment. But what the hell—go ahead and enjoy yourself.)

HOW IT WORKS Nerve endings located in this area will trigger the release of oxytocin, estrogen and testosterone. Yeah, women have testosterone, too—luckily not enough to grow back hair, but enough to give them the sex drive of rabbits in the springtime.

GET HER TO SHELL OUT CASH FOR DINNER

TOUCH Her chin. Rub the middle of it back and forth with one index finger for a few seconds.

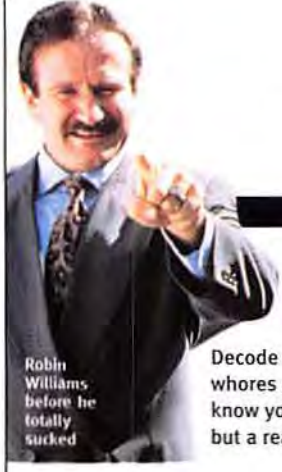
HOW IT WORKS The chin lies smack-dab on a hypersensitive nerve receptor, which, when activated, can stimulate the adrenal glands and release endorphins, the body's natural party drugs. This, says licensed acupuncturist Majid Ali, will make her feel generous, according to the ancient laws of Chinese medicine. So, if you're short on cash during a dinner date, don't go for your credit card—go for her chin.

KEEP HER FROM DUMPING YOU

TOUCH Her forehead. Applying moderate pressure, slowly zigzag the tips of your index fingers from her temples to the center of her brow.

HOW IT WORKS You'll draw blood to the area, which will, in turn, raise the electrical conductivity of the scalp and stimulate neurotransmitters that put the body into a more relaxed, meditative state. This will jump-start her recall, says Stephen Shaw, a licensed acupuncturist in California. So, if she's sick of what a lug you've become, perhaps this will bring back memories of times when you were her reason for being—and hopefully not of the time you forgot to pick her up in the rain because the game went into OT.

Press above her tailbone to give her the sex drive of a rabbit in spring.



Robin Williams before he totally sucked

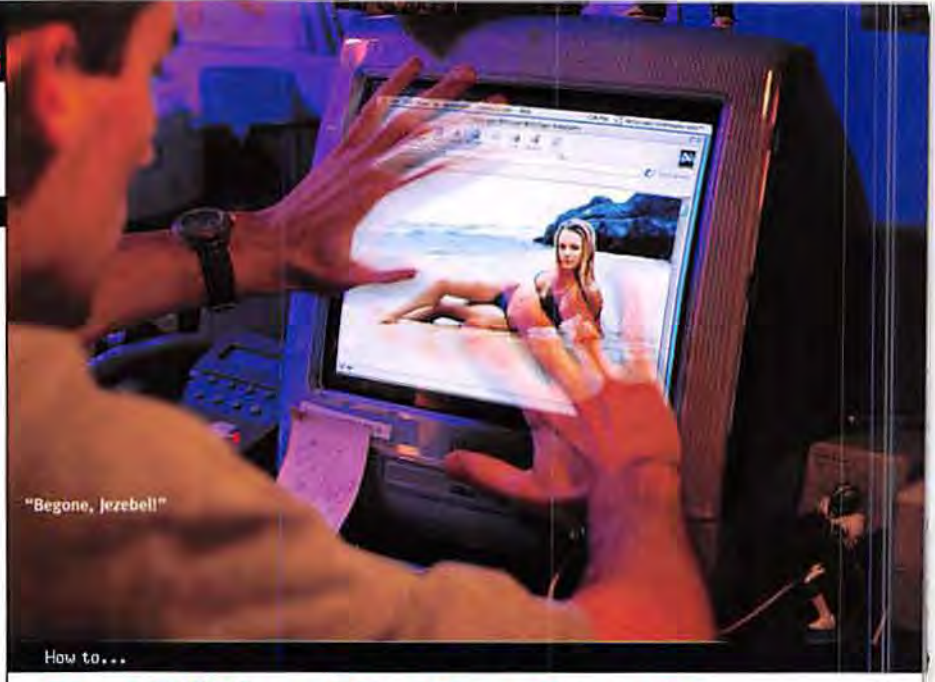
Talk like a...

Used Car Dealer

Decode the fast talk of floor whores and curbsiders so they'll know you're not just a tire-kicker but a real fairy.

AD CAR	A basic car with no options that has a low price to sucker you in. Aka "key and a heater."
BUMP	When a salesman asks for more money, usually after "fighting for you" with the manager. Pros use an odd number, like $165.79, which sounds technical and makes you think a deal is close.
CLOCKING	Illegally turning back a car's odometer to lower the mileage.
CROP DUSTER	A car with a smoking problem.
CURBSIDER	Unregistered seller/con artist who pretends to be a private individual offering a great deal.
CURBSTONE	Person paid by the dealership to pose as a car's owner and tell you all sorts of BS about the car.
FAIRY	A buyer who knows what he's doing and isn't intimidated by salesmen. It's good to be a fairy.
FLOOR WHORE	A salesman who doesn't work by appointment and instead pounces on any customer on the lot.
ONE-LEGGED-UP	A guy without a wife around to keep him from buying.
STROKER	A customer who sounds like he's ready to buy but isn't.
TIRE-KICKER	Someone who's just looking with no intention of buying. Aka "car queer" or "be-back" (as in "I'll be back").
T.O.	To "turn over" a customer to another salesman or manager in order to wear him down.

"It's a shame your Pinto blew up. I'll give you another one."



"Begone, Jezebel!"

How to...

Surf Without Getting Caught

While you've been ogling boobapalooza.com, 71 percent of companies have punished or even fired slacker hackers like you for goofing off on the computer. Master these techniques to avoid getting caught with your pants down (we hope not literally).

CONCEAL YOUR TRAIL

Even if you wait until everyone leaves the office before hunting for jobs online, don't assume that Big Brother isn't watching. According to vault.com, a career-advice Web site, 30 percent of companies track every site you surf, thanks to surveillance software. To avoid getting red-flagged in your employee file, become a member of anonymizer.com. The site lets you access any other site, but it hides the other Web addresses from tracking devices. Your company will know only that you spent the afternoon on anonymizer.com—suspicious, but certainly better than their knowing you were on myjobsucks.com.

GET A SECRET E-MAIL ADDRESS

If you've typed witty, flirtatious e-mails to female colleagues while at work, keep in mind that the tech-support guys are sniggering at your soliloquies and informing your overjoyed boss that he's finally got the evidence to fire your sorry ass. That's because 27 percent of companies snoop in their employees' e-mail, according to a survey by the American Management Association. To keep your correspondence private, set up an alternate address with a free, Web-based e-mail site such as hotmail.com or even godisdead.com (although that one might scare the ladies).

PULL THE SWITCHEROO

Sometimes the boss sneaks up so fast that you don't have enough time to flip from doodie.com back to Excel. Check out ishouldbeworking.com, which offers a "boss is coming" button that will instantly transport you from depravity to a financial-news site. PCs are equipped with an added escape route: Press the ALT and TAB keys simultaneously to switch instantly from one application to another. (Mac users: No soup for you.)

TRIM YOUR SCREENSAVER

In the midst of writing your "My boss blows goats" e-mail, you're called away from your desk. The smoking pistol remains exposed until your screensaver kicks in—10 minutes later. If you have a PC, go into your control panels, select "display," then "screensaver," then set the timer to one minute. On a Mac, go into your control panels, select "energy saver," click on "show details," then adjust the "separate timing for display sleep" to the minimum five minutes. Some Mac screensavers, from sites such as macintouch.com, activate when you point the cursor to a corner of the screen. Those minutes you trim may be the difference between surfing at work and surfing *for* work in some sad cybercafé.

"Won't somebody please download me?"

Photography: (Surfing) Jens Mortensen. (Amanda) Catherine Wessel; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair & Makeup: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine LA

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SMOKELESS TOBACCO

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

IT'S THE LAW

LEPROSY 101

Fear the worst. The corrosive disease not only still exists, but it's also striking down victims in increasing numbers.

POLITICALLY CORRECT NAME Hansen's disease, named for lucky Norwegian physician Dr. Gerhard Armauer Hansen, who first isolated the bacterium in 1873.

HOW IT WORKS The mycobacterium leprae destroys nerves in the cooler parts of your body—your eyes, joints, feet, hands and nose—making you lose all feeling in them. Deterioration and dismemberment are due to infection or, most unpleasant, unnoticed nocturnal varmint gnawing. ("Dammit, son, I told you to keep your hamster locked up!")

LARGEST LEPER COLONY Kalaupapa, created in the 19th century on the Hawaiian island of Molokai. This Malady Inn still hosts 45 guests.

LEPER PEAK Leprosy hit its all-time high in 1985, when 10.7 million people had it.

NUMBER OF CASES TODAY 2 to 2.5 million. Worldwide, there are 90 new cases every hour.

LEPER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD India, where there are 5.9 lepers for every 10,000 people. Think about it this way: If you saw a football game at Lambeau Field with only people from India, there'd be about 37 lepers in the stands with you. Don't pass the beer around.

NUMBER OF PEOPLE AFFLICTED IN THE U.S. 7,000, give or take a leper. The disease has lingered here since first noticed in colonial New Orleans. ("Is that a finger in my po'boy?")

THE CURE An antibiotic cocktail will kill the bacteria and stop the infection.

HOW YOU GET IT Lousy hygiene and poor living conditions, apparently. Experts think you can catch it from a leper sneezing on you or from handling his snot-sodden Kleenex. We recommend that you *not* handle a leper's snot-sodden Kleenex. Not even on a dare.

How to...

Chop Wood with Your Hand

Turn your mitt into a machete and declare yourself a "deadly weapon."

USE YOUR HEAD

Snapping a board in two is all mind over matter. You can't transform your fist into a demolition piston unless you can visualize the stroke, says Joseph Majdalani, a sixth-degree black belt in tae kwon do. Imagine that you're hammering a nail through the plank in one slam. Clear your head of pansy-assed thoughts like *What if I get a splinter?*

GET GOOD WOOD Like Saddam's elite Republican Guard, your plank needs to look tough while secretly being weak. Eight by 14 inches is the traditional "impressive" plank size, but make sure it's no more than one inch thick, or else the cracking you hear will be from every bone in your hand. The drier the wood, the better, since brittle lumber cracks under pressure more easily than Bobby Knight. Sneaky tip #1: Warming the wood in an oven will remove all moisture. Sneaky tip #2: Choose a board with the grain going in the direction that you will chop it, offering all the resistance of Bill Clinton to a plump intern.

SET IT UP Place the wood on two flat, even surfaces, such as cinder blocks, placed a foot apart. To deliver maximum force, place the target a few inches above the point where your arm would be fully extended. Move your feet shoulder-width apart, and melodramatically extend your arm above you, fist skyward. Then, standing directly in front of the wood, come down upon a bull's-eye point with all of your weight and speed.

KEEP IT RIGID Keep your hand relaxed until the moment of impact, when it should become as stiff as an I beam. Strike with the side of your hand (the "karate chop," just like you've seen in the comic books), which allows for a swinging, hammer-of-the-gods-style stroke. Think Karl in *Sling Blade*. Use the area between the small finger and the wrist, where the bone is durable and strong. Aim as close to the center of the board as possible.

GO BEYOND THE BOARD

Picture yourself chopping a few inches past the target: Hit "through" the board. This will maximize the force of your chop. And don't forget to yell "Kee-i!" This not only pleases the crowd, but also lets you progress seamlessly into sobs and little girly tears.

KNOW WHAT YOU EAT No. 6

SUNNY D

YELLOW DYE NOS. 5 AND 6 No. 5 can cause asthma and hives.

REAL ORANGE JUICE A whopping 2 percent—and then only as gooey, flavorless concentrate.

CELLULOSE GUM A carbohydrate used in manufacturing paper, textiles and ceramics.

SODIUM 165 mg—equal to the dose in 3.3 cans of Coke.

SODIUM HEXAMETAPHOSPHATE Removes soap scum and calcium deposits from coffee pots and shower stalls.

BETA-CAROTENE Found in carrots, it can turn your skin orange if consumed in massive quantities—which is what happened to a five-year-old girl in Wales.

Photography: (Sunny D & ingredients) Damien Donck.

Do you have the grapefruits to get in the ring with these guys?

Nine WWF Superstars in the ring at once. This is gonna get ugly.

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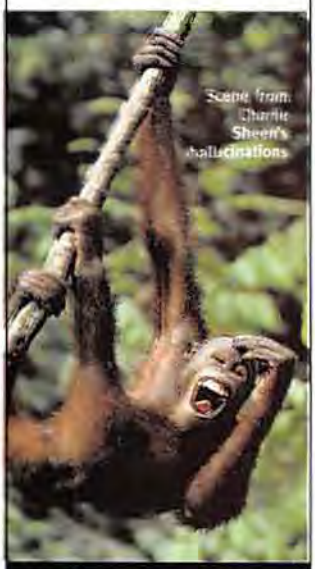
TEEN T
Animated Violence
Suggestive Themes

Sega Dreamcast

WHADDAYA KNOW!

Baffled? Mystified? Stymied? Us, too. That's why **Heinz Krankelschnit**, newly appointed professor of pharmacology at the Escobar Memorial Campus in Miami, is on hand to supply the answers.



Scene from Charlie Sheen's hallucinations

Your questions are a disease, yes? And I am being the cure. Send your so-called brain-busters to:

***Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 17th Floor, New York, NY 10018.**

Or if you are too lazy an American to sign and seal an envelope, you can e-mail the wise and powerful professor at letters@stuff-mag.com.

WHY ARE THERE KING DONS AND DING DONGS? WHY WOULD HOSTESS HAVE TWO NAMES FOR THEIR TASTY, PUCK-SHAPED SNACK?

—Brian R., via e-mail

Back in the '60s, Hostess found it not so fab and groovy when they discovered that in the East, the Drakes company was peddling a snackyfest called Ring Dings. So that cake eaters would not be hopelessly confused, Hostess changed Ding Dongs to King Dons east of the Mississippi (presumably, King Dongs was being ruled out at an early stage). But in the summer of 1999, the companies merged and all became Ding Dongs everywhere. Rumors that this Ding Dong/King Don split is behind the gunshot deaths of 2Pac Shakur and Biggie Smalls are 100 percent unconfirmed.

WHY DO MONKEYS AT THE ZOO THROW FECES AT US?

—Tim O'Connor, Savannah

Who wouldn't? According to my sources at the Bronx Zoo in New York, it is not from fear of humans, nor to mark out territory. It is because they wish to see the surprised looks upon our faces, the humorous little scheisse-mongers.

WHAT DOES ESPN STAND FOR?

—John Pierson, Wayzata, Minn.

Aha! You are trying to fool old Heinz with the tricksy question, nein? ESPN is standing for nothing other than ESPN. True, before 1984 it was meaning Entertainment Sports Programming Network, but this was deemed to be not sufficiently concise. ESPN Inc. is now boasting 25 international television networks and also a chain of restaurants where one may feast upon hearty comestibles while observing donkey-hurling live from the Galveston Truckorama. However, until they are adding the Salzburg Pro-Celebrity Yodelthon to their programming, I shall not become a subscriber.

"Up next: More Charlie Sheen jokes."

An evening in Charlie Sheen's rec room

WHERE IN THE U.S. IS PROSTITUTION LEGAL?

—Fred Dillman, Chicago

Not in Las Vegas, I can tell you that—and so can my attorney. Clark County, aka Las Vegas, is one of the few places within Nevada to ban prostitution. But only in that state, out of all the USA, is paid-up bumsen okeydokey. The brothels in Nye County, for example, must be operating at least 200 feet from a main road and outside the town limits. That is where I will be taking my next vacation, mister high-unt-mighty big shot Las Vegas judge. How was I to know she was your niece?

WHAT IS SPOTTED DICK? DO THE BRITISH REALLY EAT IT?

—Richard Hyman, Minneapolis

They will eat anything. And with their cuisine, it is a good thing, too. Polka cock, or whatever they are calling it, is a doughy dessert full of currants, usually served warm (like their beer) and with custard. Supposedly, it is named after Dick Whittington, a medieval mayor of London. To me, it's a mystery how people who would eat this could beat the fatherland twice in the world wars. We were only starting the second one because of the humiliation of losing to an enemy mit der speckled schlong. Not that I'd know anything about that.

WHAT HAPPENS TO DRUGS AFTER THEY'VE BEEN SEIZED BY THE DEA?

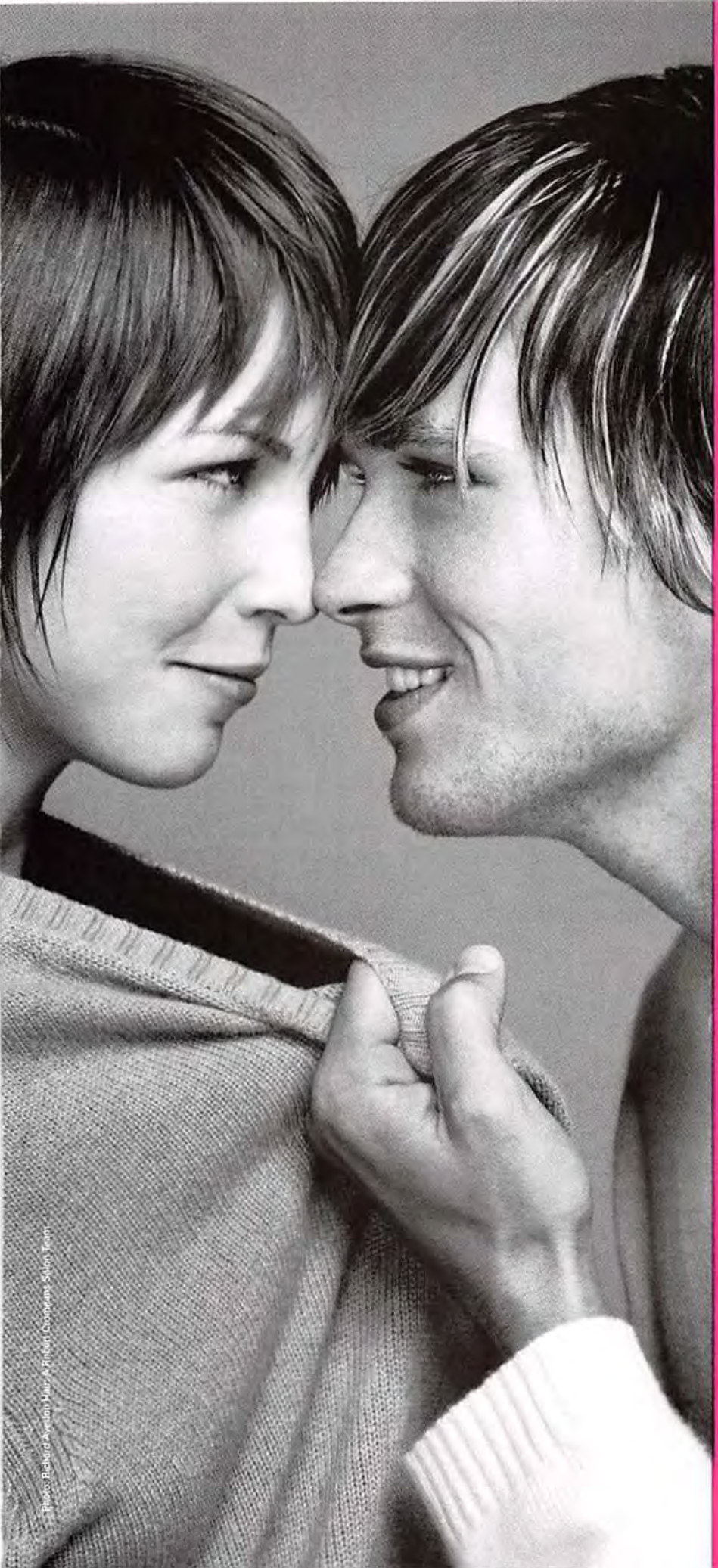
—Chris Morgan, San Diego

Once the sniffy-sniff pooches and the agents have done their work, drugs are turned over to the DEA's laboratories for testing and safekeeping. The whereabouts of these facilities are not made public. After a case has been resolved, the drugs are destroyed in an ultrahot oven that leaves no residue. I have suggested that these drugs be burned in water-cooled pipes by experts such as myself, but to no avail. Phooey. No wonder I am jonesing like a loose hydrogen atom.

Confiscated from Charlie Sheen's home

Photography: (Prop) Warren Salzowe

new



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Guns don't kill people; founding fathers kill people

Clinton would be Burr's bitch if he ever made it onto his cell block.

Greatest American Hero No. 9

Aaron Burr

This founding father snuffed the dude on the $10 bill and tried to start his own country. Meet the man who put the "vice" in vice president.

If you think Bubba's White House plays like a Coney Island craps game, hit the history books. Sure, Clinton has perjury on his rap sheet, but he'd be Aaron Burr's bitch if he ever made it onto his cell block.

Our third VP rang up a murder charge while in office. Thomas Jefferson labeled him "a crooked gun, whose aim of shot you could never be sure of." In today's terms: "Watch this schemin' scumbag or he'll bust a cap in your sleepin' ass." The man Burr iced wasn't exactly a horse thief either. He was former Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton. The two were rivals with a personality conflict reminiscent of John Rocker and Shea Stadium.

Burr had been a top spy during the Revolutionary War, which led George Washington to make him a close advisor. But that ended when Washington caught his trusted aide steaming open his personal mail.

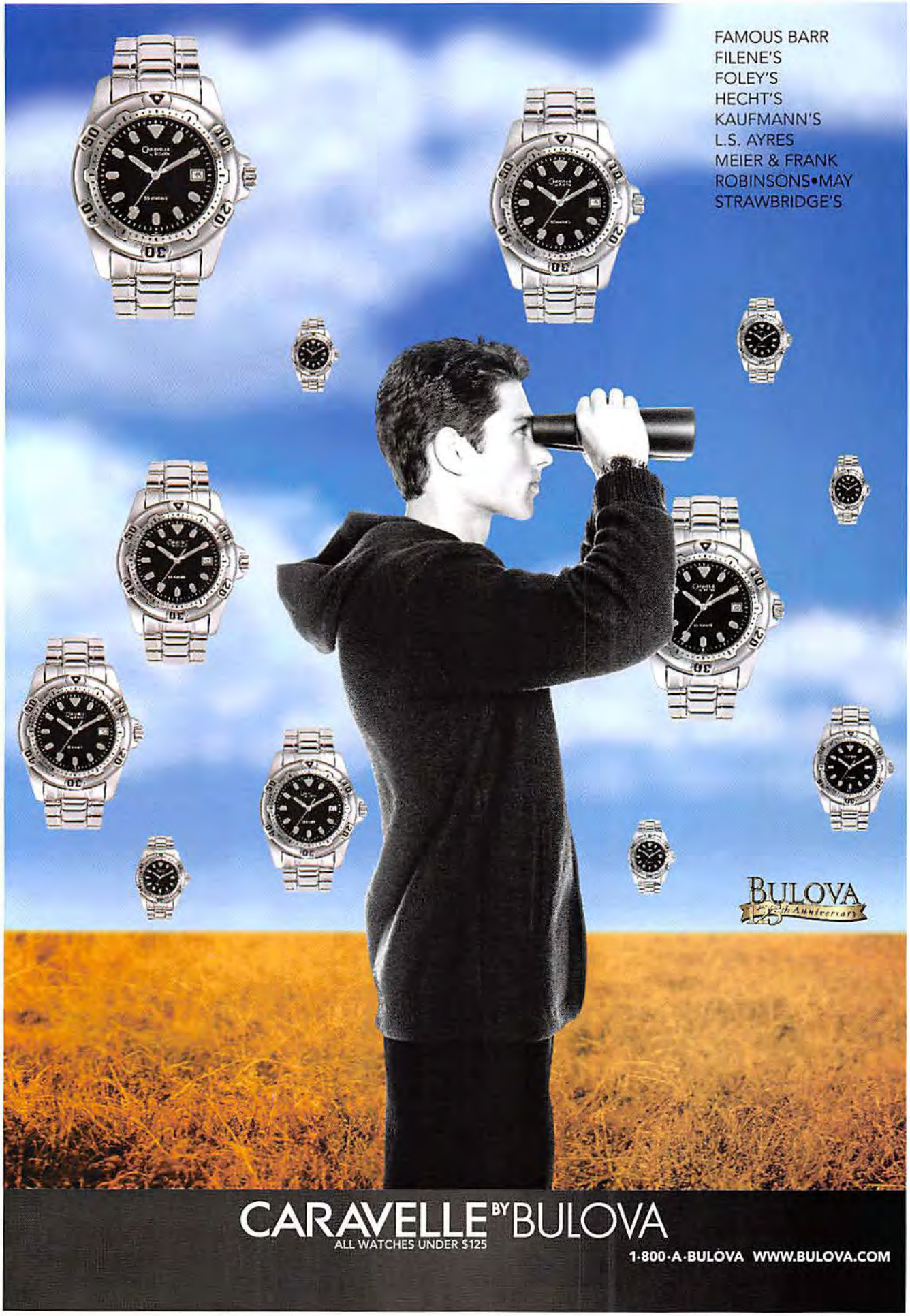
In the election of 1800, Burr got Jefferson to believe he was his number one fan, and Burr was promised the vice presidency. Then he went out and campaigned for himself, receiving as many votes as his running mate. The House gave the nod to Jefferson, and Burr gave TJ someone to keep an eye on.

Jefferson wasn't the only one burned by Burr in that election. The Wile E. Coyote of Capitol Hill stole and secretly published a letter from Hamilton—then the rival Federalist Party leader—which called Federalist president John Adams a "mental case." The party collapsed into a WWF-like bunkhouse brawl and blew the election. An even bigger bitch slap came when the party shoved Hamilton aside and asked Burr to head the ticket in the next election. Ten dollar Al felt like two cents and publicly labeled Burr "a dangerous man...who ought not to be trusted." Then Burr called him out.

They dueled on July 11, 1804, in New Jersey. Burr smoked him with a shot that split his kishkes. Textbooks singled out Burr as the bad guy, but when the Smithsonian Institution restored the pistols, they discovered that Hamilton had rigged his own gun to give himself an edge.

The NYPD put out an APB on the VP, who fled to D.C. to avoid prosecution. At the end of his term, his farewell address was so smooth that the charges were later dropped. Then Burr went Napoleonic—even while Bonaparte was still coining the term. He set off for the Midwest territories to raise an army and start his own country. He was tried for treason, but established an early axiom: "If you sling shit, they will acquit." He subpoenaed Jefferson, implying the prez was in on the plan. Citing "executive privilege," Jefferson refused to appear, and Burr walked.

At 77, Burr married a former hooker, said to be the richest woman in America. The gravy train pulled out four months later—after he blew most of her dough. In his final hours, Burr was asked if he expected salvation. His answer was pure Burr: "On that subject, I am coy."



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The Powder Room

THE LOVELY DAWN

XXX Marks the Spot

What type of a girl likes porn? The type you want to meet. *Stuff*'s sexologist, Dawn Yanek, gets four girls to rattle on about raunchy pics. You must be 18 to enter this column.

Dawn: What kind of porno scenes stroke your sweet spots?

Liz: I think, for women, subtlety in porn is a major turn-on. I love watching oral-sex scenes, but I don't want to see a zoom shot of a big penis going in and out.

Dee: Why the hell would you want to watch a porno if it didn't show penetration? I'm pretty easy—I just get hot seeing naked people doing it. But I'm sorry, I'm not watching it to examine people's faces.

Erin: I don't like to see orifices close-up. I'd rather see it happen from a distance, so you can see the two bodies moving together. It's also nice to have a little bit of a story line. More than: Guy walks in. Takes off clothes. Sucks on tits. Goes down. Then switch. I'm not looking for *Gone with the Wind*, but a few minutes of a lead-in would help.

Kris: I want porn stars to look perfect—it's a movie, for chrissakes, and I want to watch fantasy scenes that really turn me on. Ron Jeremy? I think he just makes porn movies so he can get laid. Who in her right mind would do it with him?

Dawn: Most women seem to find the guys gross. Would you rather see lesbo love scenes?

Dee: I once saw this porno with two girls who had a huge double-ended dildo, and I liked it not because of the two girls—I liked it because they were really getting down on the dildo. I love when the women genuinely start getting off instead of just posing while saying, "Uhh, ahh, ooooh, ahhhh!" And every now and then, you'll find porn stars who really do seem to like it.

Liz: The first time I was ever really turned on by porn was when I watched two women. I was 16, and I don't know what the movie was called, but a female doctor started examining her patient in the office, saying, "Maybe you should lie down," and putting a hand under her skirt. It was so sexy because being with a woman was my secret little fantasy, and I could finally let myself enjoy it. I've since hooked up with women, and this helped me figure out that I wanted to try it.

Erin: When I saw two women going at it on-screen for the first time, I was surprised by how much I liked it. And no, it's not something I'd ever act on, as my guy friends always ask me. To me, porn's all about fantasy. The female body is beautiful, and I love seeing large breasts because that's an erogenous zone.

Dawn: Do you watch by yourself or with your man?

Kris: When I was younger, I used to camp out in my bedroom by myself with the TV. And every couple of days, it'd be me, my porno and my right hand. My current boyfriend won't watch them with me—he's embarrassed, which is ridiculous considering he's got bags of porn in his closet—so I'll watch them by myself and then go jump on him.

Erin: My boyfriend and I use porn like it's another sex toy—it gets us charged up. I particularly love having sex while we're watching.

Dee: I've watched it by myself a few times, but it's not as much fun as when you've got a big, strong man with you. You know what I also love? Watching a guy masturbate.

Liz: In the past, when boyfriends brought up watching porn together, I didn't feel comfortable because ▷▷▷

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The Powder Room

I think it was the wrong type of porn—really ridiculous, hard-core stuff. Now that I've seen well-done porn, I'd like to screw to it. I also love reading erotica to my female partners, stuff by Anais Nin—that's really hot.

Dawn: What's the smoothest way for a guy to pop in a porno?
Liz: I'd want him to just put it in, and then start kissing me and unbuttoning my shirt. Confidence is such a turn-on.
Kris: Yeah, me, too. I'd intuitively want him to know I'd be into it. I think that most girls would be. Sure, a lot of them say they don't like it, but I think they're just embarrassed.
Erin: You've really gotta talk about it first. A good, sneaky way to bring it up is by casually flipping through channels and then stopping on Skinemax. If she laughs, nuzzles up to you and starts touching you, there's a good chance you'll be able to take it further. But don't have it on when she comes over and say, "Hey, look at the breasts on this babe, hon." That doesn't add to the ambience.

Dawn: Ever tried to reenact a scene from a porno?
Kris: My ex sucked my toes. The sex that night was through the roof.
Dee: We tried some backdoor action once because the women in porno movies looked like they were totally enjoying it. He greased up really good, and I was relaxed 'cause I trusted him. At first, it hurt, but as soon as he got going, it felt...*good*. The membrane between your naughty bits is very thin, and he hit my G-spot from the back. He did it slow, and after few easy thrusts, I came! It was incredible.

"I love when women in pornos genuinely start getting off."

Erin: I like S&M movies, so I had to get a dominatrix outfit. I've got this shiny, black, plastic/vinyl teddy that has a high neck and garters—and these five-inch-high black patent-leather stripper stilettos. I'd probably never actually do any hard-core S&M because I'd laugh too much, but watching the movies and dressing up like a dominatrix is very, very erotic.
Liz: I decided to do a striptease for my boyfriend, complete with garters and a G-string. When I was just a few minutes into it, he grabbed me. The intensity was amazing because I had been such a tease.

Dawn: What's the best trick that you've picked up from porn stars?
Kris: I love to act like a porno queen sometimes. You know: arching my back, making faces, screaming and putting on a show.
Dee: Porn movies always use lots of mirrors, so you can see your body from every angle. After seeing one, we booked a room at the Rainbow Hotel—it had mirrors on the ceiling and all along the walls. We kept switching positions to see every nook and cranny of our bodies and the way they moved together. It was so hot. When we were doing it at home a few weeks later, I improvised with a candle and a big, blank wall. We turned off all the lights, went at it doggy-style, and our bodies cast giant shadows on the wall. It looked like we were watching a cool, sexy movie of ourselves.

Dawn: What's the most disastrous lesson men have learned from porn?
Dee: Tongue-flicking during oral sex. No woman likes that! It's better to pretend you're licking ice cream: Go slow. And don't stick your tongue up inside—that's for other parts of you.
Liz: Holding down a woman's head while she's performing oral sex is the worst. There's a difference between having a guy gently caress your head, which is really nice, and pushing it down.
Erin: The money shot. I don't want to see it on tape, and I don't want to see it in real life. I don't know why guys like it. Is it a domination thing, like, "This is my manhood—take it"? Anyway, I'm anti-fluid.
Kris: Yeah, that's not my favorite thing either. But what really drives me nuts is when guys think that they have to try loads of different positions in one session, just for the sake of doing them. I hate getting all flipped around and contorted, especially when it's just starting to get good!

Dawn: If you directed your own porno, what would we see?
Liz: Men would kiss women's necks and all of their other erogenous zones—they'd be creative. I dated a pastry chef once, and we hooked up on a stairwell in his restaurant. He put honey on my breasts and licked it off. It was amazing.
Erin: I'd somehow teach all the actors the 15-second orgasm rule. After a woman has an orgasm, lay back for 10 to 15 seconds—no more, no less. Start again and she'll be coming again in no time flat. Guys also need to know that the vagina is a very delicate area, so don't try to kill it.
Dee: I'm a complete exhibitionist and voyeur, so there would definitely be scenes with people having sex in public. And there would be lots of dirty talk—good dirty talk. The guys wouldn't say dumb shit or sound too proper. It's gotta be hard and primal to work.

Photography: (Dawn) Rod Spicer. (Girls) Pauline St. Denis. Location: Whiskey Park, 100 Central Park South, NYC (212-307-9222).

New Durex **Natural Feeling** condoms.

After all, isn't that **the point?**

Feel what you've been missing in a new Durex Natural Feeling condom. With an ultra-smooth water-based lubricant, Durex Natural Feeling condoms are the next best thing to wearing nothing. Love has never felt like this before. Try one and see for yourself. Visit us at www.durex.com.

set yourself free

Auto Eroticism

We broke into industry headquarters, took hostages at auto plants and blackmailed car dealers to get you the inside scoop on the phattest, fiercest and fastest new rides available this year. From sports coupes to scary monster trucks, from the stripped-down to the souped-up, these eight awesome automobiles are the wheel deal.

By Marty Padgett Photographs by Daniela Federici

Mystery Mobile

Feeling low? Alienated? Ostracized from society? The Chrysler PT Cruiser will make you the talk of the parking lot.

Stuff first introduced you to this black sheep more than 15 months ago, hoping it would be mass-produced by spring 2000. Well, it took a little longer than expected, but much credit is due to the twisted freaks at Chrysler for actually putting this beast on the road. The only tough part about owning the PT Cruiser (because it ain't that expensive) is trying to describe the thing. It's not really a minivan. But it's not really an SUV or a station wagon, either. It's one of those once-a-generation cars—like the original VW Microbus before it—that figures out how to be totally practical and totally friggin' weird all at the same time.

On the outside, it's Santa's sled with chrome door handles, a wide, toothy grille and bullet-shaped taillights. Inside, it's got more available real estate than Alaska. Take out the rear seats and you've got space for a hundred-pound filet mignon, numerous kegs and a mountain of ice. To help up the fun quotient, skip the automatic and opt for the five-speed on the floor with the chrome and pearl-white shift lever. The Cruiser's Achilles' heel: a flimsy excuse for an engine that rests under its shiny hood. If you're looking to beat the cops over the state line, you're looking at the wrong ride, my friend. But if you want people snooping around your vehicle, kicking the tires, getting nose grease on the windows and flitting between confusion and wonderment—take this retro rider to the mall.

POWER 2.4-liter four-cylinder, 150 hp
SPEED 110 mph
MONEY $21,000

Lady Killer

If you can't score in the slick BMW Z8, join a monastery.

Not that we're looking or anything, but the new BMW has one of the best rear ends on the road: Thin neon taillamps outline its shape like bikini bottoms on Anna Kournikova. The body isn't half bad, either. Side vents punctuate the front fenders, and exposed headlamps bare it all up front. Although you can only transport one leggy Victoria's Secret model with you at a time, she'll be superbly coddled in the Z8's cabin du pleasure. The dashboard itself is swathed and banded in brushed aluminum, a perfect match for your monogrammed platinum cuff links. A six-disc CD changer connects to a 250-watt stereo, which can bang out all the Burt Bacharach tunes you like, you supersmooth swine.

The look might be David Niven, but the power is pure Goldberg. A 5.0-liter V-8 with a six-speed manual transmission pushes the Z8 to 60 mph in 4.5 seconds. Run-flat tires ensure that you won't suffer a blowout at 150 mph, despite any small animals you might crush. But if you're feeling sympathetic, or just hate scraping roadkill off your mud flaps, secret agent–like anti-spin control technology protects you from flipping out when embroiled in a high-speed raccoon and chipmunk slalom.

POWER 5.0-liter V-8, 400 hp
SPEED About 155 mph
MONEY (Look away) $128,000

Rough Rider

The Nissan Frontier Crew Cab is the little truck that could.

Most small trucks have a bad rep: They're as slow as Drew Carey on a StairMaster, with about as much style as Alan Greenspan. The Nissan Frontier will change all that. With a 210-horsepower engine and a tough-as-Tonka shape, it's really a big ol' 18-wheeler trapped in a small truck's body. You won't just blow other trucks off the road—you'll do it none too discreetly: The Frontier's big fender flares are M-1 tank–inspired, and the grille looks as if it could fire up a few flank steaks. The latest model has a spankin' new, supercharged engine and more doors. It's pro-choice, too: Pick between either four-wheel or two-wheel drive mode, with two or four doors, manual or automatic, four-cylinder or V-6. A string of Yakima roof-rack accessories will let you haul bikes and kayaks into parts of the wilderness where no man has dared tread.

POWER 3.3-liter supercharged V-6, 210 hp
SPEED Just shy of 100 mph
MONEY $22,000

Bug Slayer

Take out the Porsche 911 Turbo for a spin and commit insect genocide.

There's just one mental argument you'll need to win before you splash a hundred grand on a Porsche 911 Turbo: *Do I really need enough horsepower to cause my testicles to retreat into my lower intestine?* Cost of retrieving your jewels: a little pain. Cost of riding in a Porsche: priceless.

The newest Porsche Turbo is the fastest car Herr Porsche has ever allowed on U.S. territory. It catapults you to 60 mph in, oh, about four seconds—half the time it took you to read that last sentence. While older Porsche Turbos would get more wobbly than a Weeble at max speed, this new version comes with all-wheel drive and wunderkind electronics that help you hug the road. Eighteen-inch tires and a whale-tail spoiler enable you to cut smoother than a Terrell Davis touchdown. No, those holes in the front end and rear fenders do not mean that the car is defective. They're there to cool the brakes after a doughnut session in the supermarket parking lot.

POWER	3.6-liter flat six-cylinder, 415 hp
SPEED	189 mph
MONEY	$111,000

Tire-Biter

The Pontiac Aztek is butt-ugly, but, boy, it has personality.

Sure, the Pontiac Aztek is the homeliest thing to come out of Detroit since Ted Nugent—but didn't your mama always tell you that it's what's on the inside that counts? (She also told you that you'd never amount to anything and to stop making that face or it'd stick like that. God, why was she so cruel?)

Part sport-ute, part minivan, part Fat Bastard, the front-wheel-drive Aztek has enough room for five camping buddies and a cargo bin full of gear in the back. If you keep the rear seats folded and open the rear gate, a custom tent can slide into place with enough space for a double-size air mattress. In fact, the Aztek seems to hold every object you throw at it. It's like George Costanza's wallet on wheels. Up front, a huge center console doubles as a drink cooler, and there are pouches on the doors to carry CD cases, snacks and even small dogs, if you're in a pinch. Then there's a fishing boat's worth of nets for securing objects and carjackers to the floor. The best part: Molded butt depressions in the gate provide convenient homes for your oversize ass cheeks. The worst: All of these gimmicks can't disguise that it drives like a minivan.

POWER 3.4-liter V-6, 185 hp
SPEED 108 mph
MONEY $25,000

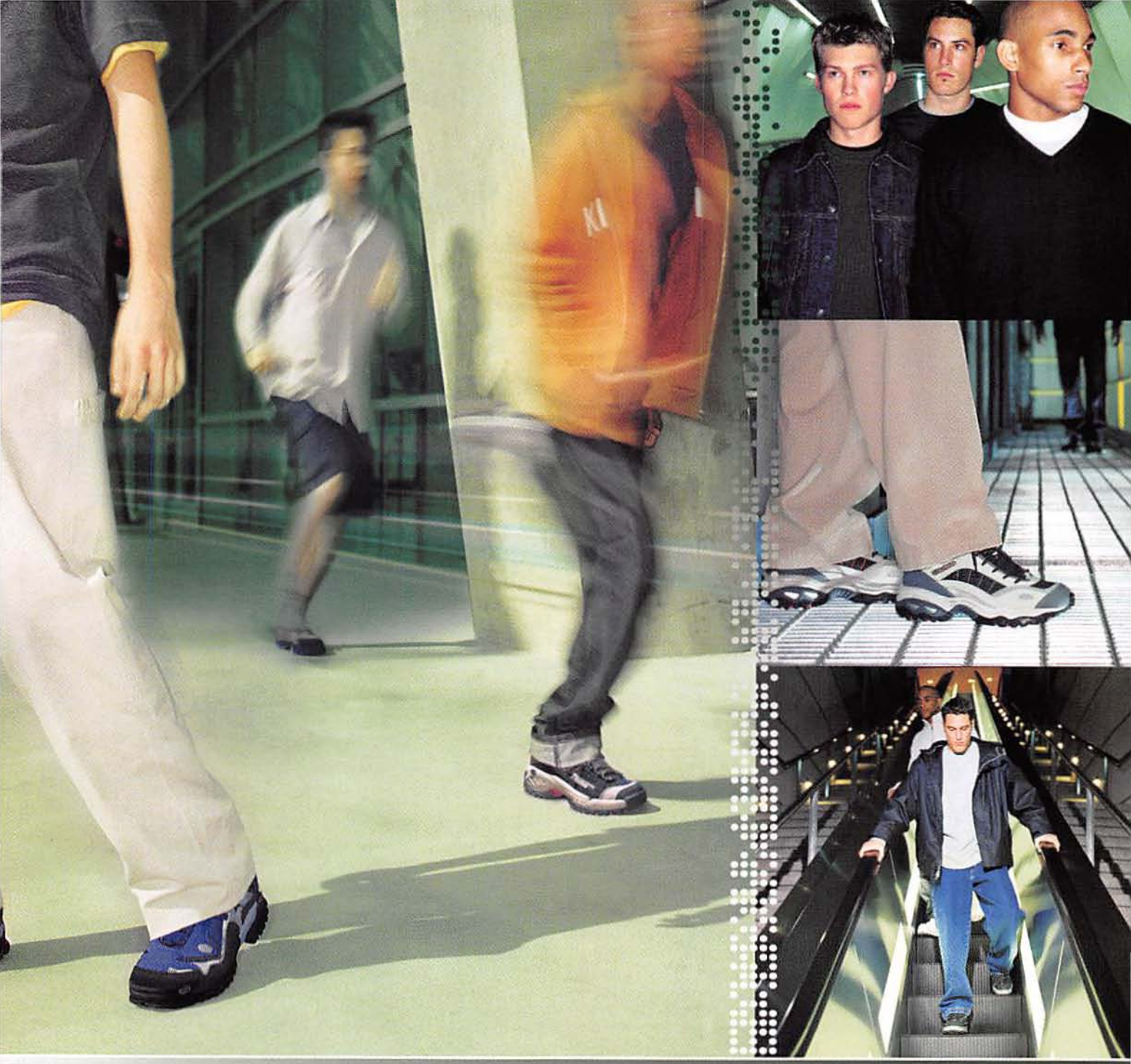
Spooky Spyder

Be afraid of Toyota's MR2 Spyder. Be very afraid.

The new Spyder is the Mini-Me of sports cars. It isn't a Dr. Evil clone, but it's still pretty damn "evullll." It's also cheap: the perfect car solution for those who really want to drive a Porsche Boxster but are stuck with a Yugo budget. The first thing that observant fellows like yourselves may notice when looking at that hot lady standing next to the little red roadster (above) is that it's tiny. Really tiny. And that's a good thing. Since it only has to push around a featherweight 2,195 pounds, the 1.8-liter engine sends the Spyder rocketing to 60 mph in less than seven seconds and pulls up to a scary-enough 130 mph on the open road. Plus, parking is never a problem, since this machine has been known to fit inside a bag of chips.

The handling is PlayStation sharp: The MR2 is almost three inches shorter than a Miata, meaning quick steering response and nimble cornering ability. One drawback (or advantage, depending on how you look at it): There is zero cargo space. So if you're planning on taking a long trip, your luggage will have to go UPS. But don't despair—the lack of room eliminates the possibility of taking the Spyder out for a shopping excursion with your girlfriend.

POWER 1.8-liter four-cylinder, 138 hp
SPEED 130 mph
MONEY $23,000



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Roof Raiser

Go topless in Mitsubishi's Eclipse Spyder GT (lap dance not included).

Let's face it: Cruise in most convertibles and people are likely to question your manhood. The solution? The Eclipse Spyder GT. Its Ferrari-style side panels and ballsy V-6 engine offer a perfect distraction from that wind-blowing-in-your-hair Tom Cruise *M:I-2* look. But what if you spot a few hairy-backed bowling buddies in the rearview who will get great pleasure in pointing you in the direction of the nearest Barbra Streisand concert? *No problemo*. The roof of the car opens in just 20 seconds, meaning that you can put it up at a stoplight before the signal turns green.

If you insist on an automatic transmission, the Spyder's box has the ultracool Sportronic, which lets you shift gears manually without the need of a clutch. Dual front and side air bags help keep insurance vultures from charging you the GNP of Switzerland just to get behind the wheel. The 210-watt radio/CD player blasts a bass that registers 7 on the Richter scale.

POWER 3.0-liter V-6, 200 hp
SPEED 137 mph
MONEY $29,000

Aural Surgeon

What the Sony Ford Focus doesn't have in drive, it has in decibels.

Sony is not a name you associate with cars, and the new Limited Edition Ford Focus probably isn't gonna change that. What it *will* change is the way that you think about auto sound systems. The Focus is less of a car and more of a vehicular support system for your CD collection. It's a sound utility vehicle that teems with 460 watts of sonic thrust. Imagine sitting inside the woofer at a Slipknot gig. So, how does it work? Two three-way speakers are bolted into each door, and the massive subwoofer and amp are so big that the trunk space is cut in half. An AM/FM CD receiver comes with a wireless remote; crank this system to 6 and your eardrums will liquidate faster than Darva Conger's career.

The actual *car* part of the Focus is a bit less impressive, but certainly better than most economy cars: sharp handling, edgy good looks and plenty of power from a 130-hp four-cylinder. We would also recommend that you learn sign language if you intend to talk to your passengers.

POWER 2.0-liter four-cylinder, 110 or 130 hp
SPEED Not quite 100 mph
MONEY $16,000

'Stang Stinger

Get a NASCAR crash course with the Ford SVT Mustang Cobra R.

The Mustang Cobra R has more smoke than a Rasta in a ganja field. Sure, the Mustang has been a favorite since its inception in 1964, but it has always been a little lacking in the tarmac-scorching speed department. Not anymore. The Cobra R has a 385-horsepower engine, which is a few ponies more than next year's Vette. There's also an independent suspension on the rear end, meaning that this horse can handle the tremendous power it puts to the ground—on the road or on the track. How is this possible? Ford's Special Vehicles Team built the new Mustang by tearing it down. They junked the standard V-8 for a 5.4-liter engine and used every trick in the race books to boost its 170 mph performance—stripping out power seats, the radio and sound-deadening insulation. Finally, they hooked it all up to a six-speed gearbox, 18-inch tires and beefed-up brakes. Get one now. All you have to do is knock over a few liquor stores to afford it.

POWER 5.4-liter V-8, 385 hp
SPEED 170 mph
MONEY $55,000

Styling: Tina Wray for REX; Hair: Frederick Purnell; Makeup: Victor Joseph for Tiffany Whitford NYC; Prop Styling: Greg Meyer for Oliver Pro.

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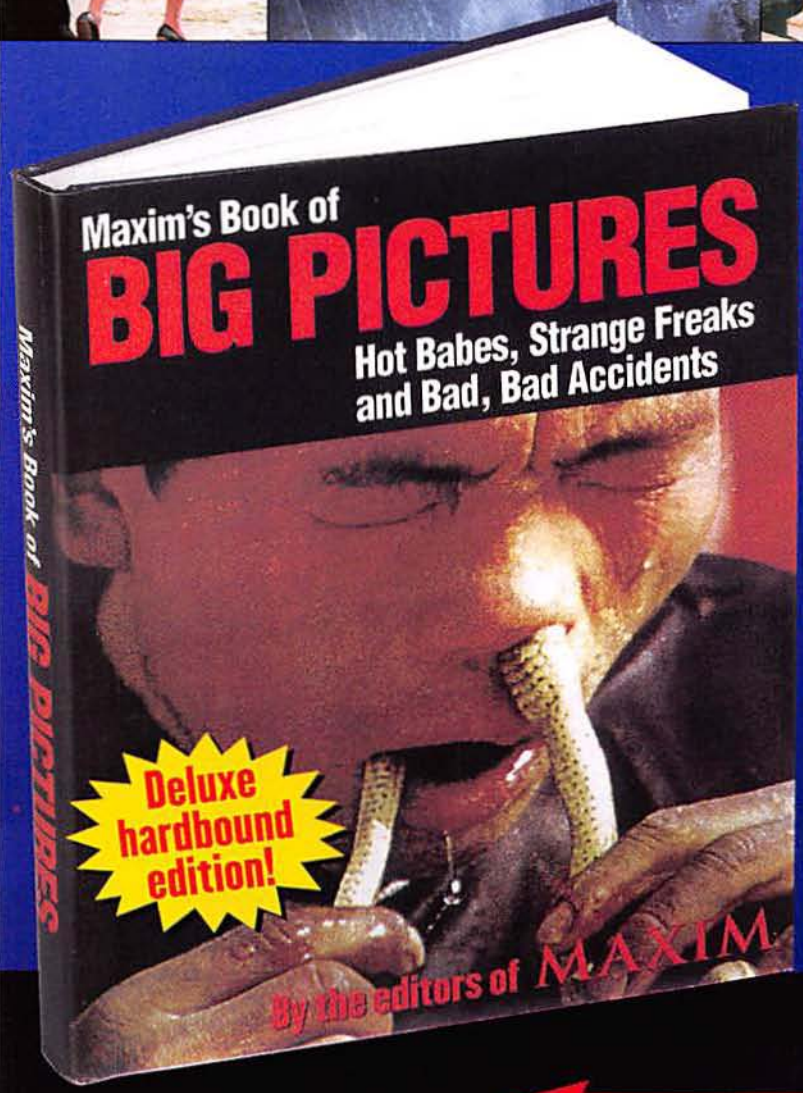

Forget the pretty sunsets and puppy dog pictures. Here's a photo collection of some of the weirdest stuff we've ever seen. And check this out: The pix are **TOO HOT** to publish in MAXIM!!! Stuff like:

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- **Surgical nightmares you can't look away from**
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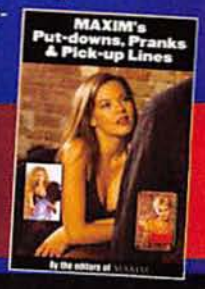


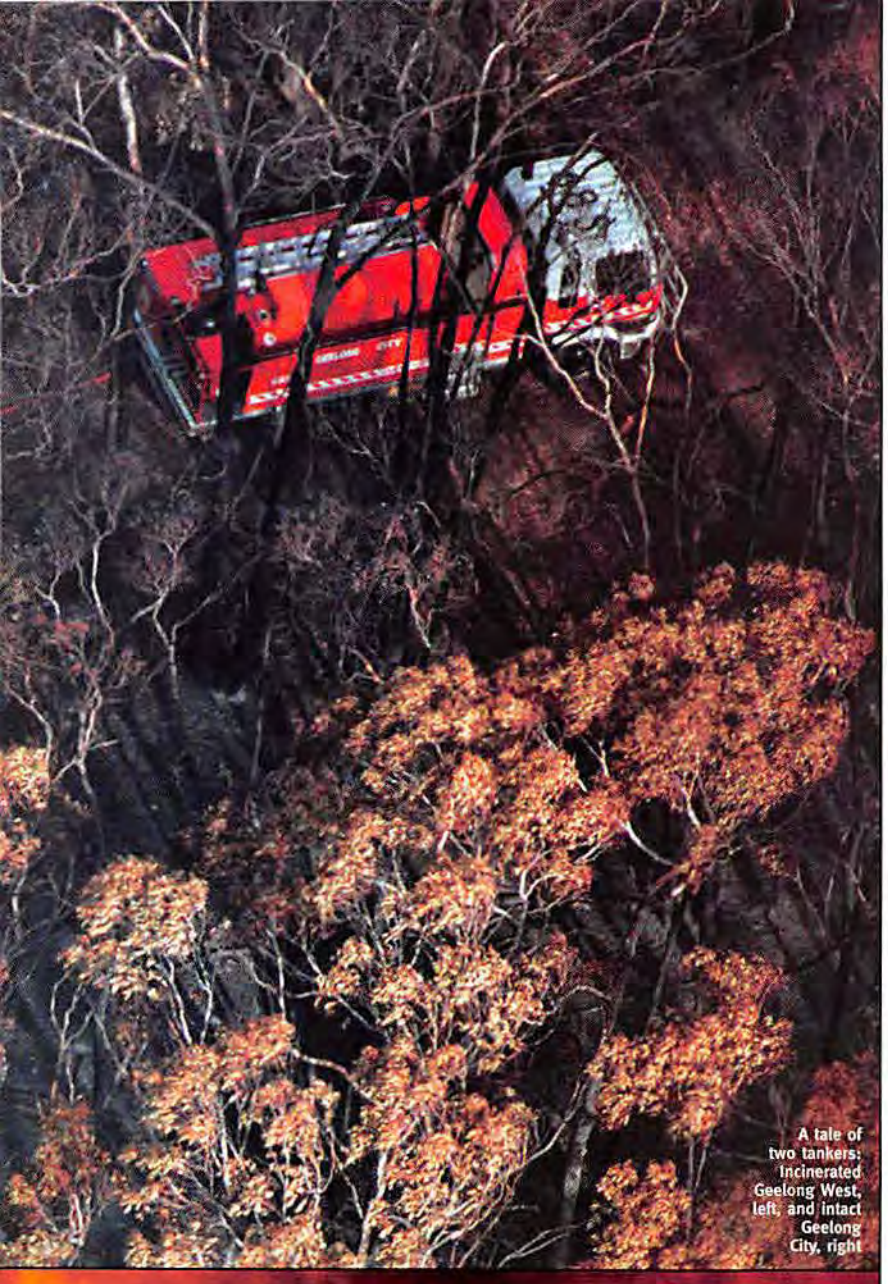
return the card at left

Firefighter David Bendle was nearly roasted alive when his crew got swallowed up in one of Australia's worst bushfires.

By David Bendle, as told to John Parrish

REALITY BITES

"I Survived an



A tale of two tankers: Incinerated Geelong West, left, and intact Geelong City, right

Inferno!"

Roaring like a jet engine, a wall of flame rolled toward me. Everything turned red as the blaze engulfed the fire truck and I stared into hell's furnace. The windshield started to melt, bubbles forming on the surface. *If that glass cracks, I'll be dead in seconds.* Sadness swept over me. *I'll never see my wife and children again.* I'm not religious, but I prayed out loud: "God, please let me live."

Nine hours earlier, on December 2, 1998, a bushfire had started in Victoria's Linton State Forest, about four miles north of the historic gold-rush town of Linton (population 500), near the Victorian coast of Australia. December is a summer month here, and the mercury hovered around 83. Relative humidity was low at 24 percent, and the warm northerly winds were a notch under 30 mph—perfect conditions for rapidly turning a small fire into a napalm strike. Reinforcements were called as the blaze gained ground. By 2:30 P.M., 27 tankers and six aircraft were bombarding the bush with water. Shrugging off the attack, the blaze spewed burning embers as it stormed forward like an assault troop, breaching two defensive lines that the firemen had set up. The fire marched to within two miles of Linton—then the call went out for another crew of emergency reinforcements.

I was painting the kitchen of my home in Geelong, a small industrial city 54 miles from Linton, when my pager bleeped to life. I felt a tremendous surge of adrenaline as I read "Geelong City strike team required." I didn't know how big the fire was, but I knew that if a strike team was needed, it was dangerous. As a volunteer firefighter, I was technically free to stay home. But the Country Fire Authority is like a family—you don't let your brothers down.

In a convoy of five tankers, we headed for Linton. My tanker, called Geelong City, was in the rear. Malcolm Stepnell—aka Steps—was driving. I sat next to him in the cab. We were both crew leaders and experienced senior firefighters. On the back of the tanker, in a section open to the elements, sat three more seasoned volunteers.

Heading up the convoy was the Geelong West tanker. Stuey Davidson, 28, a 10-year veteran and practical joker, was the senior man onboard and one of my closest friends. Everybody liked Stuey—he was the brigade's driving social force. At the wheel was 47-year-old Garry "Dutchy" Vredeveldt, a bear of a man with a gap-toothed smile—a real gentle giant. We all teased him about his strong Dutch accent. Three more volunteers rode on the back of their truck: Chris Evans, Matthew Armstrong and Jason Thomas.

Twenty-four miles outside of Linton, we got our first glimpse of what we were up against. A cloud of smoke hung like a giant shroud over the horizon. *Jesus, it's a big one,* I thought. At 5:40 P.M., we sped into Linton. A brown-gray fog cloaked the town. The taste of wood smoke and burned grass was thick in the air. The firefront was now less than a mile away. More than 450 men with 75 ▷▷▷

tankers were fighting on the southern and eastern fronts of the inferno. Flying embers were kicking off spot fires all over town, and we set about extinguishing them.

By 6:30 P.M., Geelong City and Geelong West had been redirected to the eastern flank of the fire. We bumped along dirt tracks into the tangled forest, where dried leaves, dead twigs and fallen branches of eucalyptus trees sat on the ground like a fuel bomb, just waiting for a spark to set it off.

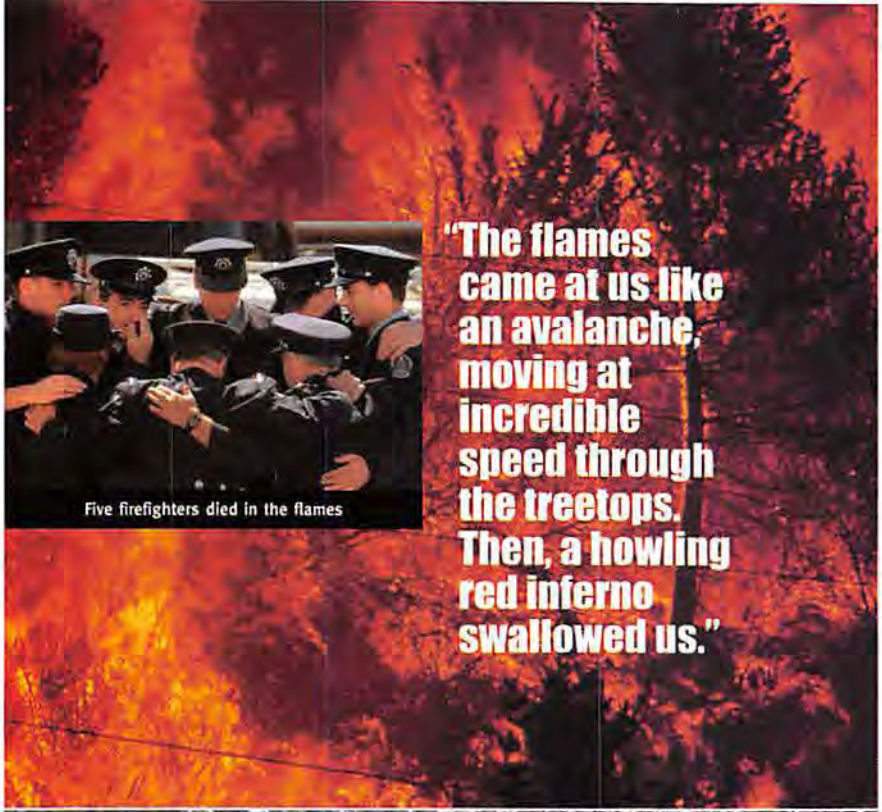
Our mission was to rendezvous with a bulldozer that was digging a trail to create a firebreak. Our tankers followed as the dozer scraped the brush down to bare, nonflammable earth. We then burned back the scrub at the edge of the break, using a paraffin and diesel mix. We could see the soft glow of the firefront approaching from about 50 yards away. It seemed to be moving very slowly. The flames were only about three feet high and were licking at the lower branches of the eucalyptus trees. *It's only a marshmallow fire,* I thought.

At 8:30 P.M., we were mopping up. But everything was about to change. Unbeknownst to us, a weather shift was sending a southwesterly burst of wind straight for the back edge of the fire. Wind turns a fire into an inferno, since the fire will spread at double the speed of the wind. Meteorologists near Linton recorded wind gusts up to 37 mph. You do the math.

I had decided that we needed to refill our tanker with water. For safety reasons, we always held one third of our 800-gallon storage in reserve. The Geelong West crew needed water, too, so we drove south along an unmarked track running parallel to the eastern flank of the fire. The track was narrow and dark, with overhanging trees. We stopped to consult a map. We had no desire to get lost in a burning forest at night. Stuey and Dutchy got out of their tanker, which was parked 36 feet behind ours, and came forward to discuss the route. They were standing on my left-hand passenger side and talking to me as I leaned out the window. It was 8:40 P.M.

What happened next will be scorched in my memory forever.

Suddenly, the southwesterly wind slammed into the back edge of the blaze like a giant boot kicking a campfire. The fire "crowned" as superheated particles were swept into the tree canopy, which became a billowing cloud of fire storming toward us. The wind also whipped the carpet of flame on the ground into a fury, merging it with the crowning fire and instantly creating a 20-foot wall of flame.



Five firefighters died in the flames

"The flames came at us like an avalanche, moving at incredible speed through the treetops. Then, a howling red inferno swallowed us."

The Geelong West tanker, left, ran dry at the wrong moment

Steps saw it first. "It's coming!" he shouted. "Take cover—quick!"

There was a terrifying roar. The flames came at us like an avalanche, moving at incredible speed through the treetops. Stuey and Dutchy ran for their tanker. Steps and I barely had time to close the windows and shut the vents of our cab before the flames were upon us. A howling red inferno swallowed us as I scrambled over the backseat to grab the woolen fire blankets that would protect us from the heat. *It's a furnace in hell,* I thought, as I saw the flames probing for a way in.

Burning branches and trees, chewed loose by the flames and propelled by the wind, bombarded the tanker. It was like being in the middle of a flaming tornado. Branches smashed into the slowly melting windshield. Exposing the oxygen-rich cab to the fire would create an immediate vacuum that would suck the flames in, burning us to death in a flash. Steps was lying across his seat, shouting into the radio, "Mayday, Mayday!" while I swept things off the dashboard. Radiant heat coming through the windshield could ignite a map in a fraction of a second. My sunglasses, however, were still on the dash. As I crouched on the floor, praying, they melted.

I took a turn on the radio to broadcast a Mayday. There was an answer: "Tell us what we can do," someone said. *Nothing. There's nothing they can do,* I realized. "Stay back!" I tried to shout. But it was now so hot inside the cab that my throat felt like it was burning from the inside out. I could barely speak.

Just as I was wondering how much more I could take, I remembered that Stuey and Dutchy were outside. *I've got to help them,* I thought. But a quick glance in the rearview mirror toward Geelong West told me that it was pointless. Their tanker was

totally ablaze. And then—*Oh, Christ, it's Stuey!* He was on fire, a human torch. I got a glimpse—that's all. He was covered in flames, running, his arms waving in the air.

I leaned on the door to push it open to go help him—then I stopped. I'd spent more than 30 years fighting fires. I knew that I wouldn't have a chance in this inferno. The heat outside was like nothing I'd ever felt. I would last a second or two before I'd be down. Another 10 seconds and I'd be dead. The reasoning was sound and logical, a product of my training. But as I huddled back down on the floor, I was tormented: *Am I a coward? Should I do something?* It gnawed at me like cancer. It still does.

"Steps, I've just seen one of the boys on fire," I rasped over the deafening noise. His face became a picture of complete devastation. We were a bunch of mates fighting a fire. Nobody was supposed to die. I thought of the three boys on the back of our tanker. The splash of water droplets on the roof of the cab told me they were probably still alive and following CFA procedures. They'd taken refuge under blankets in their exposed cab. Two of them grabbed fire hoses, pointing them vertically and switching the control branches to spray. Using a spray, as opposed to a jet, creates a fog of water, which falls back down and provides a protective umbrella.

So why was Geelong West ablaze? Why weren't they doing the same? I didn't know at the time, but they'd used their reserves during the back-burning operation. Before the wall of flames hit, they had run out of water. They were completely defenseless.

The blaze passed over our two tankers. It could have been five minutes or 20—I don't know, but it felt like an eternity. At the exact moment that the flames fell upon the unburned bush on our left and began to move on, our tanker ran dry.

I jumped out of the cab and checked to see if my crew was OK. Amazingly, they were all uninjured. Apart from a burning tire at the rear and some blistered paint, even the tanker was unscathed. The spray fog had worked so well that a ring of unburned grass and scrub surrounded our truck. I immediately got the crew to rake it away in case another wave of flames came through. If the wind came back, we'd be engulfed again—this time without any water reserves to protect us.

Geelong West was a different story. The tanker had virtually melted. I'd never seen a sight like it. "Stay back," I told my crew as I walked toward the truck with leaden feet. I knew nobody could have survived, but part of me refused to accept that. I was thinking that maybe, just maybe, some of the guys would be OK. But the tanker was a charnel house. Nobody was in the cab, but in the back were two bodies, burned beyond recognition. Each man had tried to help the other by curling his arms around his friend protectively, as if to ward off the flames. By the side of the tanker was another charred body. Then, 10 feet behind it, two more at the base of a tree. They'd probably tried to run from the flames.

I felt weary, sick and, at the same time, guiltily grateful that it wasn't us. As I slowly walked back to the crew, I thought, *How do I tell the boys they're all dead?* There was no easy way. "They're gone," I said in response to their questioning faces. In their grief, they kicked at the tanker and punched trees, striking out helplessly. I followed my gut: Amid the smoking black trees, I told them to form a circle, and I led them in the Lord's Prayer. As they stumbled through it, the anger and frustration left them.

Later that evening, the eastward flames were doused just 500 yards from Linton, thanks in no small part to our efforts. But our close-knit family had paid a terrible price. I'm still not sure I've paid in full myself yet. I wept like a baby when I saw the flowers laid outside Geelong West CFA station and the empty space where the tanker once stood. I still don't think the enormity of it has hit me. What will happen when it does? Will I just crack up?

It's a bastard what happened, but we make sure we keep the memory of our mates alive. Every three months, the five of us that survived get together for a drink—to toast our friends who died saving Linton.

The Geelong West firehouse after the disaster

"Is it h
in her
is it m

HOME, SWEET FIREBOMB

A bushfire generates 2,000-degree heat, but that's lame compared with what flame can do once it hits your house.

YOUR FURNITURE

If you're relaxing on a sofa while reading this, you're probably sitting on a Molotov cocktail. The polyurethane foam in most sofas is lethal. Ignited, it can create a roaring fireball that spews lethal hydrogen chloride, hydrogen cyanide and carbon monoxide. In fact, the comfy foam is so deadly that the Brits have banned its use in furniture. (We Americans prefer to roll the dice.)

YOUR BARBECUE

If it's powered by propane, it can cause what experts call a BLEVE—a Boiling Liquid Expanding Vapor Explosion. If the propane is in a tank, you've got a shrapnel bomb on your hands.

YOUR SWIMMING POOL

Those chlorine tablets that you use to treat the water can make you go belly-up. When they burn, some give off lethal chlorine gas. Don't inhale.

YOUR CAR AND LAWN MOWER

"Never assume a gas tank is empty, even if it is," says Mike Bucy, an Indiana fire chief. "It can still contain vapors. Ignite them—a pilot light can do it—and boom! Somebody's dead." But, unlike in movies, most car tanks don't explode. They have vents to prevent pressure from building up, or are made of plastic so that they'll melt in a fire. So much for Hollywood.

Mowing the bushfire proved futile

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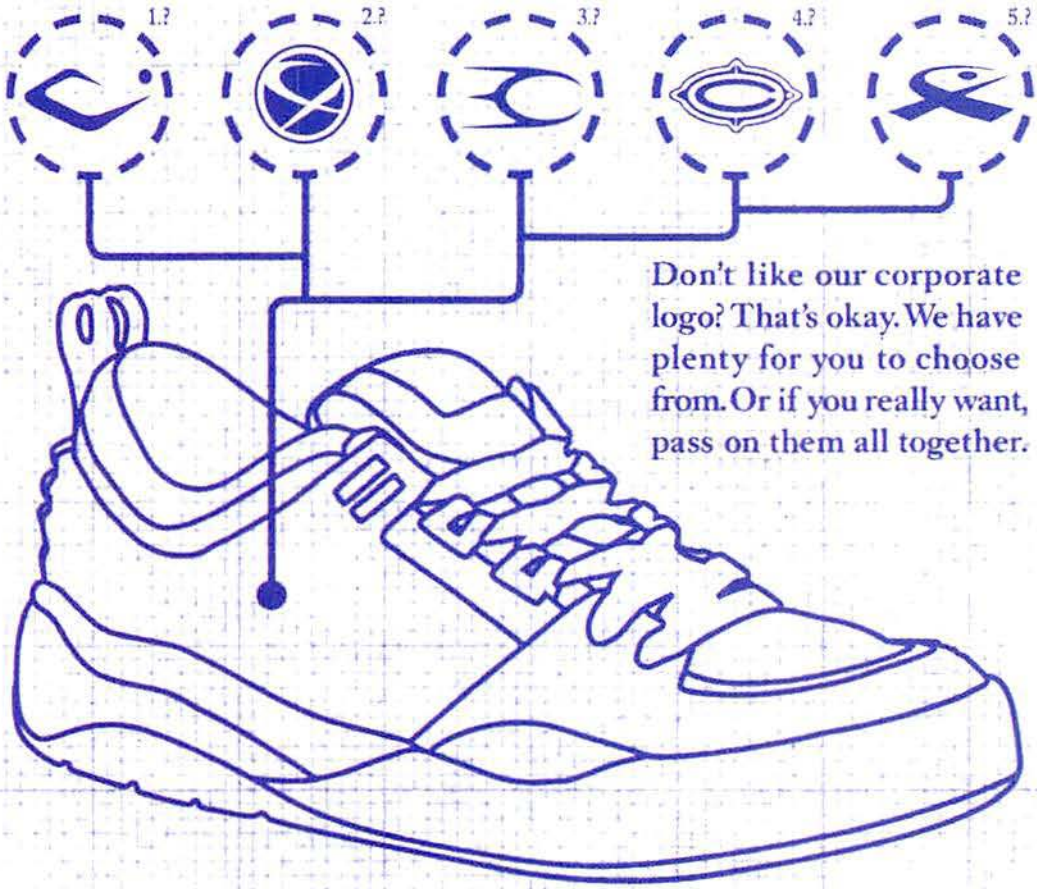
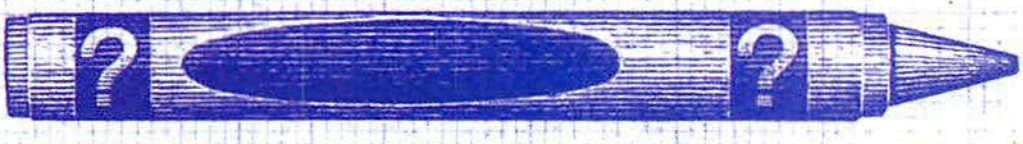
JUST POINT TO YOUR HEAD.

Just like our shoes, every pair of feet is different. So to ensure each foot will find its perfect fit, we've gone to great lengths to develop and design the 'Measuring Machine.' Your pretty little feet will never have a happier home.



Don't like our corporate logo? That's okay. We have plenty for you to choose from. Or if you really want, pass on them all together.

No color-by-numbers here, pal. You're the artist, which means you choose where the colors go when designing your walking work of art.



Select from a bounty of styles, designs and materials to help separate you from the pack.

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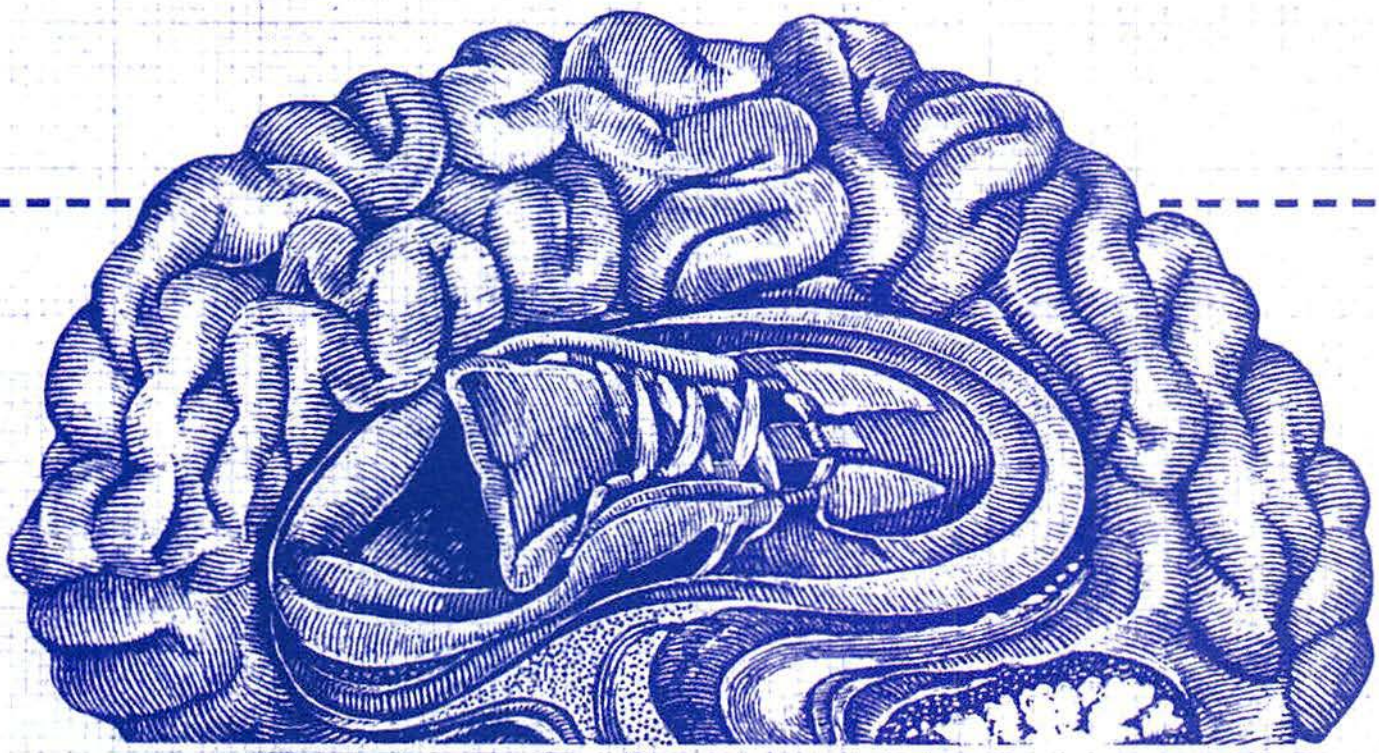
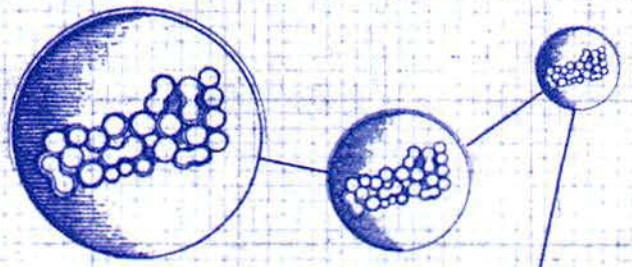


Don't be intimidated by this new found freedom. All you need is a brain to get started and it doesn't even need to be fully functional. Just relax and let your imagination takeover.



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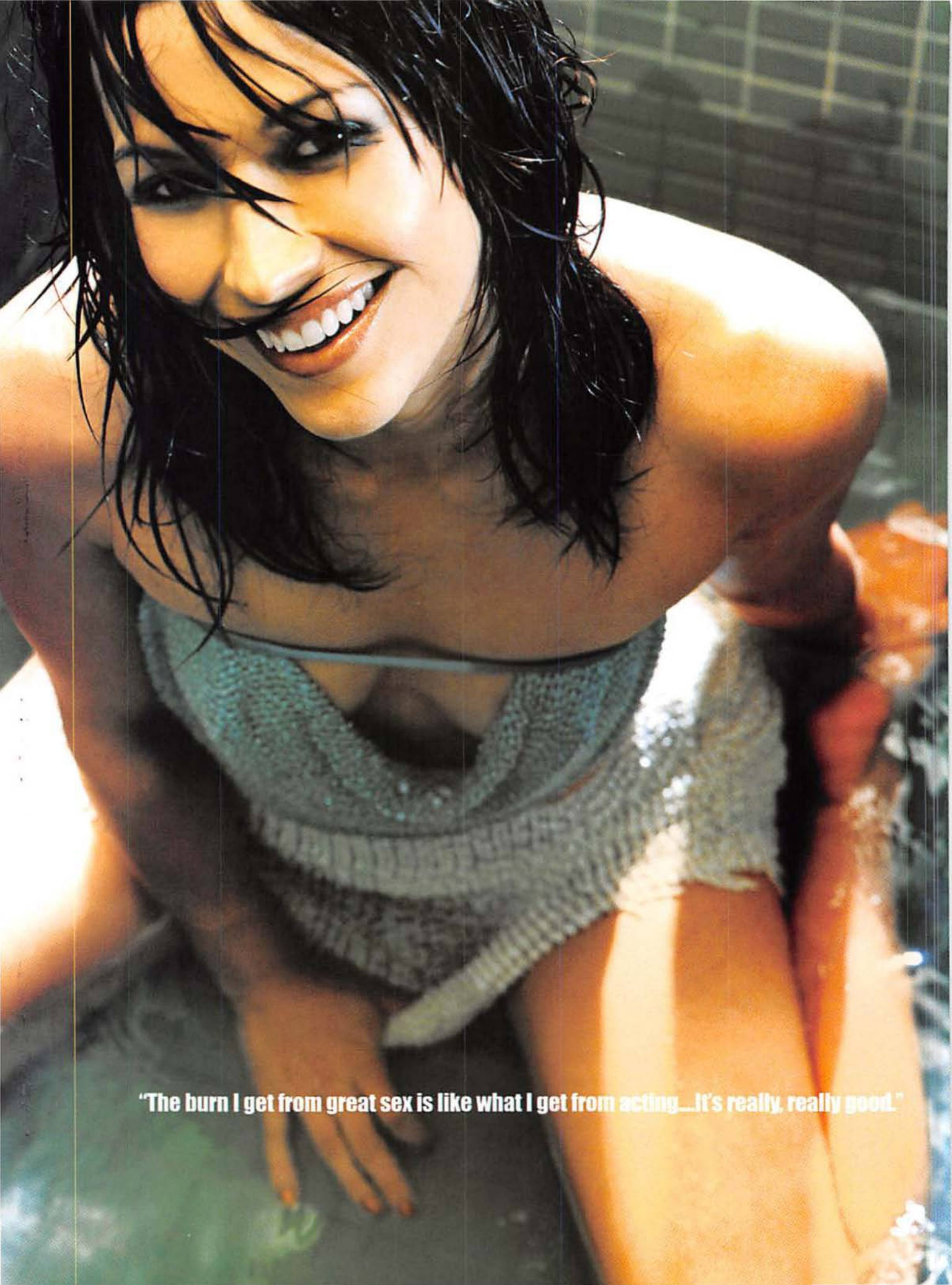
Hit the Showers

After an MVP performance in Keanu Reeves' The Replacements, Brooke Langton comes clean with our dumbstruck writer.

By Stuart Matranga Photographs by Isabel Snyder



"The burn I get from great sex is like what I get from acting...It's really, really good."

The ascent

"If you want to get to know me," says Brooke Langton, her hazel eyes lit with mischief, "you have to see me with my dogs." Which is how I found myself schlepping up a massive incline in the wilderness over the Pacific Coast Highway, tracking two huge hairballs named Riley and Blue. Barely winded, in loose-fitting sweats and muddy sneaks, Brooke bounds up the craggy trail, chatting enthusiastically about her dam-about-to-burst stardom. Having survived the cheese on *Melrose Place* and the spy-jinks as the small-screen Sandra Bullock on USA's *The Net*, Brooke is now huddling up with Keanu Reeves in the fall football comedy *The Replacements*—a *Slapshot* meets *Any Given Sunday* with more hit potential than Mike Tyson. Leaping from rock to rock, defying gravity, Brooke clearly has the drive to make it to the top. I, on the other hand, am trailing woefully behind, resolved to my middling existence and to giving up cigarettes. Then I gather enough oxygen to recall that I don't smoke.

[Breathless] *Replacements*...football...are you...a fan?
Oh, yeah. I'm superathletic. I love football. In the movie, Keanu is a replacement quarterback, and I'm his All-American girlfriend, a cheerleader. I actually did some cheerleading in junior high school. For the shoot, we put on a halftime show during a Baltimore Ravens game, and I totally felt the turn-on that football players and cheerleaders must feel when they're in a stadium full of 60,000 people staring directly at them. The energy that mass of people is hurling at them—it's awesome.

Good...break for you...this film? Want...to...get out...of TV?
I hope so. My mom used to take me to four or five movies a day on the weekends, so I was always much more into films than TV. Still, I had a great time doing series work, especially on *Melrose*. But films are where my heart is—so why not follow my heart?

What's...with you...and these dogs?
They are just so open with their love. If I leave the room and come back after 10 seconds, Riley jumps all over me and licks me. God, imagine if people did that with other people they love. Imagine if I greeted my boyfriend that way. One time, I had a huge fight with a boyfriend. Riley came over to me, licked the tears off my face and sat on my lap. I thought, *God, I really hope I can be with someone who's even a little bit like that.*

The summit

We're in the clouds. The ocean is a thin, blue line hundreds of feet below us. Riley and Blue sniff around, occupying themselves with their dog duties, while Brooke and I sit down to catch my breath in a clearing of grass. We breeze through the vitals—born in Arizona; father a "poetic, foul-mouthed geologist"; parents divorced; followed Mom to Illinois, then Texas, then Los Angeles—and then get to the good parts. For instance, she's a graduate of the school of George Clooney flings. But, despite my devious interview tactics, she'll only say that she and *ER*-boy are DOA. Still, I have to wonder: *Was the hike tougher than she lets on, or is Brooke starting to blush?* In either case, it works for me.

Tell us about your very first kiss.
It was in a cornfield in Illinois, and I was in the fifth grade. We did that classic note thing in class: "Do you like me? Circle yes/no/maybe." So, we met after school in the field behind his house, and I knew something really great was going to happen. We were standing there for maybe 10 minutes, smiling, laughing, turning away, then there was this sudden, simultaneous smack of the lips. That was it. But it was something that I remember as very beautiful. Kissing someone can really tell you a lot about him. It's a way of expressing yourself, without getting graphic.

We're not shy. Be as graphic as you like.
The burn I get from great sex is like what I get from acting in a scene when it's really, really good. You can also get it from a great conversation: a perfect synchronicity, a synergy. And when I feel that, I like to really devour it, go into it all the way.

Are we still talking about sex?
OK, listen. I was in Australia, scuba diving 150 feet down. There's a peacefulness down there—the sound of your breathing through the oxygen tank, a fish swimming by your mask. It's the thrill of being in the midst of perfection. Like riding a horse, full-speed, no bridle, bareback. That perfect fluid motion. You're at a concert, and all these people just get it at the same time. You're talking to someone, and there's that balanced give and take. That energy: That's orgasmic. Making love, being completely at one with someone, experiencing that closeness is what's really beautiful. It's not about sex as much as it's about connection. That's the mystery and the romance of it.

What else makes you feel sexy?
Sometimes I want to put on high heels and a tight dress and give people a taste of my femininity. When I'm not in love, I want to feel really, really sexy. In those times, I want to be more of a woman and feel beautiful. Most of the time, I live my life like a tomboy—snowboarding or waterskiing—but there are times when I want to give that feminine boost to myself—and to other people. It's like a gift: Here I am. I went into this photo session not really wanting to, you know, go too far. Before I knew it, I was in a bathtub, down to a rubber bikini.

What were you thinking?
I thought, *Maybe they won't be able to see the apple pie I just ate.* I love eating. If we were eating right now, the whole interview would be about me eating. If I didn't walk my dogs every day, I'd be a blimp.

The descent

A chill kicks up from the ocean below, and the mist begins to consume the mountain. Brooke and I begin our trek down. As we stumble and slide along the tight, rock-strewn path, I casually step between the beguiling, babbling Brooke and a 200-foot drop into the spiky pines below. She looks at me, confused. I explain that men *have* to do things like that. It's the macho gene. Then I think about changing my shorts.

Does it bother you that I may be the only thing between you and certain death?
No, I love that. It's so sweet. When guys say, "Let me get that for you; let me carry that," or when I know that they have one eye watching over me—that's very sexy. There's a balance between masculine and feminine. It's important that women have women friends and don't demand that their guy be a girlfriend. There's an honorable difference between men and women.

But you said you were a tomboy.
I am. I have that quality of being totally independent and not needing anyone. I still need that masculine energy. I'm glad you see me as feminine, because there is a part of me that can get lost in the masculine.

What do men find most feminine and attractive about you?
Definitely not my bazooka-size boobies. Frankly, I don't know. Some days I'm perfectly happy, and some days I just want to go back to the womb and start over. Maybe you can help me. What do you think? How's my pinky fingernail? How's my bottom lip? Is it good-looking enough?

Well...*yeah*.
Sometimes I look at magazines and think, *Why does every woman have to be naked or next to naked?* Then I realize that this is the modern form of an ancient truth: Men are in awe of women. It can be represented by the body, but it's really the whole package of being a woman—the way of thinking and feeling and being—that affects people. And today, with all this non-gender-specific, politically correct thinking around, there's an even greater need for icons of women who look great in a bikini. The question is: Am I one of them?

No question.

Styling: Pauline Leonard for Clouter; Hair: Neeko for the Crystal Agency; Makeup: Sharon Gault. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Are You an Athletic Supporter?

Take a pencil and paper, jot down your answers to our twisted trivia quiz and then turn to page 163 to determine whether you've got a firm grip on your balls...or issues about your sexuality.

The Hick-to-English self-help tapes weren't working

Raoul the bull was clearly an ass man

MANUEL AMADOR, 1997

ORAL EXAM

Match the athlete with the words that hung him.

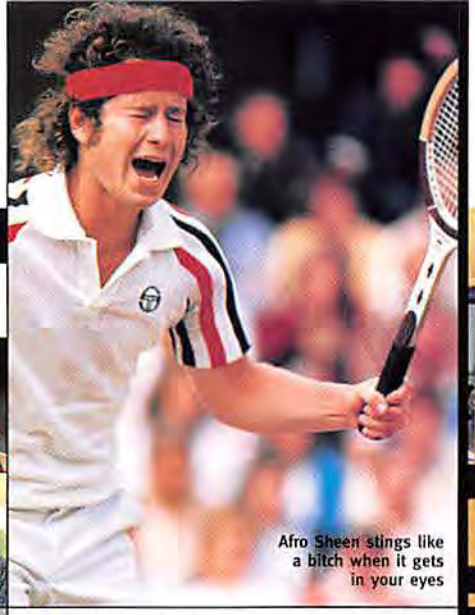
1 "If you're at the right place at the right time, you'll probably see me in a dress."

2 "We're like Jekyll and Hyde, like Jack and Jill. You know, they all went up the hill."

3 "Look at this idiot! I guarantee she's a Japanese woman."

4 "Scotland's for white people. It sucks, as far as I'm concerned."

5 "We're gonna turn this team around 360 degrees."



Afro Sheen stings like a bitch when it gets in your eyes

6 Pick out the foot-in-mouth fault that isn't John McEnroe's.

A "I'm not having points taken off me by an incompetent old fool."

B "You can't see as well as these fucking flowers."

C "What other problems do you have besides being a moron and a dork?"

D "Connors was as charming as always, which means that he was as charming as a dead mouse in a loaf of bread."

8 LLEWELYN STARKS, 1992

9 HENRIK LARSSON, 1999

10 JASON KENDALL, 1999

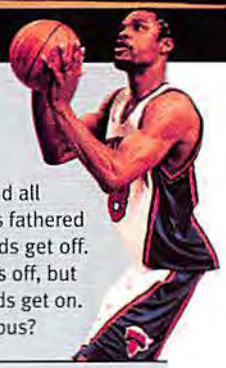
NAME THAT CONTUSION

From our menu below, match the hideous image with the corresponding shattered bones and lacerations.

A Shattered tibia
B Collapsed femur
C Torn anterior cruciate ligament
D Broken fibula
E Fractured talus
F Punctured gluteus maximus
G Popped patella
H Splintered humerus
I Compound tibial fracture

When the bus broke down, Sprewell suggested giving the choke a pull

MATHLETICS



11 Latrell Sprewell is driving a bus. All of his illegitimate children are riding with him. They stop to pick up former football star Dave Meggett and all the women with whom *he* has fathered children. Two of Sprewell's kids get off. At the next stop, Meggett gets off, but Larry Johnson's illegitimate kids get on. How many people are on the bus?

QUANTITATIVE COMPARISON

Which column has the greater amount?

COLUMN A	COLUMN B
12 Baltimore Oriole Roberto Alomar's suspension for hocking a loogie on umpire John Hirschbeck in 1996.	76er Charles Barkley's suspension for gobbing on an eight-year-old girl during a game in 1991.
13 Number of rebounds accrued by Dennis Rodman in his 14-year career.	Number of dollars he was fined during his 12-game stint with the Dallas Mavericks.
14 Number of dollars Latrell Sprewell lost in salary for choking his coach.	Number of dollars Bobby Knight was fined, multiplied by 100, for choking one of his players.
15 Fine levied against the Timberwolves' Kevin Garnett by the NBA for wearing his shorts too long.	Fine levied against Claude Lemieux for using Kris Draper's face as a paintbrush on the boards.
16 Number of times pitcher Steve Howe was suspended from the majors for cooking his cranium with coke.	Number of groups that Atlanta Brave John Rocker explicitly offended in his infamous *Sports Illustrated* interview.

WHOSE 'STACHE IS IT ANYWAY?

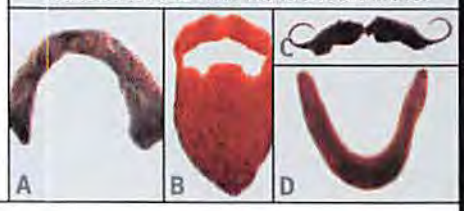
17 BILL WALTON

18 ROD BECK

19 ROLLIE FINGERS

20 ALEXI LALAS

Match the fella with his facial furniture.



BRAINTEASERS

Pull a skull muscle figuring out these mind-benders.

21 Name all 11 pro teams that have a bird as a mascot. **(1 point each)**

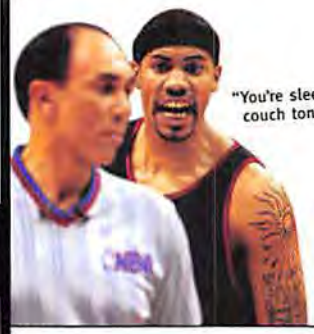
22 Twenty-three states have never had a major pro sports team. Name them. **(1 point each)**

23 Sixteen men's pro sports teams have names that don't end with the letter *s*. Name them. **(1 point each)**

24 In the '50s, there were three baseball teams that had the same name as football teams in the same city. Name them all. **(1 point per pair)**

25 Name the five pairs of pro teams in the four major sports that share nicknames. **(1 point per pair)**

26 There are two days in the year when the NBA, NFL, NHL and MLB have no games. What are they? **(1 point each)**



"You're sleeping on the couch tonight, Mister."

Multiple Madness

Do you actually need somebody to tell you how to do this?

31 Rasheed Wallace set an NBA record for technical fouls this season with 44. The last got him ejected from Game One of the conference finals. What did he do?

A Stared menacingly at the referee.
B Told Phil Jackson to "cram his rings."
C Clotheslined Kobe on the way to the hoop.
D Grabbed his groin and told Rick Fox to "suck it."

32 Which of these corporate-sponsored bowls does not actually exist?

A The Poulan Weedeater Independence Bowl
B The Insight.com Bowl
C The Weiser Lock Copper Bowl
D The Jell-O Liberty Bowl

33 ESPN's Gary Miller earned a starring role in "Plays of the Week" when he:

A Snorted lines of coke off of a stripper's thighs during a lap dance.
B Picked his nose and ate it as the show returned from commercial.
C Urinated out a window, giving a golden shower to the cops below.
D Announced a crush on Tonya Harding.

34 Miami Heat announcer David Halberstam set back the civil-rights movement two centuries when he said this during a game:

A "How did blacks manage to stay enslaved for so long? Just look at their physiques!"
B "Those slaves working at Thomas Jefferson's farm—I am sure they would have made good basketball players."
C "I don't care if his name was Toby or Kunta Kinte—the guy would have made a terrific outside shooter."
D "Give me five slaves from the 1860s and I'll give you an NBA championship ring."

35 How did Rodman rate Madonna's bedroom skillz in *Bad as I Wanna Be*?

A "She could suck the skin off of a champagne grape."

PICTURE THE DUDE IN HIS DAINTIES

All of these men wear women's clothes—but which outfit makes them feel prettiest?

27 LARRY JOHNSON

28 MARV ALBERT

29 DAVID BECKHAM

30 DENNIS RODMAN

a FANCY LINGERIE

b POSH PANTIES

c WEDDING GOWN

d SUPPORT HOSE

Peterson gets his glove on it

B "Al Gore has more passion than that girl."
C "She was cool, but she couldn't handle my slam-dunkin', 360-funkin' manhood."
D "She wasn't an acrobat, but she wasn't a dead fish either."

36 What did skater-assassin Tonya Harding flash to the camera in her honeymoon video with former husband Jeff Gillooly?
A A lock of Nancy Kerrigan's hair.
B The baton used to break her knee.
C A discharge of Gillooly's semen.
D Voodoo dolls of Kerrigan and IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch.

37 Baseball can be a more dangerous game than you think. Which of the following players was not shot to death?
A Lyman Bostock (Angels)
B Gary Sheffield (Marlins)
C Gus Polidor (Angels)
D Donnie Moore (Angels)

38 Only four men have ever won the U.S. Open and the Masters in one year. Who was the last to do it?
A Tiger Woods
B Nick Faldo
C Arnold Palmer
D Jack Nicklaus

39 Renee Richards changed the sport of women's tennis forever in 1974 when she did what?
A Used a double-strung racket.
B Wore a bikini top during the U.S. Open.
C Revealed that she used to be a man.
D Leaped over the net and spat at her opponent, Chris Evert.

41 Which frightening song was No. 1 when Cal Ripken Jr. began his streak of 2,632 consecutive games?
A "The Right Stuff," New Kids on the Block
B "Ebony and Ivory," Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder
C "I Think We're Alone Now," Tiffany
D "All Night Long," Lionel Richie

42 Pitcher Fritz Peterson was involved in baseball's most bizarre trade. What happened?

43 The Chicago White Sox embarrassed themselves in 1976 when they:
A Lost 30 consecutive games.
B Forfeited a game against the Boston Red Sox because they screwed up their schedule and flew to Milwaukee instead.
C Played the Royals in short pants.
D Played against the Orioles without their caps, which were lost in transit.

"Do you mind if I dance with yo' dates?"

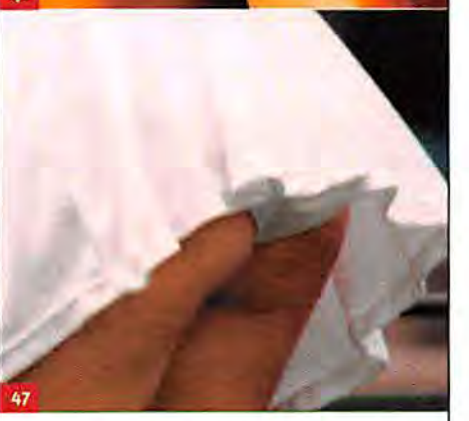
40 Wilt "The Big Dipper" Chamberlain claimed to have slept with more than 20,000 women. Name one.

ANATOMY ID these asses.

44

45

46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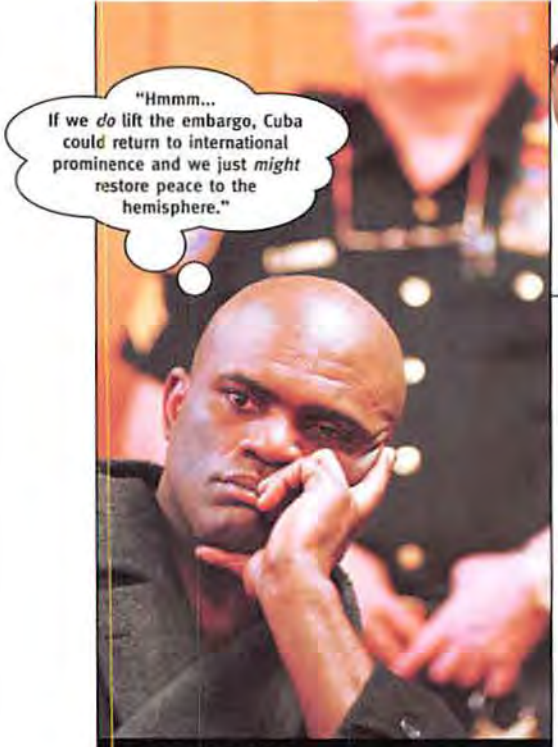
A MARY PIERCE
B ANNA KOURNIKOVA
C MONICA SELES
D MARTINA HINGIS



Pros and Cons

Try to decipher these jocks' (criminal) records.

49 Put former Dallas Cowboy Michael Irvin's rap sheet in chronological order.

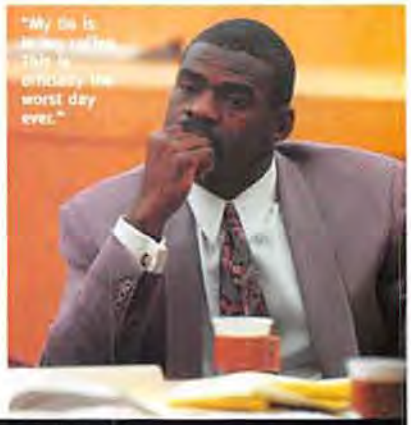
A Pays six figures in hush money to teammate Everett McIver after allegedly slicing his neck with scissors.

B During a court appearance for drug possession, evidence and testimony reveal that he paid strippers to perform lesbian sex and later threatened prosecution witnesses.

C KXAS-TV Dallas employs a hidden camera that purportedly catches Irvin purchasing a bag of cocaine from a woman and her preadolescent son.

D TV news reports that Irvin held a gun to the head of a 23-year-old woman while teammate Erik Williams raped her. The allegations prove to be false.

E Police find Irvin, two exotic dancers, a pile of cocaine, some pot and two well-worn vibrators in a Dallas motel room.



READING COMPREHENSION

Lawrence Taylor was caught buying crack cocaine from a cop in 1998. He had these words to say in his defense:

"OK, I'm in bed asleep at 2:00 A.M., and then they, uh—some dealer is in there—and, um, they, um, undercover shows up in my room. And I said, 'Listen! What goin' on? I didn't call you guys, what the...' Eh, uh...and all of a sudden they try to sell me shit! And they stayed for 45 minutes before finally, eh, uh...the lady says, 'I need some money, I need this, I need...uh...gas to go home and...' and so and such, uh, my assis—Cory, my assistant, finally said, 'Give them people 50 dollars and get them the fuck outta your room!' And when I gave 'em fiddy dollars, that's when the cops came in."

48 The main idea of this passage is best summarized by which of the following?

A I am clearly a victim of an abhorrent case of police scapegoating. My civil rights have been trampled upon.

B The bitch set me up.

C This is your brain on drugs.

D Does anyone know a good lawyer?

THE WIDE WORLD OF DRUGS

Fill in the blank with the letter of the athlete's chemical of choice.

50 In 1985, Villanova point guard Gary McLain played the national semifinal game while tweaked out on ____.

51 Ross Rebagliati had his snowboarding Olympic gold medal temporarily taken away from him in 1998 when he tested positive for ____.

52 Finnish 10,000-meter runner Martti Vainio lost his silver medal in the 1984 Olympics after it was discovered he injected ____.

53 In the 1904 Olympic Games, American marathoner Thomas Hicks took the gold medal but almost died from his training cocktail of brandy and ____.

54 Danish cyclist Knut Jensen collapsed on the track from a ____ overdose during the 1960 Olympics.

55 Pittsburgh Pirate ace Dock Ellis pitched a no-hitter against the San Diego Padres in 1970 while high on ____.

56 Greg Haugen lit up Macho Camacho to take the WBO junior welterweight title in 1991, but he lost it when he tested positive for ____.

CHOOSE FROM A Strychnine B Highly oxygenated blood C LSD D Cigarettes E Cocaine F Heroin G Steroid-enhanced blood H Crack I Marijuana J Amphetamines K Tequila

PIN THE CHARGE ON THE ATHLETE

57 KEVIN STEVENS

58 RAE CARRUTH

59 LAWRENCE PHILLIPS

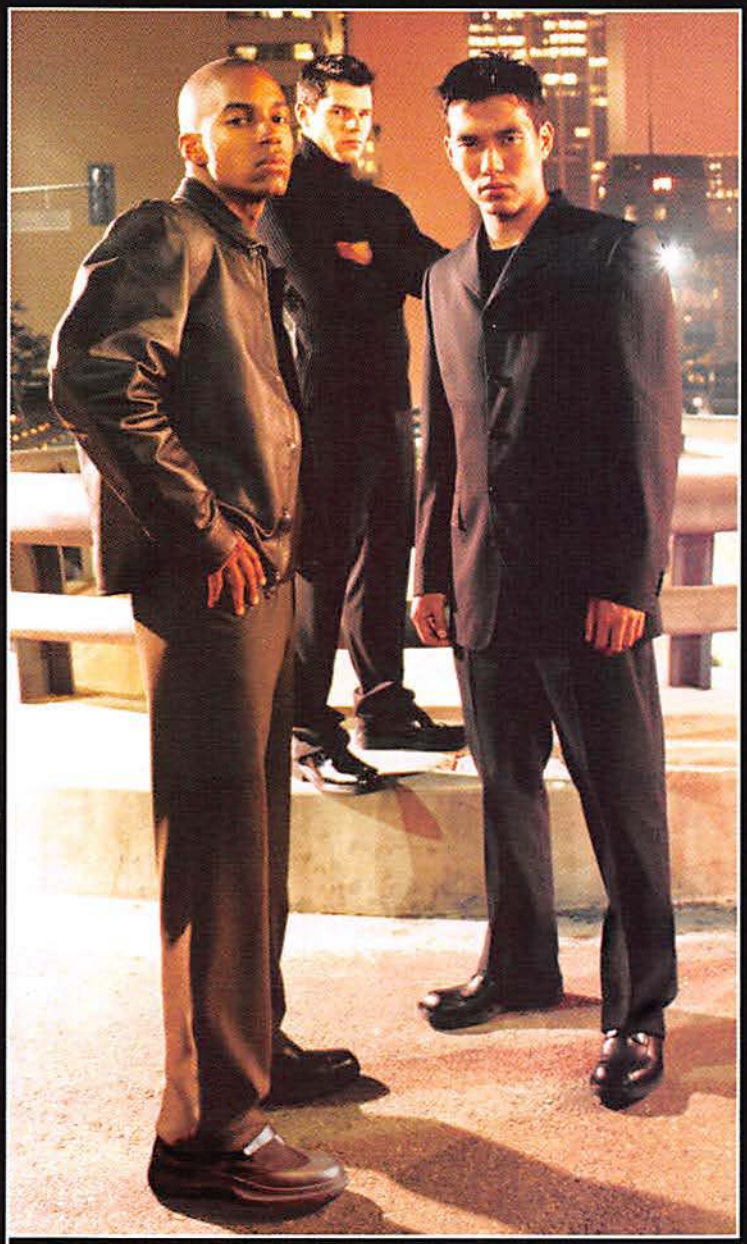
60 MARK CHMURA

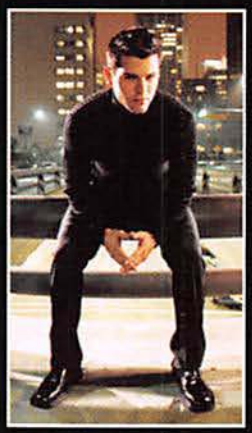
A Charged with sexual assault on a minor.

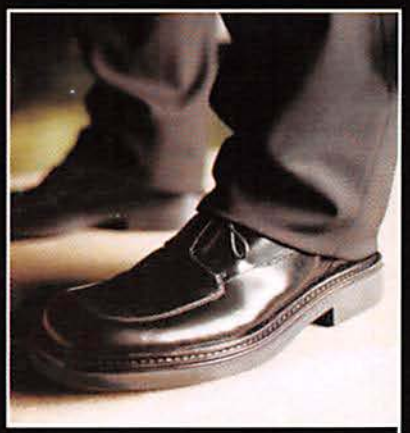
B Charged with felony drug possession and solicitation of a prostitute.

C Charged with first-degree murder.

D Charged with corporal injury to a cohabitant (read: girlfriend).







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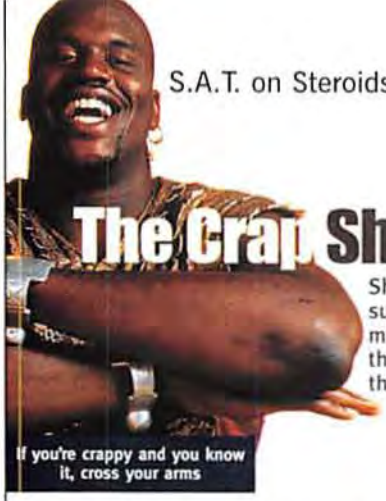

The Crap Shaq

Shaquille sucks at more than free throws.

If you're crappy and you know it, cross your arms

61 Shaq's film roles have drawn unanimous reviews: They're all shit. Which one of these reviews did we make up?

A "A tepid vat of cinematic sludge."
B "His thespian abilities begin and end with the fact that he is 7'1".
C "He's as fine an actor as he is a free-throw shooter."
D "Three hundred pounds of awkward ineptitude that does not wane until the credits roll."
E "Please. Make it end soon!"

62 Which of the following is not either a line from one of Shaq's movies or a lyric from one of his songs?

A I sing like Moby/I fly like Kobe/I'm fueled by bowls of Yakisobe.
B Yo, it's 1993/I mean 199-Shaq.
C Grab my belly and make a wish.
D Shaq's no gimmick, you can mimic/But you front and you're finished.

63 Shaq has released four rap albums. Name one.

64 SHAQ RECENTLY CAME OUT WITH A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. WHICH IS NOT ONE OF THE TITLES?

Starter Homes

65 Match the team with its original name and city.

1 LOS ANGELES DODGERS	A PORTSMOUTH OHIO SPARTANS
2 COLORADO AVALANCHE	B SEATTLE PILOTS
3 TEXAS RANGERS	C BOSTON BRAVES
4 DETROIT LIONS	D QUEBEC NORDIQUES
5 WASHINGTON REDSKINS	E DENVER ROCKETS
6 DENVER NUGGETS	F WASHINGTON (D.C.) SENATORS
7 BALTIMORE ORIOLES	G ST. LOUIS BROWNS
8 NEW YORK JETS	H KANSAS CITY SCOUTS
9 MILWAUKEE BREWERS	I NEW YORK TITANS
10 NEW JERSEY DEVILS	J BROOKLYN SUPERBAS

CHECK TESTOSTERONE AND ANSWERS ON PAGE 163.

Contributors: Matt Coppa, Grant Davis, Lance Gould, Noelle Hancock, Seth Kelly, Andrea Lavinthal, Bill Maroney, Dan Nemet-Nejat, Stephanie Schubert, Bill Schulz.

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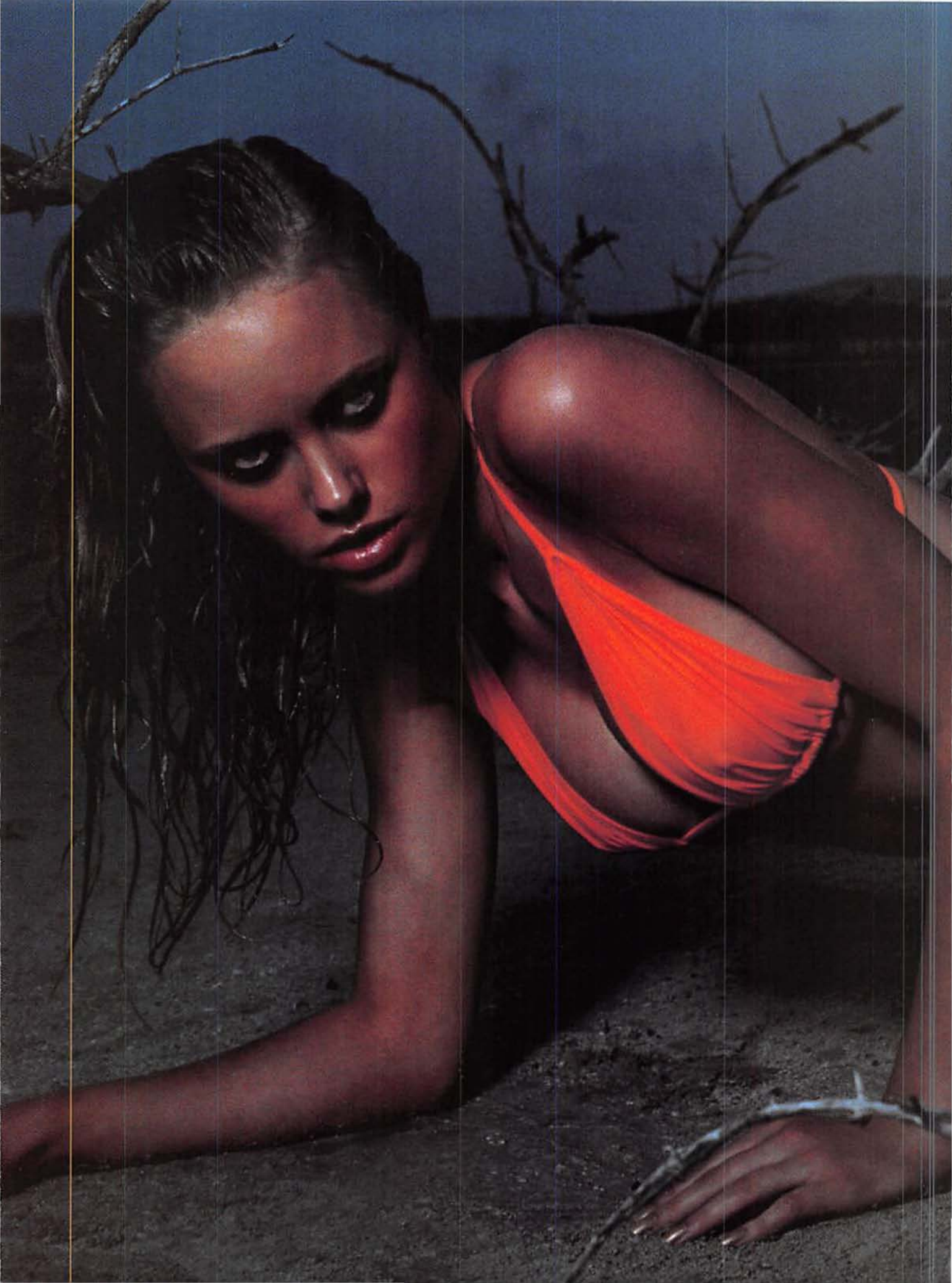
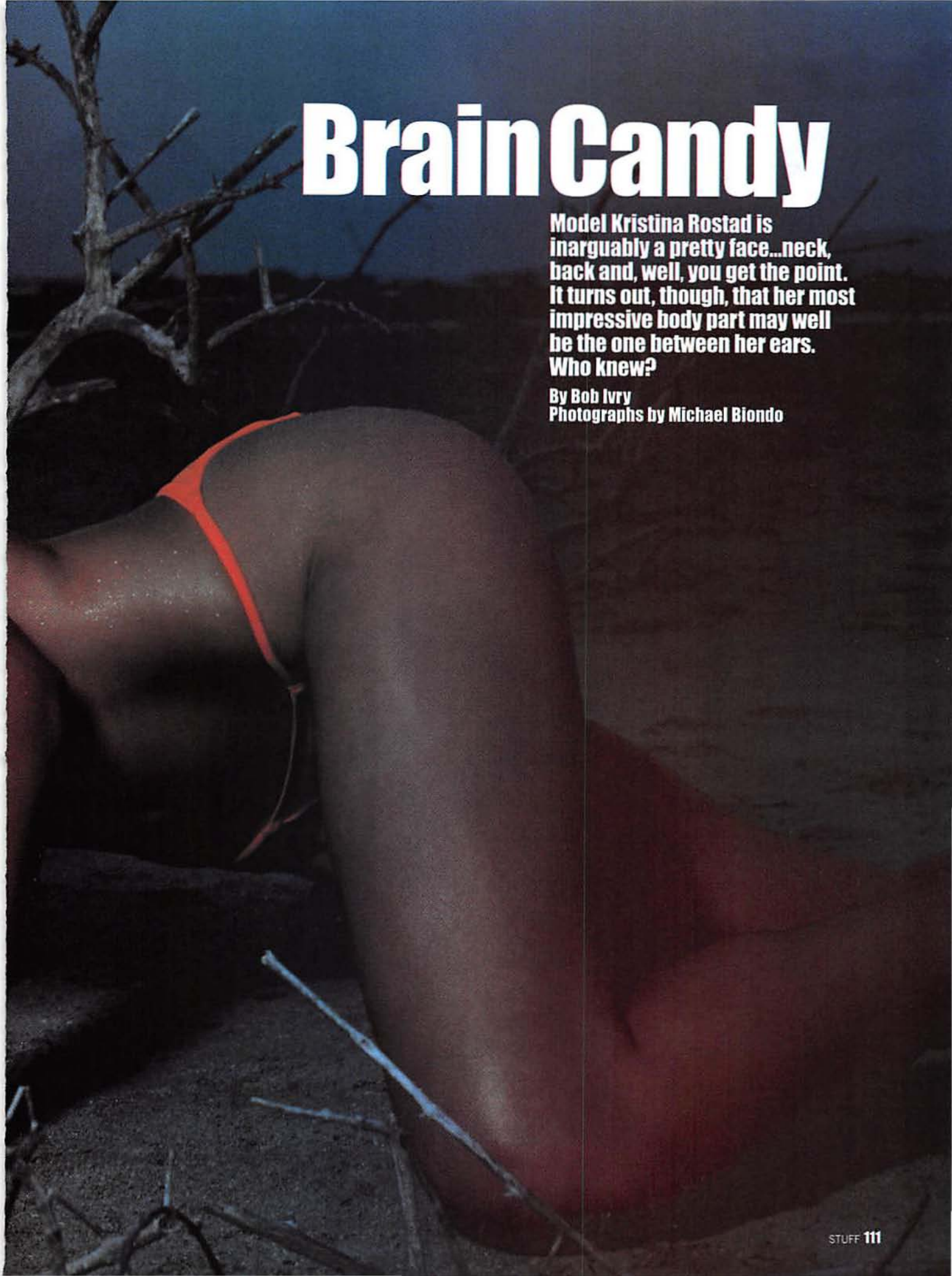
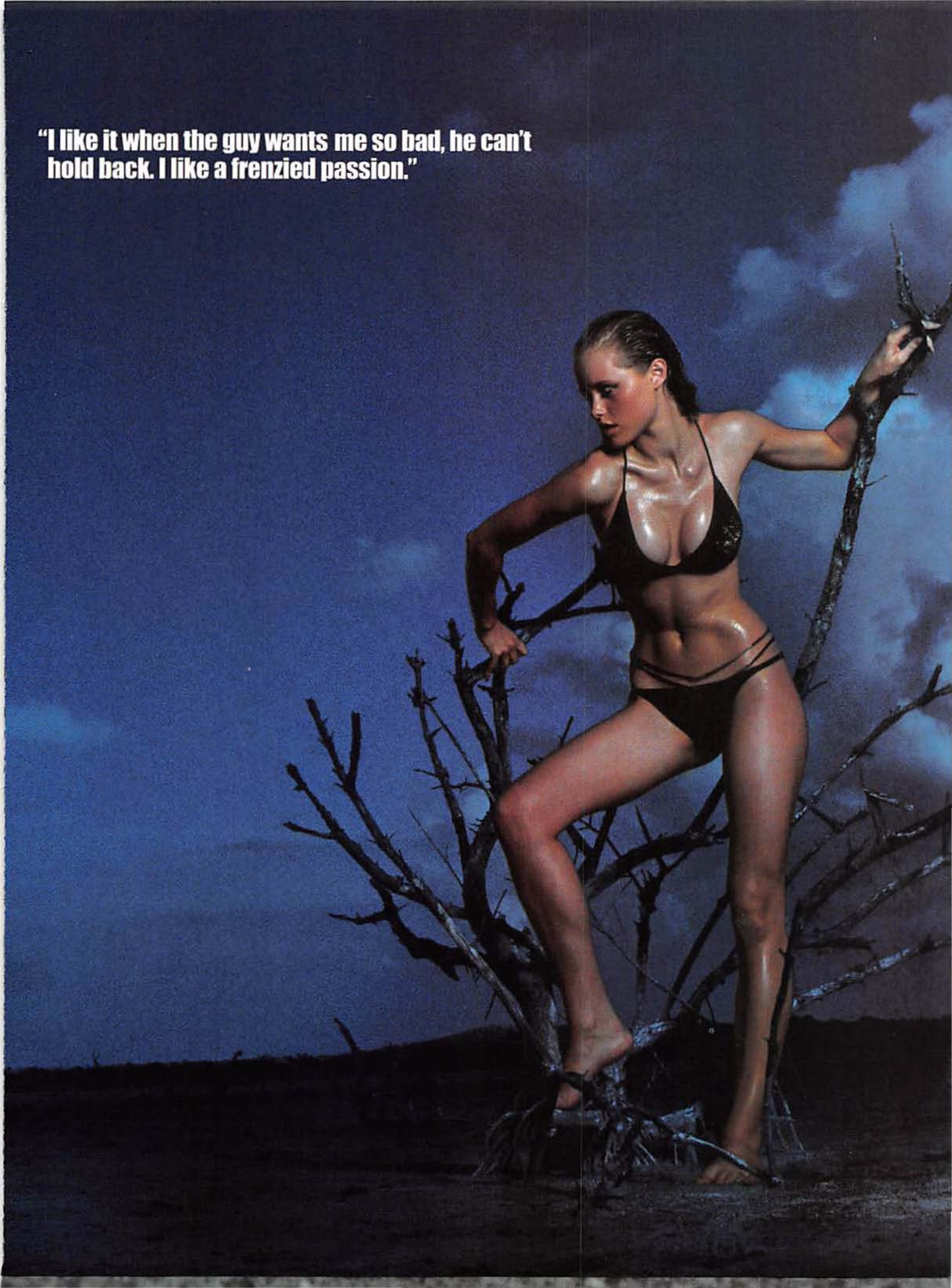




Brain Candy

Model Kristina Rostad is inarguably a pretty face...neck, back and, well, you get the point. It turns out, though, that her most impressive body part may well be the one between her ears. Who knew?

By Bob Ivry
Photographs by Michael Biondo


"I like it when the guy wants me so bad, he can't hold back. I like a frenzied passion."

"The only thing that I really found difficult in high school was getting my boyfriend into the girls' dorm so we could have sex."

PLAY WITH US

BIG IS A RELATIVE TERM

If you're talking "MICHAEL CLARKE DUNCAN big" - You're talking *BIG*. If you're talking "MASSIVE MEMORY CARD PLUS big" - You're talking absolutely gigantic, huge, overwhelmingly, well...massive!

With eight-times the capacity of a standard Dreamcast™ memory card, this device proves more than worthy of the title *Massive*. With the ability to link this card to your PC for storing saves on the hard drive and downloading saves from the web, the MASSIVE MEMORY CARD PLUS steps away from the pack and emerges as the only memory card you'll ever need.

Yeah, Michael's a big guy, but he's got nothing on the MASSIVE MEMORY CARD PLUS.

MICHAEL CLARKE DUNCAN

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#30 and #29: Phil enjoys Asian cuisine

100 PERCENT MADDENING

The 50 Most Annoying Things Ever!

#15: Big bottom, big bottom. Talk about mud flaps—Garces' got 'em

#25: "Can I %*!@ up your order?"

50 David "Dial Down the Middle" Arquette.

49 Athletes who refer to themselves in the third person: "There will never be another Michael Jordan," said Michael Jordan.

48 Cellophane on new CD boxes that is impossible to open unless you have scalpels for fingers.

47 Garth Brooks as Chris Gaines.

46 The red-assed baboon.

45 Waiting to exit an airplane.

44 Million Anything Marches.

43 Bill Gates' kinder, gentler haircut in Microsoft's "Please don't hurt us" commercials.

42 Fruit.

41 Subscription cards and all the other crap that falls out of magazines.

40 Small dogs.

39 Kobe, the rapper.

38 Getting just a cup of soda instead of the whole can when on an airplane.

37 People who take the elevator to the second floor.

36 *Friends*.

35 "Would you like to supersize your order for an extra dollar?" No, but for 50 cents, we'll take you outside and pummel you.

34 People who linger when getting off an escalator.

33 Men in clogs.

32 England—it's the new France.

31 People who say, "Reach for the stars."

30 Phil Jackson and his damn rings.

29 Models who say they were "sooo ugly and awkward" growing up.

28 Bullshit search-engine results (you type in *herpes* and the result comes back: "Buy HERPES at shopyou.com!").

27 People who hold open a door for you when you are too far away from them, making you move faster than normal in order to reach it—and you still have to force out a smile and say, "Thanks."

26 Awful Jamaican-accent imitations, mon.

25 Screwups in drive-through orders.

24 People who go back to complain about screwups in drive-through orders.

23 "Fans" who leave during the seventh inning to "beat the traffic."

22 The Dry Hump dance. Stop doing it.

21 Drizzle.

20 Euphemisms for curse words (such as, "You a-hole" and "Fudge!").

19 The menu at T.G.I. Friday's: Spinach and Feta Pizzadilla.

18 The phrase "Don't go there."

17 Painting over the "To" and the "ta" on your Toyota pickup truck.

16 *Total Request Live* and its practice of interrupting videos with annoying teens screaming: "Hi, I'm Kimberly from Wichita, and, like, I want you to play Eminem because whoooaoaoaoaoaao."

15 Fat-assed pitchers who make $8.2 million.

14 The shot put. A "sport" in which fat men let a heavy ball fall out of their hands. We'd rather watch fat-assed pitchers who make $8.2 million a year.

13 A cappella singing.

12 Leprechauns.

11 Your girlfriend's male friends.

10 Brain freeze.

9 People who liked Korn "before they got big."

8 Taking a ninja throwing star to the nuts.

7 The ninth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

6 "Whaaasssssuuuup!" *and* "Waaaaaasaaabeeee!"

5 People who say, "It's all about ____." We're all about hating this trend.

4 Any sport in which 80 percent of the teams make the playoffs.

3 :)

2 People who give a shit that the millennium doesn't start until 2001.

1 The penny.

#32, #42 and #46: A royal, banana-munchin' pain in the arse

#50: Dial 1-800-CALL-ASS

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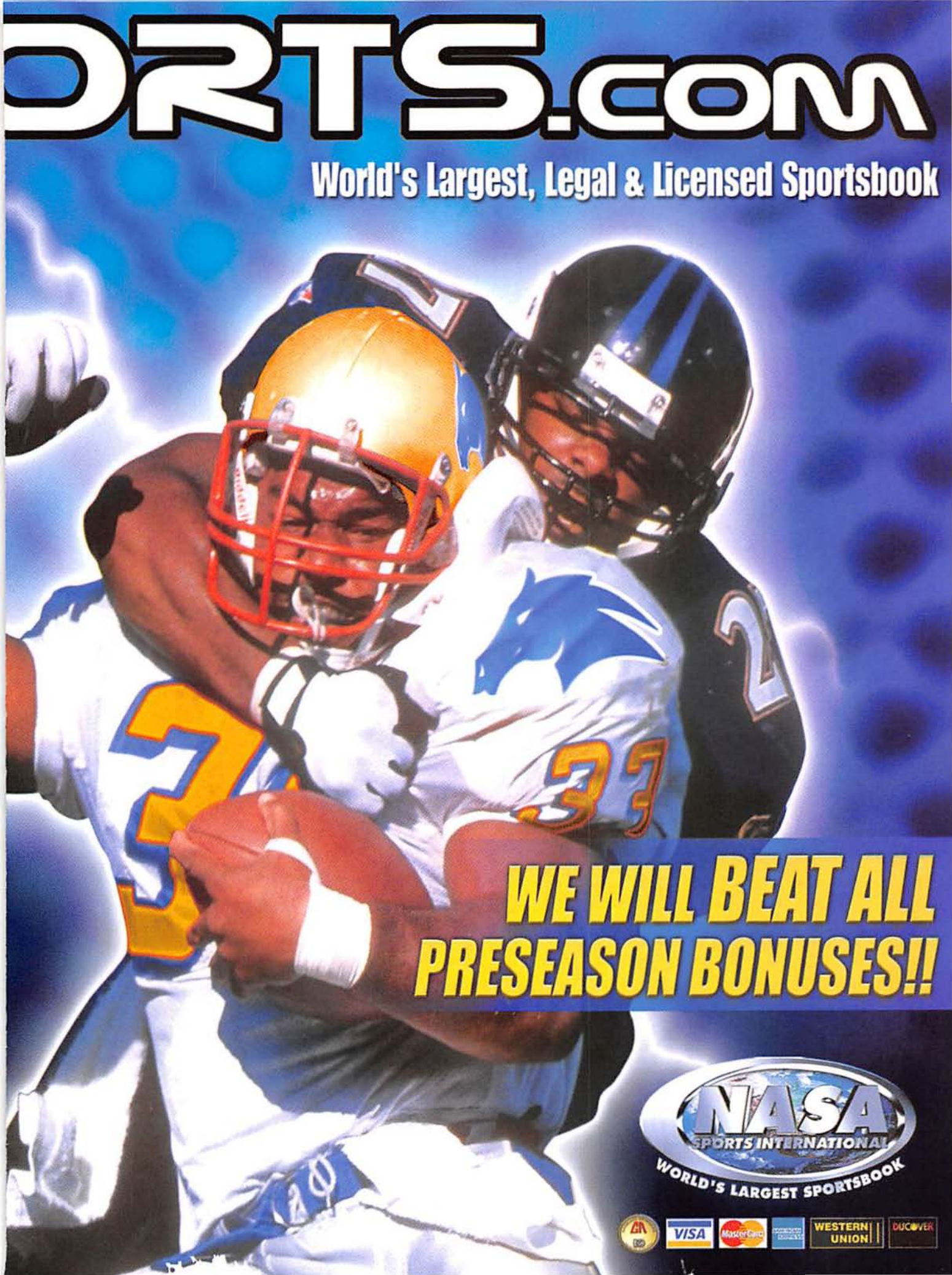
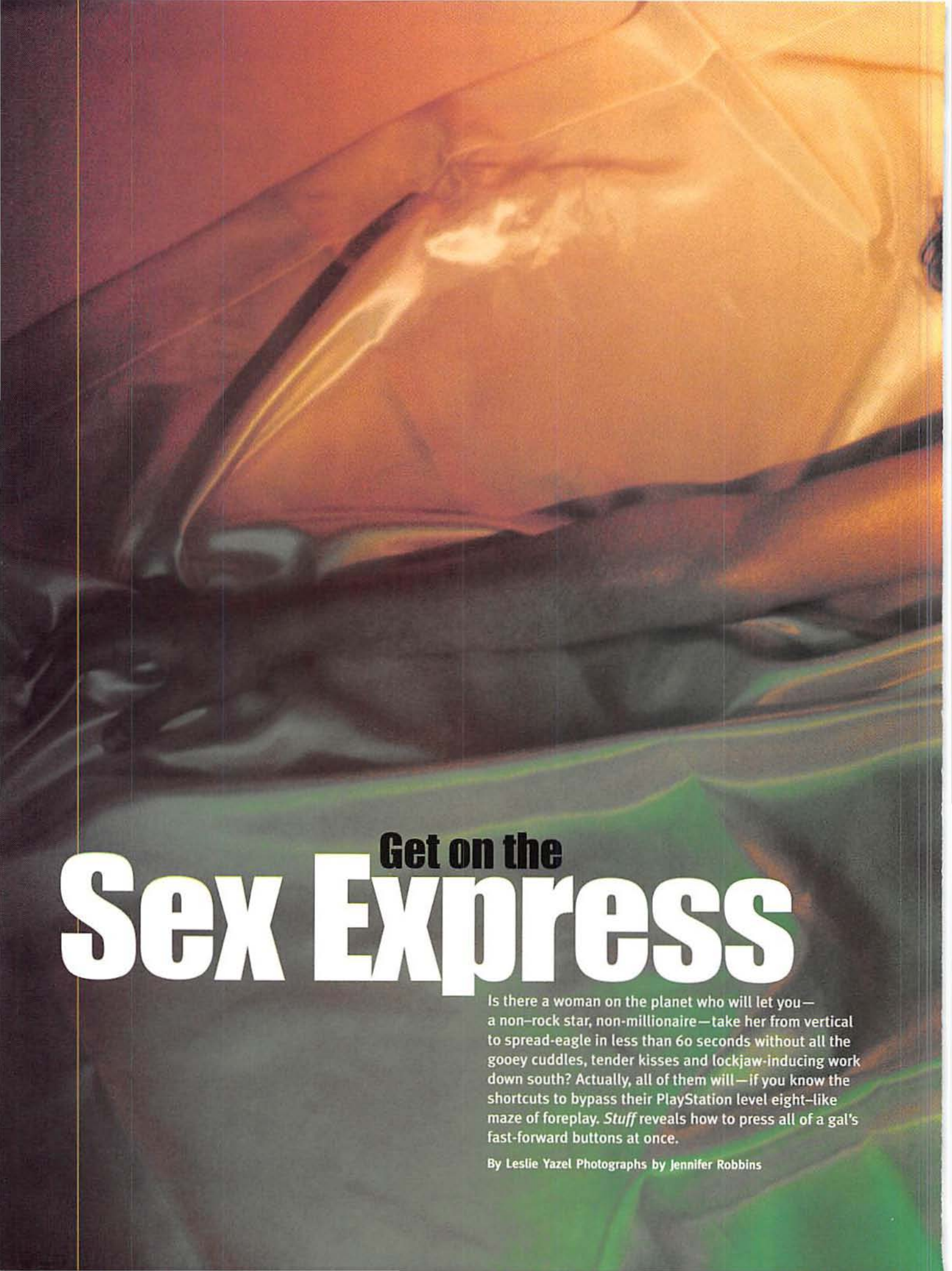




Get on the Sex Express

Is there a woman on the planet who will let you—a non–rock star, non-millionaire—take her from vertical to spread-eagle in less than 60 seconds without all the gooey cuddles, tender kisses and lockjaw-inducing work down south? Actually, all of them will—if you know the shortcuts to bypass their PlayStation level eight–like maze of foreplay. *Stuff* reveals how to press all of a gal's fast-forward buttons at once.

By Leslie Yazel Photographs by Jennifer Robbins

INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #1

CATCH HER WHEN SHE'S ALREADY JUICED

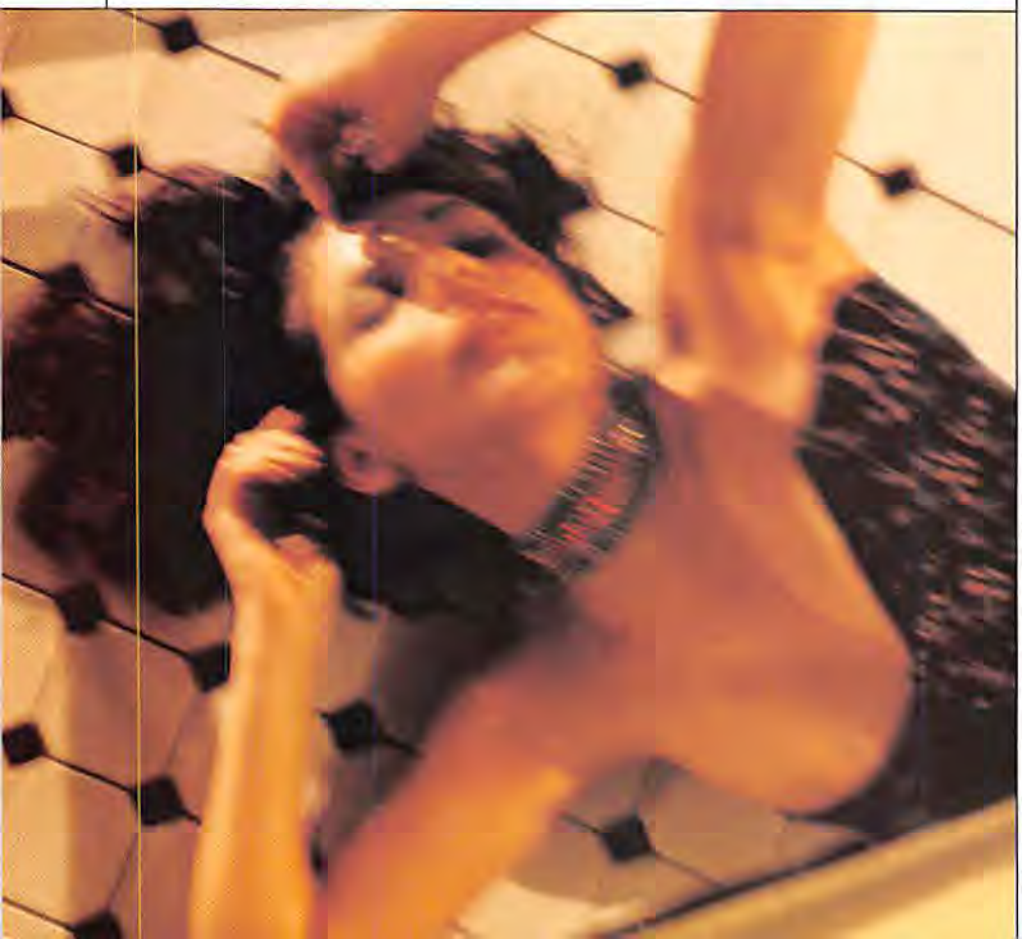
Mother Nature is vying to be your pimp each and every day, but you're usually too preoccupied with mastering your DVD's remote to realize it. To find out when your gal gets wettest fastest, deduce whether she's a morning, noon or night person. Her sexual tide will be highest then, so if you initiate a little nookie, there's a good chance she'll drop everything and beg for your boogie board. "I've clocked this, and I'm horniest from 1:00 to 2:35 P.M.," says Lara, 29. "I finally gave in to the primal urge, and now my boyfriend and I meet for 'lunch' twice a week." To tap into her lusty hours, note the times that she's ultra-productive—i.e., when she's working the hardest, talking your ear off, feather-dusting the apartment in a French maid's uniform, etc. (Editor's note: If she's wearing the French maid getup, you don't need the rest of this feature. Your ship is well and truly "in.")

Another fail-safe time that your lady will be primed: two weeks after Aunt Flo comes for her monthly visit (she's ovulating) or the few days right before (count three weeks after the last time she stuck a fork in your neck for eating chips too noisily during *Friends*). Her body is in hormonal overdrive, and she won't be able to strip to her skivvies fast enough. But watch out: During PMS, her breasts are swollen, so even though they look bazookalicious, handle with care.

Of course, Mother Nature can also be a bitch. So if you discover that your usually lush lady is as arid as the Mojave, you need a plan. Movies are a surefire way to get her stoked. We asked a 100 women which flicks evaporate their Underoos, and here's the majority rule: *9 1/2 Weeks* (finger food plus dirty alleyway sex = fun), *Gladiator* (chicks dig oiled-up men in sandals), *The Last Seduction* (stars a female sex fiend), *Top Gun* (something to do with steamy sex and that band Berlin) and *Dirty Dancing* (we know—it's not worth it, even for booty).

What about pornos? Yes, they let you forgo even more foreplay time...if she's into it. Warning: Only one of our gals enjoyed the cinematic classic *Edward Penishands*, so test the waters with softer stuff like *Basic Instinct*, then graduate to Skinemax. Make fun of the fake boobs, laugh, feel hers, transition smoothly to a reenactment.

Only rookies make a beeline for her best bits; pros know the hidden triggers.



INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #2

MAKE HER MOAN WITH ONE DEFT MOVE

Why wrestle her to the ground à la Captain Kirk when you can zap her into a sex coma with a Vulcan-like touch? Just find her one-stop pleasure spot for instant arousal. Only rookies make a beeline for her best bits; pros know the hidden triggers. "Don't go for the gold—make the gold want you," says clinical psychotherapist Deborah Cooper, Ph.D. Worst move: sneaking up behind her, grabbing a breast in each hand and exclaiming cheerfully, "My, what have we here?" Best move: running your tongue slowly from her Achilles tendon, along her leg, over her butt and up her spine. This hair-raising Route 66 can lead to other scenic off-ramps, too. Here are a few more strokes of genius. (God, we're good to you.)

The Head Cradle

TACTIC Hold her head in your hands as you kiss her, making sure to let your fingers wander to the underside of her hairline.
CHICK INTERPRETATION You see her as a delicate little thing, and you're falling in love with her.
PAYOFF She'll feel comfortable climbing on top, riding high and losing her inhibitions in front of you—Mr. Sensitivity. And she'll get extra-juiced because her face and neck are chock-full of ultrasensitive nerve endings. Sneaky, eh?

The Toe Hold

TACTIC Massage her feet.
CHICK INTERPRETATION You intuitively know that she's had a hard day, and you are a selfless, attentive demigod who worships her.
PAYOFF The feet are laden with pressure points that stimulate her sweet spots. Two great spots to rub: the line from her heel to the base of her third toe, and the soft spots behind her ankles. You'll have to chain her to the bed to calm her once she gets started.

The Finger Rake

TACTIC Trace the line of her body with a finger.
CHICK INTERPRETATION You are captivated by the delicate contours of her form. She's more to you than just a pair of tits and an ass.
PAYOFF Use a barely there touch and the little hairs on her skin will stand at attention and make her body feel electrically charged. She'll use every inch of herself to repay you in kind.

The Thigh Pry

TACTIC Move your thigh in between her legs while you're both fully or partially dressed.
CHICK INTERPRETATION Damn, you're horny.
PAYOFF It doesn't matter that she's on to you—she's already at your mercy because you're stimulating her S-zone, the sexually charged tissue around her pleasure dome. She'll start getting off before her pants come off. ▷▷▷

Zap her
into a sex
coma with
a single
Vulcan-like
touch.

INSTANT APHRODISIACS

You have 30 times more sex-inciting testosterone than she has, so use this foreplay fuel to get her to the finish line in record time.

> **Chocolate ice cream** Chocolate contains magnesium and caffeine—essential for producing energy and releasing the neurotransmitter epinephrine, which helps to make her as randy as a rabbit. She'll also unwittingly succumb to subliminal logic: She's already indulging in sinful dessert naughtiness...so why not see just how bouncy your couch really is, right here, right now?

> **Picnics** Women love picnics, particularly when they don't have to make the hoagies beforehand. Offer to bring the chow and wine, and make sure to toss in these sex-inducing ingredients: celery (increases her potential for arousal), pine nuts (makes the tissue in her naughty bits more responsive), asparagus (even more tissue stimulation), peanut butter or leafy greens (both are rich in vitamin E, which makes her wetter) and bananas, cucumbers and zucchini (obvious).

> **Rollerblading** A sweaty jaunt around your 'hood will get her blood pumping, her testosterone level soaring and her mojo rising. Plus, being on blades makes her feel supermodel-tall and harkens back to those preteen, roller-romance days at the rink skating to "Rapper's Delight." If you suggest a quick shower at your place afterward, you won't be getting dressed again anytime soon.

> **Fright** We're talking about heart-stopping movies and amusement-park rides, not flashing her Hannibal Lecter grins and showing her your machete collection. Fear is, in physiological terms, very close to the feeling of sexual excitement. Her pulse races, her muscles contract and expand, and she doesn't know whether to squeeze her eyes shut or keep watching. Most important, she'll be hanging on to you for dear life. (As long as you're not screaming like a little girl, that is.)

Discovering her unique turn-ons ensures immediate wham-bam action.

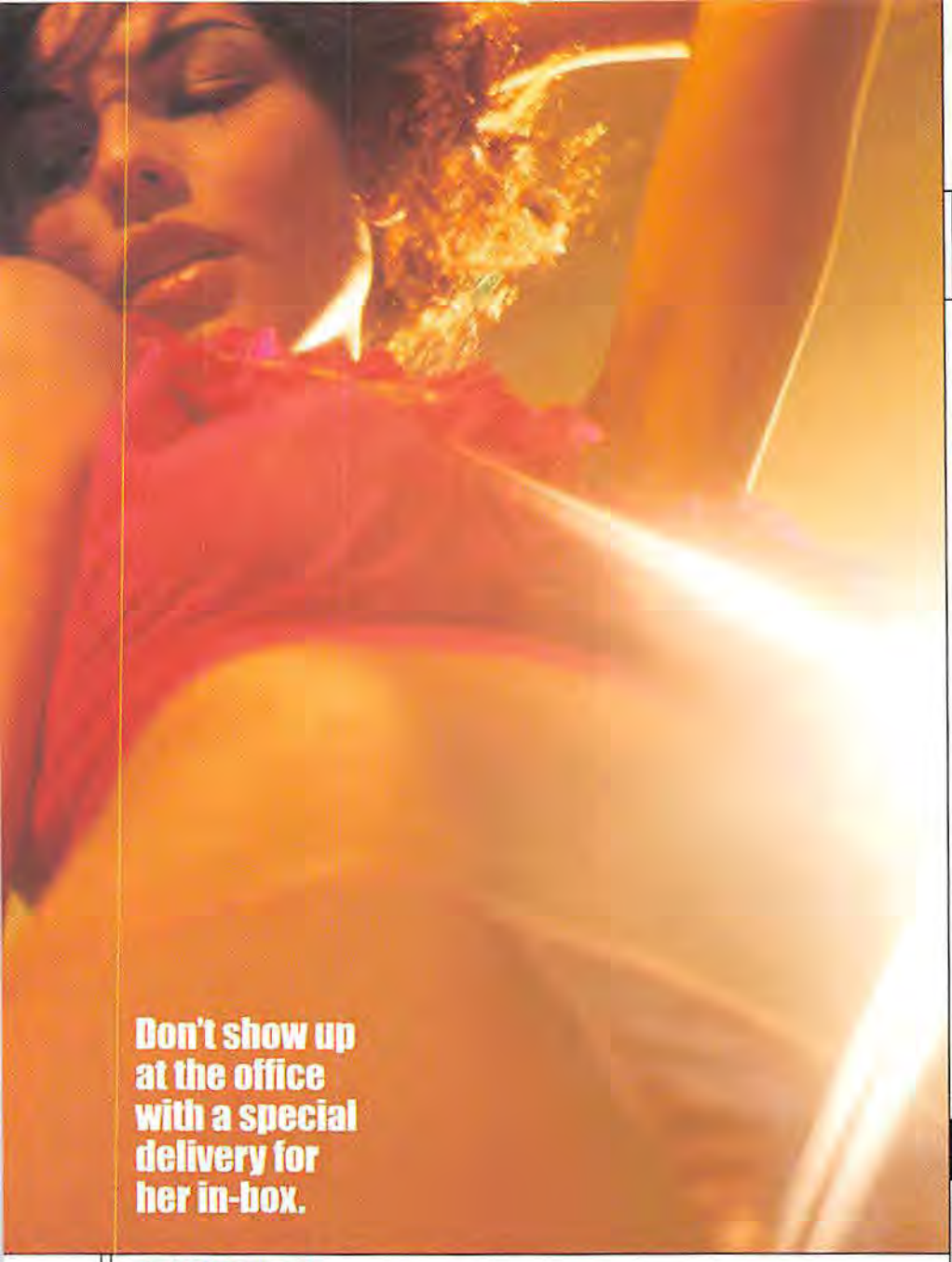
INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #3

TALK DIRTY TO HER

"Oh, God! I want to [nasty expletive] you until you [verb for a circus-animal sound] like a [noun referring to kitchen appliance]. Repeat three times; now say backwards; now translate into Mandarin. You have mastered the art of filthy speak—a tried-and-tested ignition switch. But before you launch into a profanity-laced monologue, memorize the rules of raunch: 1) Don't try it until at least the sixth time you have sex; do it before then and she'll punch your lights out. 2) Pick the right night. A quiet dinner and *Schindler's List*? Wrong. Clubbing, drinking, dancing and happily falling through the door and onto the floor of her apartment together, laughing? Bingo. 3) Lay the groundwork early with a breathy compliment like, "You have the sexiest ass." If she giggles in an "Oh, you bad boy" way, forge ahead. She'll just think you're extra frisky because she's hotter than a Tabasco tamale, and will eventually start clawing at you like a cat in heat.

Unless you're Bobby Knight, the first few naughty words will be tough. Your best bet is to rehash a sexy night you had (yes, with her) in a husky, my-voice-has-mysteriously-dropped-two-octaves voice. Don't overplay it; simply nuzzle into her neck and say something like, "It was so hot when you unzipped me last night and grabbed my cock." Describing dreams will also get you a green light. "My boyfriend said he dreamed that I screamed 'Fuck me,' as we did it," explains Mindy, 26. "The next night I whispered it in his ear, just as he entered me. Saying that really made me go into orgasm overdrive."

According to our test group, bedroom-friendly foul words—which are OK to say once you know she's game or at least isn't VP of the Parental Advisory Committee—include *cock*, *suck*, *pussy*, *fuck* and the old standby *screw my brains out, you depraved titty sucker*. Also, focusing on how good she is in bed will translate into how much you want her...but, you know, in that loving, good-natured way. The caveat? You've gotta say it right. Psychotherapist Cooper advises keeping your voice soft and low, yet doubly calm and confident. Think George Clooney, not Satan. And, whatever you do, don't yell to her as she's brushing her teeth, "I want to shove my d$%@ in your c$%@! You'd like that, wouldn't you, you c$%@?" Muttering overly obscene phrases, using that other *c* word and/or calling her bad names will merely convince her that you are a serial killer or have Tourette's, thus severely crippling your chances of gettin' any.



Don't show up at the office with a special delivery for her in-box.

INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #4

INDULGE HER NAUGHTIEST FANTASIES

This just in: Women are easy. They'll actually tell you exactly what they want... just not always in a verbal way. Your mission: to decipher their hidden yearnings, thereby discovering their unique turn-ons and ensuring immediate wham-bam action. Watch for these clues: movie or book scenes that she gushes over, erotic dreams she recounts, suggestive half-jokes she giggles after saying and sexual stories she tells about her friends.

Your ears should especially perk up if a lady tells you that her gal pal's boyfriend flipped her into a handstand for major oral ecstasy, or that her sister's fiancé tied her up in the garden shed and planted some seeds. To the untrained ear, these sound like dirty little stories, but they are, in fact, pleas for you to pull similar sexual stunts.

"I showed my boyfriend a picture in *Glamour* of a couple making out in a convertible and lamented, half-jokingly, that we never do it in the car," explains Maggie, 25. "I was so psyched when he initiated a backseat quickie on a dirt road a week later. None of the other guys I dated ever got my hints, and I was blown away."

But tread cautiously: The room for miscommunication here is Big Gulp–size. When she says that she dreamed that you did her on her desk doggy-style, don't show up at her office the next morning with a special delivery for her in-box. Instead, wait for her to finish her story and then muse, "That sounds like fun...whaddaya think?" That way she can say: "What?" or "I have some time between meetings on Wednesday to, uh, slip you in."

INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #5

SHOW HER WHO'S BOSS

All chicks are drama queens at heart, and not one can resist being swept off her feet and into the backseat/broom closet/bushes near the beer garden. Women call uninhibited displays of passion "Richard Gere's"—because of the nauseating crap he pulled in *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Pretty Woman*.

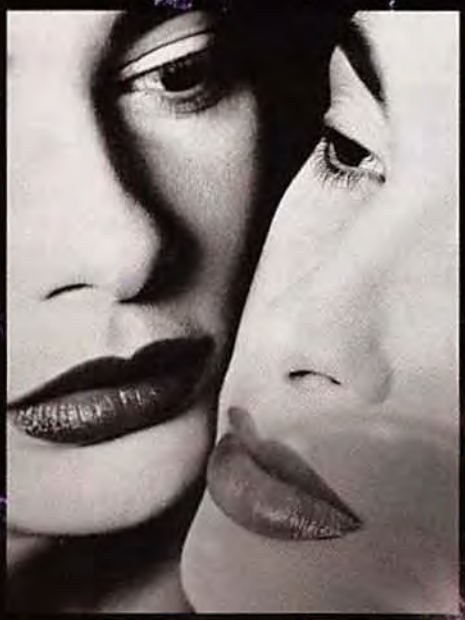
How does one mimic Mr. Gere and not look like a poofster? First, lose the feathered hair. Next, ooze confidence, grab your lady, kiss her deeply and take her on a flight to Intercourse International. These power moves make women feel irresistible—so you'll get to the humpty-rumpty a helluva lot faster than with three hours of dinner and drinks. "When my guy and I meet in public, he always walks directly up to me, takes my head in his hands and gives me an intense kiss," says Rachel, 28. "It's sexy because he's announcing that I'm his. The rest of the night, I'm thinking, *When can I play his trombone?*"

Tina, 21, likes her passion plays steamier. "I love when a guy slings me over his shoulder and carries me to bed. It makes me have one of those wet daydreams that I'm being kidnapped by a sexy terrorist." So *that's* why they call him Osama bin Laden Alot (sorry). In any case, make sure you have actually introduced yourself to the girl before you pull a postmodern macho move. This way, she won't have you arrested for wilding.

IF ALL ELSE FAILS...LIE

Lay it on thicker and get there quicker with our top 10 surefire sound bites. Study, and use as necessary.

- "I've never felt this way about someone before. I know it's really soon, but I...I..."
- "I had such a bad day. I'm so happy to just be here...with you."
- "I've wanted you for so long."
- "You're one of the only people I can share really personal stuff with."
- "You look incredible [*pant, nuzzle, kiss*]. Whaddaya say we get to the party a little late?"
- "You're more than a girlfriend; you're my *best* friend."
- "I just want to hold you."
- "I'd been impotent for two years. But with you I'm as horny as a rhino. Help me..."
- "So, I just read that *Bridget Jones* book—it was fabulous."
- "I haven't been with a woman since my puppy died last year."



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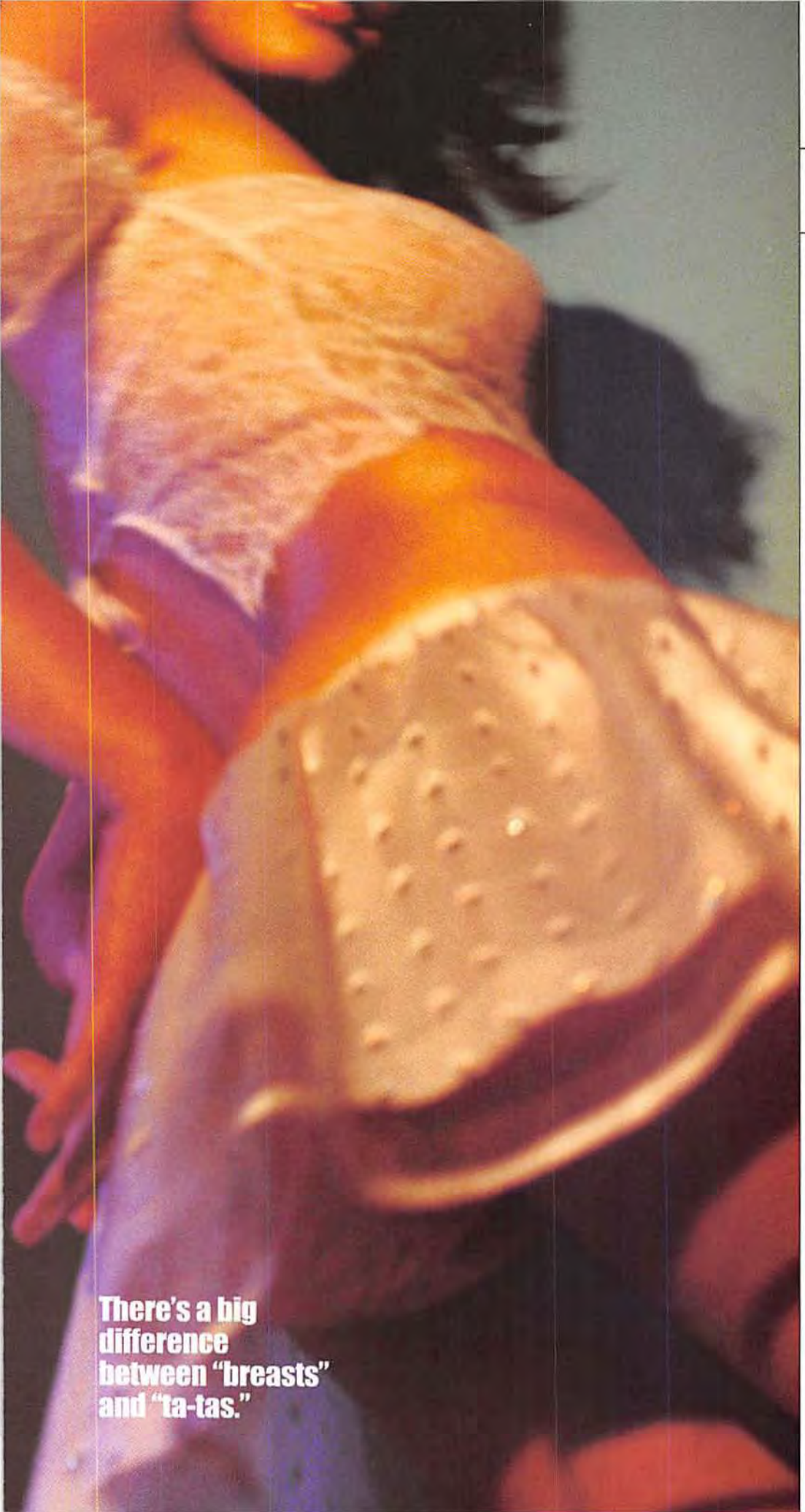

INSTA-SEX SHORTCUT #6

PRAISE HER LIKE YOU SHOULD

Flattery will get you everywhere. And the more intimate you get, the more into it she gets. Most guys are hesitant to compliment a woman's naughty bits (that would be her nipples, vagina and butt), and that's why doing it right will get you between her and her 501s that much faster. "I'm always worried what a guy's thinking when he's down there, face-to-face with my tweeter," says Kristen, 27. "But if he said he thought it was cute or delicate, I'd be so turned on."

Still, any guy who's spent more than four minutes with a woman knows that her body insecurities are a minefield, so here's how to lavish praise on her without losing a limb.

CHOOSE A BODY PART THAT YOU ADORE Women have finely tuned bullshit detectors, so if you truly don't like her Ally McBeal boobs as much as her earth-mama belly, be honest and go with the gut. (Important safety tip: Don't use the word *gut*.)

AVOID HER TERROR ZONE
All women have one. If you've heard her moan about her child-bearing hips, don't start your praise there or she'll penalty-box you.

KEEP IT CLEAN AND SWEET
There's a big difference between "breasts" and "bodacious ta-tas."

BACK UP YOUR CLAIM
Women are like kindergartners (but with significantly better playground equipment), always asking, "Why, why, *why???*" A simple, "I love running my hand over your ass because it's so perfectly shaped" will do.

TOUCH HER AS YOU TELL HER
Tracing a finger around her nipple as you tell her how much you like its soft pink color reinforces that you really mean it.

DON'T COMPARISON SHOP
Make sure to compliment her in a sex vacuum, avoiding argument starters such as, "Your hips are so much curvier than your sister's."

NEVER, EVER SAY: "YOU LOOK GREAT. DID YOU LOSE WEIGHT?"
She'll hear: "You were as fat as a whale the last time I saw you."

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THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO SEE ON DVD!

Buy only what you want! If you want the *Director's Selection*, do nothing—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified. And you'll always have 10 days to decide; if not, you may return the selection at our expense.

Money-Saving Bonus Plan. If you continue your membership after fulfilling your obligation, you'll be eligible for our generous bonus plan. It enables you to enjoy more great savings on the movies you want—for as long as you decide to remain a member!

10-Day Risk-Free Trial. We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days, at our expense, for a full refund and no further obligation.

Hundreds of Selections! If you want a movie on DVD that you don't see here, just call us and ask or visit our website.

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Use your credit card and order 24 hours a day:

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177 *To ensure you get this great offer – use this savings code when ordering.*

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P.O. Box 1173, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1173

Yes, please enroll me under the terms outlined in this advertisement. As a member, I need to buy only 4 more selections at regular Club prices, in the next 2 years. Send me these 3 DVDs for $1.00 each, plus $1.69 each shipping/handling (total: $8.07).

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#
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BUY YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW—AND HAVE LESS TO BUY LATER!

❑ Also send me my first selection for $14.95, plus $1.69 shipping/handling, which I'm adding to my $8.07 payment (total: $24.71). I then need to buy only 3 more (instead of 4) in the next 2 years. #

Please check how paying: ❑ My check is enclosed. SAF/SAL
❑ Charge my introductory DVDs and future Club purchases to: SAH/SAM
❑ MasterCard ❑ Diners Club ❑ AMEX ❑ VISA ❑ Discover

Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. No. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No. (_____) _____ Email _____

Do any of the following apply to you? (41)
❑ I own a Personal Computer (1) ❑ I own a PC with a CD-ROM (2) ❑ I plan to buy a PC with a CD-ROM (3)

NOTE: Columbia House reserves the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any membership. Offer valid for customers in the contiguous United States. Customers from Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, U.S. Territories, APO and FPO addresses, please write for separate offer. **Applicable tax added to all orders.** B-SEP00-SF

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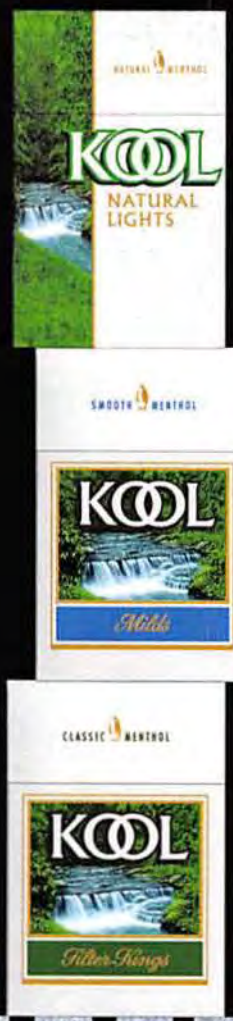

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Natural Lights Kings Box, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Box, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at **www.brownandwilliamson.com**

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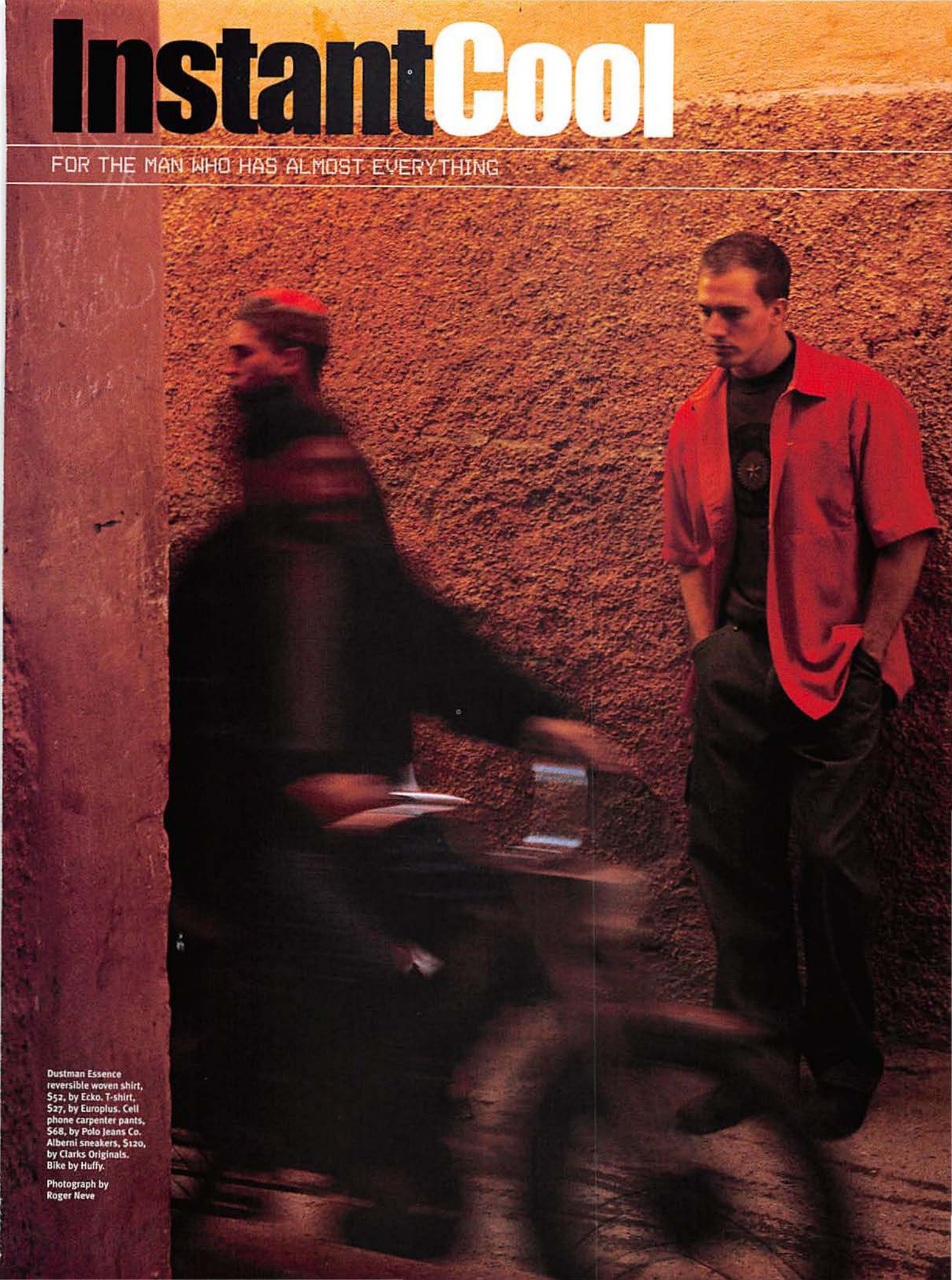
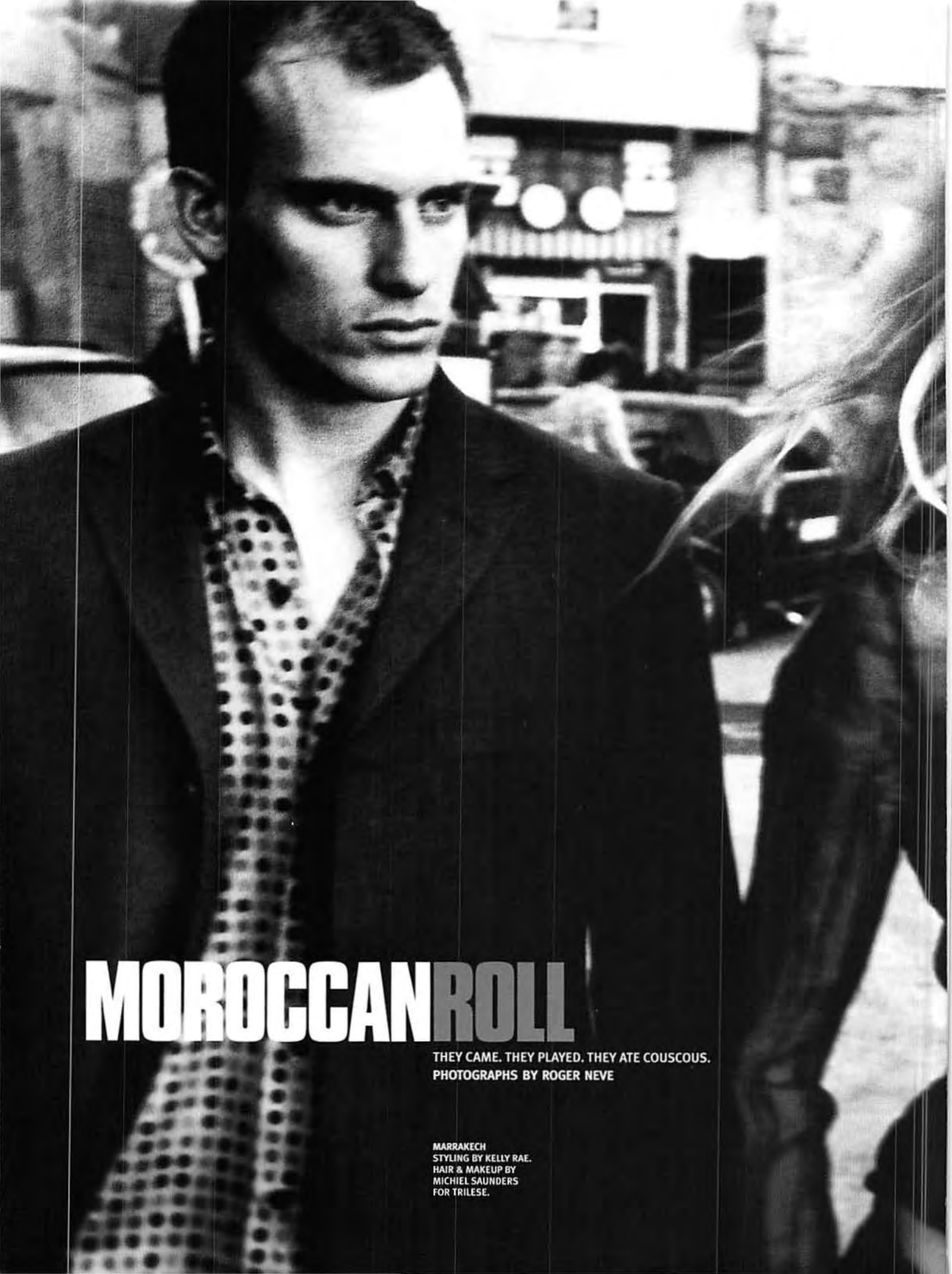
Instant Cool

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING



Dustman Essence reversible woven shirt, $52, by Ecko. T-shirt, $27, by Europlus. Cell phone carpenter pants, $68, by Polo Jeans Co. Alberni sneakers, $120, by Clarks Originals. Bike by Huffy.

Photograph by Roger Neve



MOROCCANROLL

THEY CAME. THEY PLAYED. THEY ATE COUSCOUS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER NEVE

MARRAKECH
STYLING BY KELLY RAE.
HAIR & MAKEUP BY
MICHIEL SAUNDERS
FOR TRILESE.

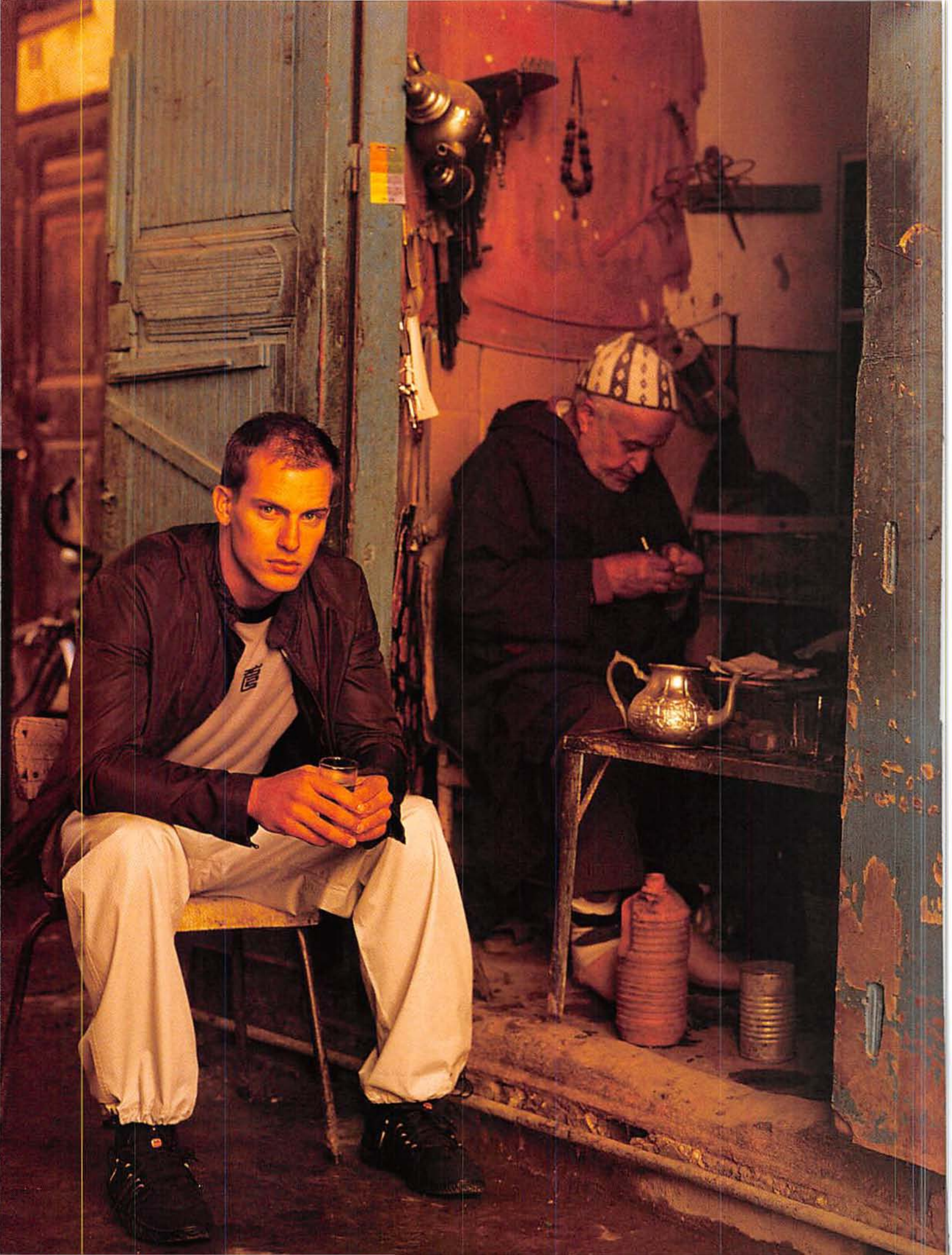
CAFE

Opposite page, on her: Geisha girl shirt by Paul Smith. Gold leather jacket by JOOP! Slap vintage shorts by Diesel.
On him: Velvet embossed snakeskin jacket, $625 for the suit, by JOOP! Performance hooded jacket, $50, by Tommy Hilfiger. Jeans, $125, by BOSS Hugo Boss. Dinner with a hot blonde, priceless.

This page, on her: Silk organza ruffle blouse by Miguelina. Tiger-striped pants by Tommy Hilfiger.
On him: Canvas three-button suit, $950, by PS Paul Smith. Silk dress shirt, $188, by Gene Meyer.

Opposite page, on her: Denim shirt by Ecko. Leather pants by Studio 109.
On him: Henna Border shirt, $40, by Tag Rag. Wool sweater, $82, by DKNY. Brand X jeans, $68, by Girbaud.

This page, on her: Sweater by Diesel. Queen silver-studded jeans by Whistles at Showroom Seven.
On him: T-shirt, $50, by Hard Yacca. Nylon drawstring pants, $74, by Kenneth Cole Reaction.



Opposite page: Oxblood double-zip nylon jacket, $149, by DKNY. Ringer T-shirt, $25, by Tag Rag. Urbanwear drawstring, water-repellent pants, $80, by Ben Sherman. Sneakers, $70, by Nike.

This page: Leopard chiffon dress by JOOP!

TEEUP2000

Our mom went shopping, and all she bought us were these 47 bitchin' T-shirts.

By Kelly Rae Photographs by Jan Knapik

HURLEY $17
www.hurley999.com

PLAYBOY $30
www.playboystore.com

KU USA $32
212-840-9837

CATERPILLAR $18
www.caterpillar.com

BEN SHERMAN $28
212-840-8000

BRÜKNAHM $25
www.bruknahm.com

VISION $18
800-854-7370

SWISHNYC $24
212-625-3547

SLINKY VAGABOND $25
www.slinkyvagabond.com

VAMP MODERN $24
212-206-1511

POLO JEANS $20
888-POLO-JEANS

JIMMY Z $15
www.jimmyzusa.com

STUSSY $20
www.stussy.com

PHAT FARM $26
212-533-7428

HARD YAKKA $35
212-840-8000

AMERICAN EAGLE $24
888-A-EAGLE-5

RP55 $40
757-491-0076

PUMA $18
www.puma.com

FINAL HOME $50
212-966-0202

BEN SHERMAN $28
212-840-8000

AKADEMIKS $26
212-563-4999

DIESEL $35
877-4-DDIESEL

PRISON BLUE $12
800-784-7689

TROUSERS $45
212-382-0301

GOTO $18
212-625-3547

BASE BROOKLYN $20
www.basebrooklyn.com

QUIKSILVER $18
www.quiksilver.com

ALPHANUMERIC $20
619-702-5775

PNB NATION $28
www.pnbnation.com

AVIREX $22
800-2-AVIREX

VANS $18
www.vans.com

33 DEGREES $18
www.33-degrees.com

OCEAN PACIFIC $20
800-423-6621

VISION $18
800-854-7370

DOLCE & GABBANA $170
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X-LARGE $22
www.xlarge.com

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POLO $26
888-POLO-JEANS

KU USA $16
212-840-9837

DICKIES $13
800-DICKIES

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www.basebrooklyn.com

JNCO $19
www.jnco.com

STAPLE 52 $24
www.guyshop.com

FINAL HOME $60
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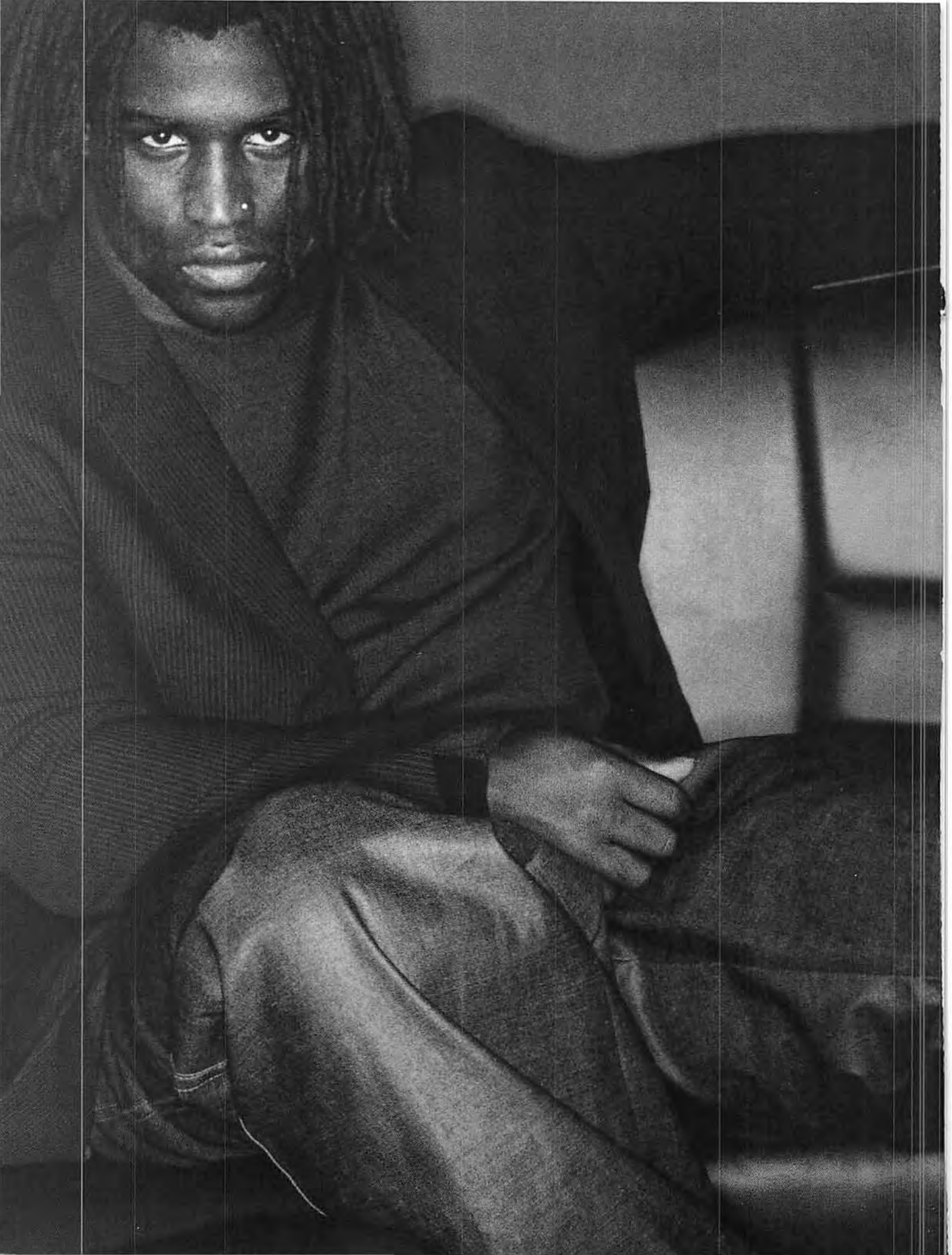
MECCA $26
www.meccausa.com

BASE BROOKLYN $20
www.basebrooklyn.com

LYRICS $20
212-687-1088



PHAT BACKS

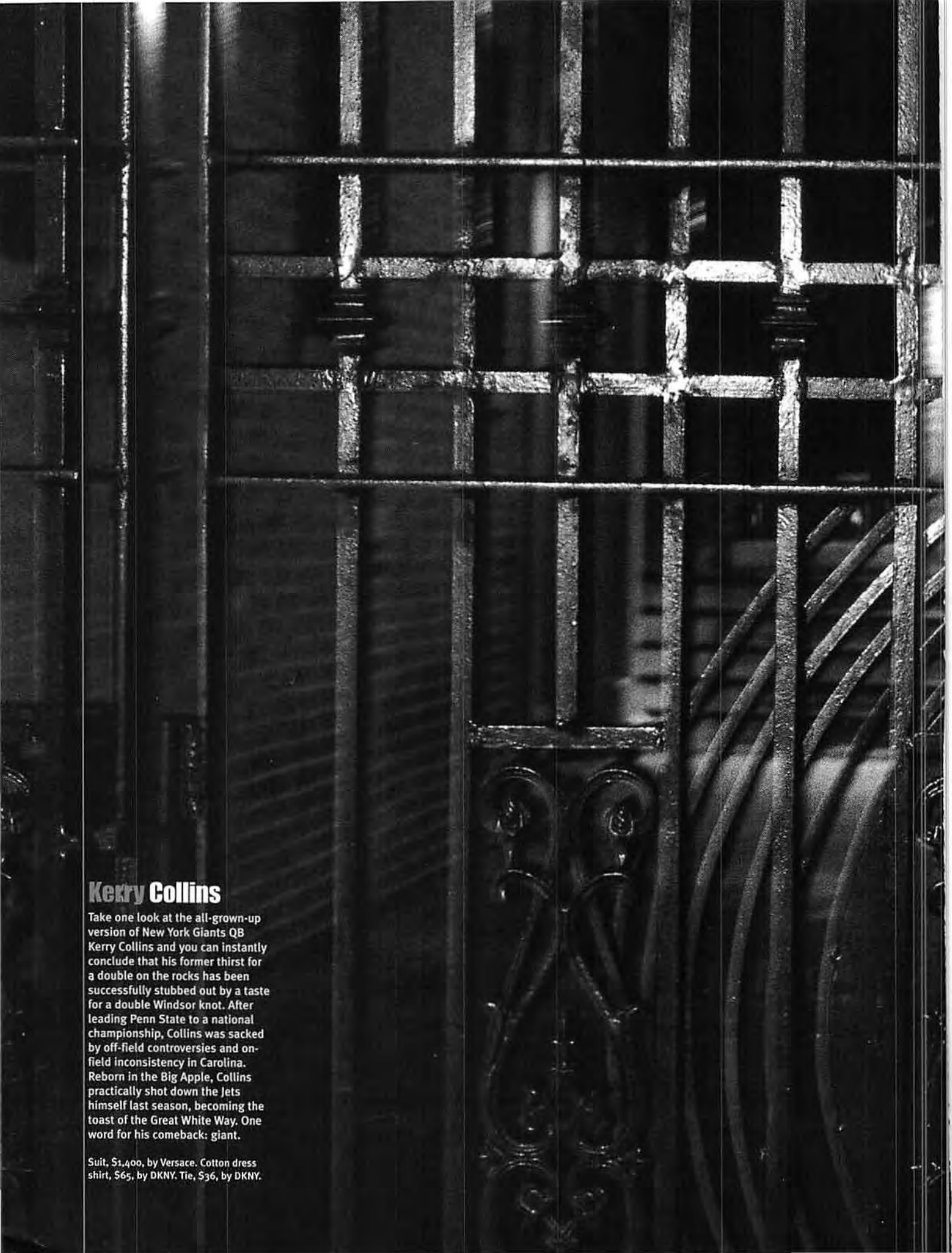
On the gridiron, the dress code is "uniform." So when these stylin' superstars from the NFL quarterbacks club have the opportunity to call audibles for their own threads, they go the whole nine yards.

Photographs by Naomi Kaltman

Ricky Williams

Weep not for the artist formerly known as the Heisman Trophy winner. Sure, his injury-riddled rookie year resulted in skinny stats that made him, thanks to his incentive-based contract, one of the lowest-paid players in the NFL and made his agent, Master P, look like Master Doo Doo. OK, the Saints finished 3–13. And yes, his former coach, Mike Ditka, now roams the sidelines at his grandkids' peewee games. But look on the bright side: The big guy's all healed up and ready to lay a serious hurtin' on the NFL in his sophomore season. Plus, he'll have a stack of duds to help him look just as awesome barhopping during Mardi Gras as he does stomping on defenders in the Superdome.

Pinstripe jacket, $1,200 for the suit, by Armani. Waxed denim pants, $120, by Krome Class.
Styling by Kelly Rae
Grooming by Richard Cooley for Utopia NYC



Kerry Collins

Take one look at the all-grown-up version of New York Giants QB Kerry Collins and you can instantly conclude that his former thirst for a double on the rocks has been successfully stubbed out by a taste for a double Windsor knot. After leading Penn State to a national championship, Collins was sacked by off-field controversies and on-field inconsistency in Carolina. Reborn in the Big Apple, Collins practically shot down the Jets himself last season, becoming the toast of the Great White Way. One word for his comeback: giant.

Suit, $1,400, by Versace. Cotton dress shirt, $65, by DKNY. Tie, $36, by DKNY.

Jeff Blake

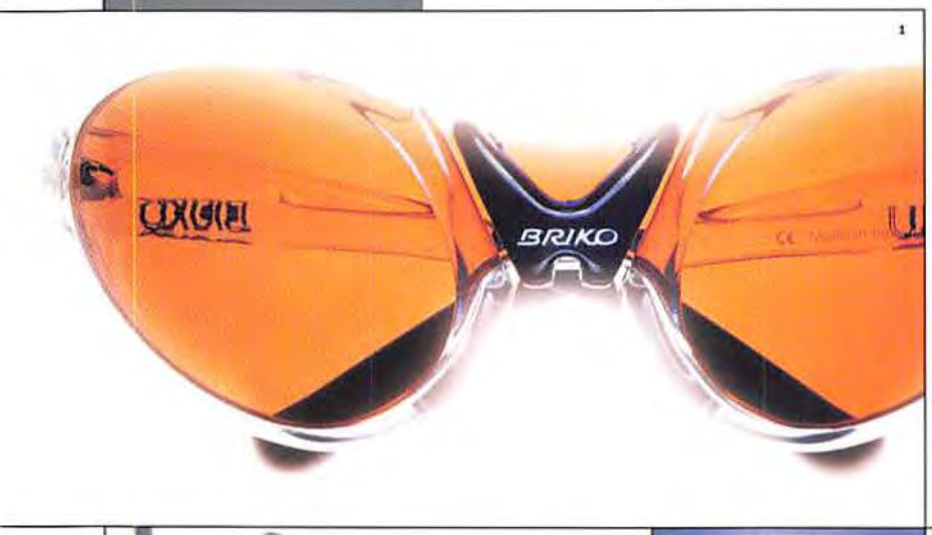
Pop quiz, couch potatoes: When is a move to the struggling Saints considered an upgrade? When your last address was Cincinnati. Jeff Blake has always had the NFL's biggest cannon—it's just that when you play at Cinergy Field, nobody's there to catch the fireworks (and that applies as much to Bengal receivers as it does Cincy fans). Now the big man on Bourbon Street, Blake finally has some receptive targets for his long-range missiles. "He's the best quarterback we've had since I've been here," says cornerback Alex Molden.

Waxed denim jacket, $180, by Krome Class. Sweater, $195, by Hugo Boss. Leather pants, $350, by Krome Class.

MOST WANTED

Money can't buy you love, but it *can* buy you this stuff.

Photographs by Shin Ohira



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1 **ALL STYLE, NO STING**
Briko's Jumper sports glasses have a brow-sweat blocker to keep your peepers protected from the blinding pain of perspiration—or wet sponge attacks. **$119**

2 **KNIFE FEVER, KNIFE FE-VER**
Hook a knuckle through the finger hole of Columbia River's Bear Claw knife, wrap your palm around the handle and know what it's like to be Wolverine from *X-Men*. **$40**

3 **HOLY SHOES**
Timberland's Del Fuego sandals have a padded, closed toe, keeping your piggies protected from sharp rocks and nasty, flesh-eating insects. **$80**

4 **PALM SUNDAY**
With Sharp's tiny 10-inch LCD flat-panel color television, you can watch *NFL on FOX* anywhere, anytime—assuming your power cord is long enough. **$1,300**

5 **LAP DAWG**
The Speedzone P. Brain packs a wireless heart-rate monitor, altimeter, odometer and speedometer—enough to remind you what an out-of-shape lug you are. **$200**

6 **NICE CAMS**
Samsung's SDC-80 digital camera is the Kodak Instamatic of digital cameras. It's basic, relatively cheap and a monkey could use it. Can disposable digitals be far behind? **$250**

7 **OL' DEATHFACE**
Ecko's Punisher sweater is the perfect attire for the next big church picnic. **$85**

8 **SUNGLASSES AT NIGHT**
Steiner's Nighthunter binos let you zero in on the fauna at the local beach long after the sun sets. **$799**

9 **JUST DESERT**
Bye-bye, aloha. Freshjive's Slat shirt slams the final nail into the Hawaiian shirt's coffin. **$62**

10 **BEAT BOX**
Finally, a jockstrap for your Mini Disc. Protect your goods with Audio-Technica's camouflage Mini Disc case. **$55**

11 **"THE ONE"**
Matrix mavens: Get digital with Citizen's Independent watch, which displays time in binary code with rows of LED lights. **$215**

12 **SIAMESE FINS**
Walk into the office in Finis' The Rapid monofins and you'll fall over. People will laugh, though. **$80**

13 **E-MAIL A-GO-GO**
Pull a Motorola Talkabout T900 pager out of your sagging pants and bang out an e-mail to your favorite drug dealer anywhere in the world. **$200**

10

audio-technica.

12

monofin

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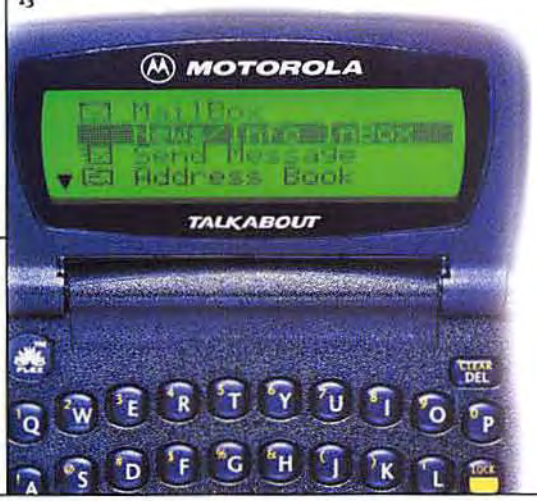
MOTOROLA
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TALKABOUT
CLEAR DEL
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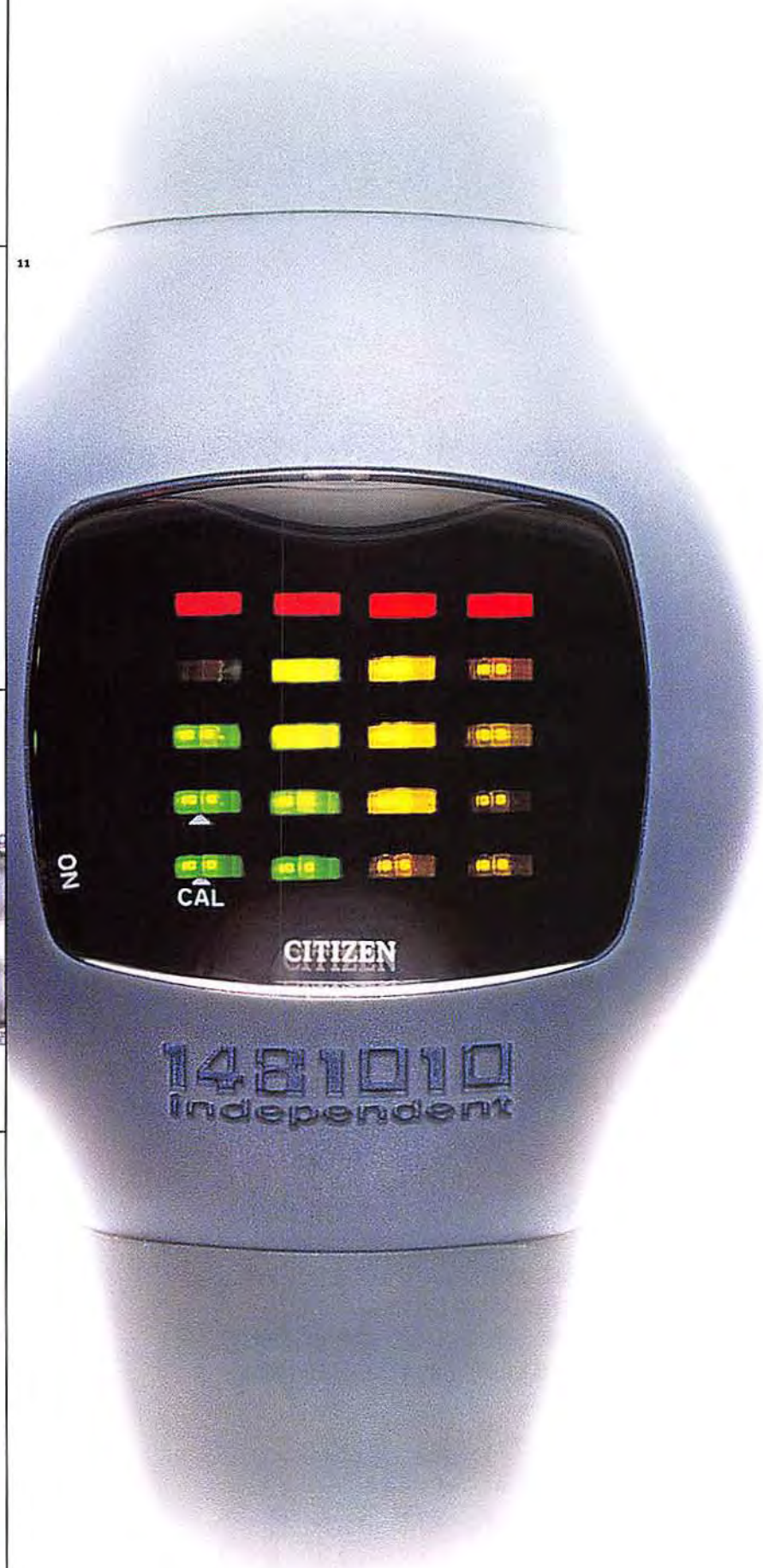
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CITIZEN
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independent

"The knee bone's connected to my...wristwatch."

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Crash Course in Comedy

Are your jokes followed by the sound of crickets? We'll teach you to be as funny as an ape in drag.

Your Twisted Sex Questions Answered

How do I introduce sex toys? Are animals so *wrong*? Our sexperts weigh in on your freakish fantasies.

The Book on Balls

A guide to your Cagney and Laceys: Testicle horror stories, gonad facts and more about the Dynamic Duo.

Ali Landry

The chip chick steps away from the dryer to air her dirty dainties. Also: The sexiest commercials—ever.

Plus **Inside the Playboy Mansion... frostbitten mountaineers... the best comic-book noises... last meals on death row... our deluxe table of contents... and some nice full-page ads.**

On sale September 19

Simona Krainova

In the interest of promoting foreign trade, we will be endorsing this phat Czech.

Photography: (Surgery) Donald Miller; (Simona) Roger Neve.

Results in as little as 5 days

"The kit is identical to one my friend paid a dentist $600 for and actually worked faster"

White Brilliance is the professional-quality teeth whitening system from American Dental Supply that removes stains and discoloration quickly, safely and naturally.

by Kelly Carrington

It seems that everywhere you turn these days someone is talking about beauty and health. Whether through makeup or hairstyles or perfectly toned bodies, being attractive has become a high priority. But everyone knows that the most attractive thing about someone is a big, beautiful smile. Having a confident, bright smile and a easy laugh makes any face light up. You just want to be around that person.

The only problem is that over time, attractions to such things as coffee, tea, wine, nicotine and some foods can affect the teeth, making them stained and yellow. If they have not reached quite the yellow stage, they can appear several shades away from a true, gleaming white. Many people become disappointed after trying the drug store variety of whitening toothpastes that take forever and cost a small fortune. Others have spent their fortunes at their dentists. Now there is a product you can use at home that actually gives the same results as the professionals.

A fraction of the cost. White Brilliance is identical to the system the professionals use. Dentists successfully remove discoloration caused by age or the stains from food and drink, which they should, since they sell their system nationwide for an average price of $300 to $600. White Brilliance does the exact same thing for only a fraction of the cost. Keep in mind that White Brilliance should not be confused with the inexpensive bleaching kits that contain harsh abrasives. This revolutionary system does a long lasting job that is quick and safe and not harmful to tooth enamel.

Proven effective. The American Dental Association has approved teeth whitening products containing a viscosity gel of between 10% and 22% of the compound Carbamide Peroxide. White Brilliance contains a substantial 16%. This high-potency Carbamide Peroxide is the only ingredient proven effective in whitening teeth. Also dentists do not use a toothpaste, but they mold trays for the patient in their office and give the patient the syringes to take home. The White Brilliance Kit lets the consumer mold the trays at home. The procedure and ingredients are identical. The price is not. (Keep in mind this only works on the natural surfaces of the teeth and will not change the color of fillings, caps, crowns, or dental restorations. Also, the product is designed for people over the age of sixteen, and should not be used by pregnant or lactating women.)

See the results in days. The most commonly asked question about White Brilliance is, "How soon will I see results?" Actually, almost immediately...the gel substance works very quickly but your personal progress will depend on the nature and depth of your stains. However, under normal conditions, the process should take anywhere form five to eighteen days. Yellowing and stains will quickly whiten. In fact, clinical studies have shown an improvement of up to eight shades on what is known as the Vita Shade Guide. White Brilliance is not something you need to do on any regular basis. Amazingly, the results will last for years.

The White Brilliance kit comes with everything you need to get your teeth back to their original brightness. Included are an instruction booklet, six gel applicators of 16% Carbamide Peroxide, three teeth trays and a tray storage case.

Try it risk-free. With this compact but effective system, you can enhance your looks and gain new confidence with a big beautiful smile. White Brilliance comes with TechnoScout's exclusive risk-free trial. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return the unused portion within 30 days for a full "No Questions Asked" refund.

Everything you need for whiter, brighter teeth

With 16 percent high potency Carbamide Peroxide

The White Brilliance Teeth Whitening Kit is safe and easy to use. You get three Custom Mold Trays, 1 Tray Storage Case, Six Gel Applicators and an instruction booklet. This kit is identical to the system many dentists use to remove discoloration caused by age, nicotine, coffee, tea and certain food stains.

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Where high tech hits home

For years, we have found high tech solutions from the innovators and brought them directly to you...months before they were available in stores. Now, TechnoScout.com is the high-tech, low-stressway to a better life.

Call today! Whiter teeth are only 5 days away!

White Brilliance Teeth Whitening System

. . . . . **$79.95** $9.95 S&H

Please mention product code **10472-18870.**

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

800-992-2966

To order by mail, send check or money order for the total amount including S&H. To charge it to your credit card, enclose your account number and expiration date.

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1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, Va 23834

THE ROAD SCHOLAR

HOG OR HEIFER?

Automotive animal Marty Padgett has a great party trick: He can put a 676cc engine between his legs and make it purr. This month, he road tests the Kawasaki W650.

Photographs by David Weiss

I was kicking back the other day, having a Bud and watching *The Great Escape* on DVD. Bored, I was re-creating the dirt-ditching scene by pouring a box of Cracker Jack down my pants and liberally distributing them on my authentic Peruvian rug from IKEA when I spotted Steve McQueen about to jump the border on a 1961 650cc Triumph Trophy. "Damn!" I yelled, scaring the bejesus out of my French poodle, Cyril. "Why don't they make bikes like that anymore so I can be ice like Steve?" When it comes to collecting bugs with my teeth at 80 mph on the open road, I'm always forced to choose between some fat Harley cruiser and a Japanese crotch-rocket that requires a yoga session just to bend my body into the seat. Things had to change. And at that minute, they did. *Stuff* called me out to test the brand-new but ancient-looking Kawasaki W650. God bless 'em.

Days later, when the bike arrived, I laughed—a big belly laugh—at its prehistoric looks. But in its own rugged, Neanderthal way, it is truly handsome: a 676cc twin engine that's not too titanic, but not too moped-small either; upright, panoramic riding posture; a kick-start, for chrissakes, and more chrome than Mel's Diner. I immediately took it for a spin down Broadway, and New Yorkers—high on crack cocaine, no doubt—stared at me all

goo goo-eyed. I felt as if I were leading my own ticker-tape parade. But thanks to NYC's infamous car-eating potholes, I was snapped out of my bliss as I was forced to navigate this easy rider like a fishing boat in *The Perfect Storm*. The wimpy seat sent every bump straight up my spine and left me wondering if I could still sire children. Then there were the gutless brakes. When Kawasaki says retro, they don't mess around: The rear brake and single front disk brake were straight out of 1974—not encouraging when you're dodging psychotic taxi drivers in turbans.

When I pulled onto the highway, I was even less impressed. While opening the beast up to 50, I could hear the shrill, sputtering exhaust—reminiscent of a small lawn mower on steroids—and was getting extremely concerned about the 'nad-numbing vibration coursing through the frame.

All in all, I gotta give the K-boys props—they could've made a retro machine with all the modern luxuries of a new BMW. They didn't. The W650 is the real McCoy—almost *too* real. If you want to buy a genuine 1961 Triumph that spits oil on your shoes, suit yourself. I'll stick with this mock-old Kawasaki. Why go supersonic when you can enjoy the sweet smell of chafing ass at 65 mph? That's what Cyril says, anyway. **www.kawasaki.com**

THE AIR BAG

Get the hell out of the way. Our man Padgett opens the throttle on the auto world's latest, top-secret insider news.

Yugo; I stay

They're back. Yugo, the L.A. Clippers of autos, is building new models for sale late this year. I hear that Slobodan has resurrected the Zastava munitions and automotive plant—home of the Yugo—that NATO forces bombed last year. If you're feeling nostalgic for the older models, fret not—the new Yugos are still being built from rejected Fiat 128s, maintaining their status as the worst cars ever built.

Speak easy

Install the $350 voice-activated Eclipse Commander with the CD ($370) and GPS ($220) options in your car and you'll be able to operate the radio and multiple CD changers, get directions to the nearest Krispy Kreme, roll down your windows, dial your cell phone and toss a Caesar salad—all without moving your hands. Congratulations. You are truly a man of the future. **800-55-ECLIPSE**

Mojo risin'

While standing in line for the Shriners go-cart rides at the local Fourth of July carnival, I heard startling news that the British Mini is making a big comeback in 2002. Some noxious punk with a really bad Mike Myers imitation told me, "I have to have one, baby." Seems Mini's owner, BMW, wants to capitalize as much as possible on *Austin Powers*' mojo. The supersize Matchbox car, which seats four adults and luggage in a vehicle that's the size of a crumpet, will cost about $20,000. The Mini also works nicely as a shoehorn. **www.mini.com**

Backseat sex options limited to masturbation

Pioneer
1
2:23
VOLUME
STANDBY/ON

1

JVC
COMPACT COMPONENT MD SYSTEM
VOLUME
4 2:23
fifty-fifty
FM/AM
SAMPLING RATE CONVERTER
3-CD

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YAMAHA

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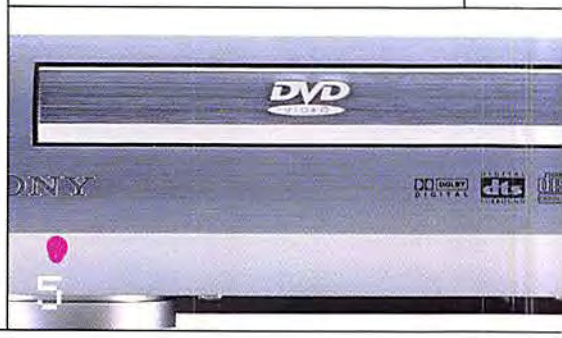

DVD
SONY

5

BITE-SIZE BEATS

These compact sound systems are so tiny, you can put 'em in a lunch bag and still have room for Jell-O.

By Carl Lindemann Photographs by Plamen Petkov

1 **Pioneer NS-5** $480 ★

The NS-5 looks like a playa, but it has about as much testicular fortitude as Richard Simmons. The one thing we like: A credit card–size remote control works a display that pops up like a Vette's headlights. The stuff we don't like: The wimpy 18-watt driver gives a Yugo-esque performance. Even worse, the speakers are liable to start smoking if you jack the volume to max on a Chili Peppers bass line. **www.pioneerelectronics.com**

2 **Denon D-G1** $400 ★★

Though it has less power than a windup vibrator (20 watts), the DG-1 still packs a serious punch. The reason: Built-in sound levels pump the bass up a few notches. This system ain't ever gonna shake 'n' bake your floorboards, but it's loud enough for you to throw a party in a dorm room. The cassette, with auto-reverse and track-search, adds a few frills to the basic single-CD and radio setup, and the faux wood cabinet speakers create the appearance that you have class. Particularly dope is the neon, iMac-inspired remote control. **www.del.denon.com**

3 **JVC MX-MD70** $660 ★★★

If sound systems were fast food, the JVC would be a bacon double-cheeseburger with extra cheese and bacon: It comes with a CD changer, Mini Disc and radio, plus 50-watt, three-way speakers that put out a rumpus-roomful of clean, clear sound. The rear panel is riddled with mad inputs for an MP3 player and even prehistoric accessories such as a turntable and a tape deck. Sound-shaping controls make your work cubicle sound like a coliseum. **www.jvc.com**

4 **Yamaha GX-500** $400 ★★★★

It's as if the eight-track player were cryogenically frozen and brought back to life in the digital age. The '70s-style GX-500 has it where it counts: 75 watts per channel and rib-rattling three-way speakers that deliver the decibels to go. At this price, there's plenty of change leftover to add some extras: Bass addicts may want to shake das booty even more by hooking up the integrated subwoofer output to a mondo bass boom box. Even after your Internet IPO takes off, this stereo is worth keeping for the guest villa. **www.yamaha.com**

5 **Sony DAV-S300** $700 ★★★★★

Bringing this thing home is like unleashing your own personal multiplex in your living room. Sure, it's a CD stereo, but it's also a full-blown DVD-driven home theater. The DVD player's digital decoder delivers both Dolby 5.1 audio and the DTS (read: the sound is as clear as glass). The five speakers and the subwoofer are designed to blend with your stylin' pad's decor—or at least help spruce up the dump. The DAV's focus is on quality, not strength (it's 180 watts, split six ways), so it won't get too loud. But there's still enough heat to bake a couch potato. **www.sony.com**

BOARDING SCHOOL

Six electrified, adrenalized, hybridized and sometimes-combustible planks to get you there with hang-ten flair.

By Eric Hansen
Photographs by Plamen Petkov

LAND CRUISER

1 Viza Dirt Surfer $725

Until you've surfed terra firma, you haven't lived. Do it with the mack daddy of all boards: the Dirt Surfer. A 33cc engine mounted on the stern packs a surprising amount of oomph, despite the fact that it looks plucked from a Weedwacker. Riders descending dirt roads on SoCal mountains can hit 22 mph and then let gravity take over. **www.severeatb.com**

SMOOTH OPERATOR

4 Sector9 Super Cruiser $149

Think of the Sector9 as a longboard with built-in shock absorbers. The 46-inch maple Super Cruiser hugs deep, long turns like an Earth First fanatic hugs a redwood. The ride is so smooth, you'll float over cracks and speed bumps as if you were a pimp in a plush Caddy. What this means: more control for street surfers at maximum velocity. **www.sector9.com**

BIG STICK

2 Surftech Mavericks Gun $790

It looks like a coffee table, but this surfboard can outrun a tidal wave. The brainchild of Jeff Clark, who earned his stripes riding the deadly 25-foot tsunamis at Mavericks in California, the Gun is 10 feet long (that's four feet longer than an average short board), but its narrow tail will hold an edge on a steep face like a bolt-on shelf. **www.surftech.com**

WAKE WIZARD

5 Hyperlite Byerly Finless $470

The Byerly Finless wakeboard is to water skis what a snowboard is to snow skis: cooler, faster and a helluva lot more fun. The Hyperlite lets you rail slide off a dock or use a boat's wake to launch you into aerial acrobatics à la the half-pipe at a snowboard park. The Finless rides a bit slippery at first, but it's ultimately more fantastic. **www.hyperlite.com**

KING OF THE HILL

3 Freebord Alpha 112 $229

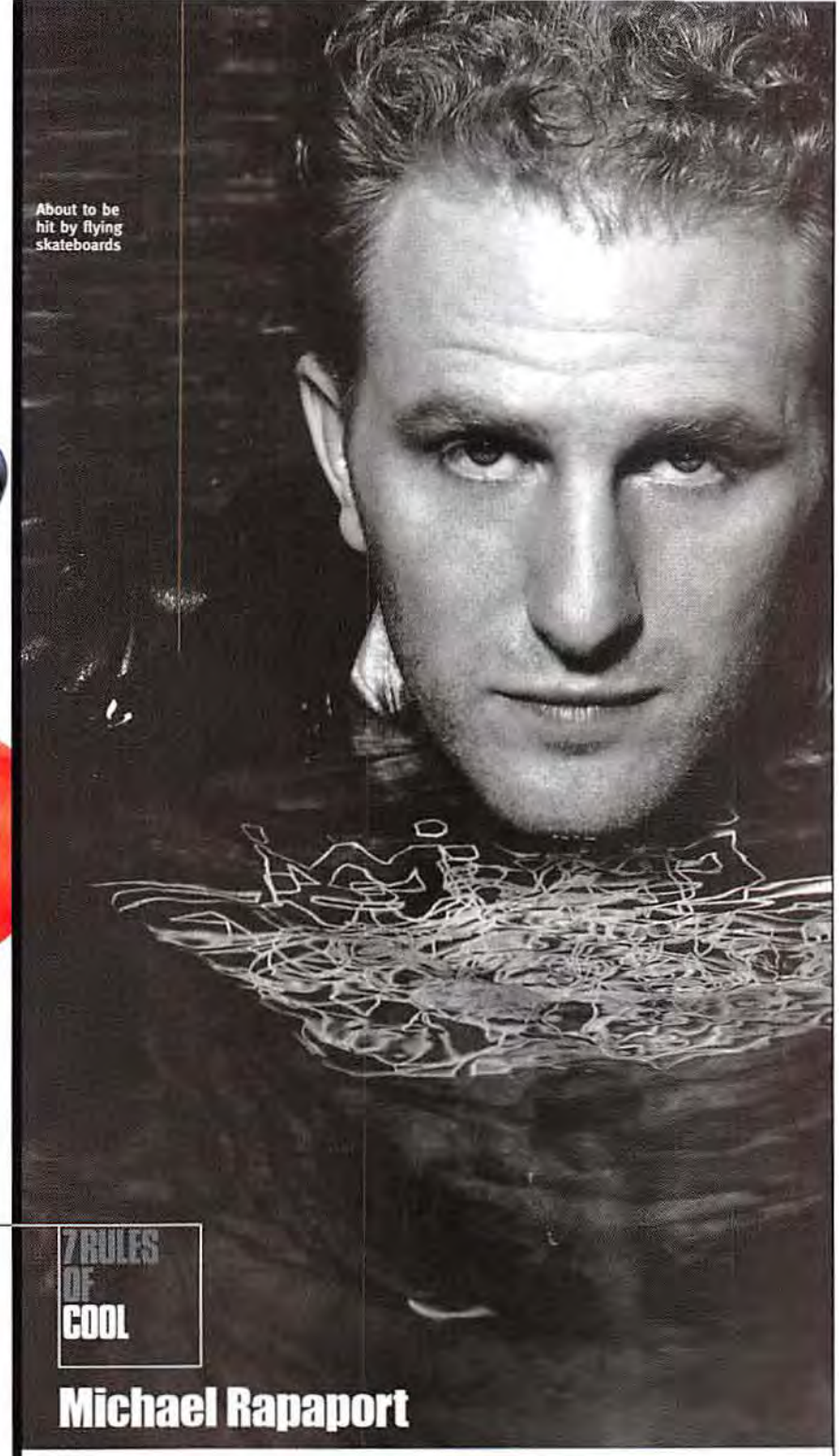
Oakland designer Steen Strand grew up snowboarding, but he had to trade his powder-filled fantasies for the asphalt version of Tahoe that is his 'hood. His solution? The Freebord. Two extra wheels, located in the middle of oversize outrigger trucks, create a skateboard that enables you to fishtail your way down concrete. **www.freebord.com**

ZIP DRIVE

6 Exkate X-24 Powerboard $899

Just squeeze the Exkate's cordless trigger, and *boom*—the mighty little electric motor launches you from zero to 22 mph in four seconds flat. Not fast enough? Swap the motor with a high-performance version (only available to pro-Exkate jockeys) and it'll hit 40 mph. Insane Exkate derbies are already on the drawing board. **www.exkate.com**

Styling: Richard Stewart; Grooming: Avia Geiger for Beauty & Photo



About to be hit by flying skateboards

7 RULES OF COOL

Michael Rapaport

Though he's perfected the art of playing the big oaf in movies such as *Small Time Crooks*, Rapaport really wants to be a movie mogul. His new production company, Release Entertainment, is creating a series called *10 Items or Less*. These are a few of his favorite things.

Photograph by Mike Ruiz

COOLEST DRINK A glass of half lemonade, half iced tea. In Los Angeles, they call it an Arnold Palmer.

COOLEST THING ABOUT FAME You can get floor seats to New York Knicks games.

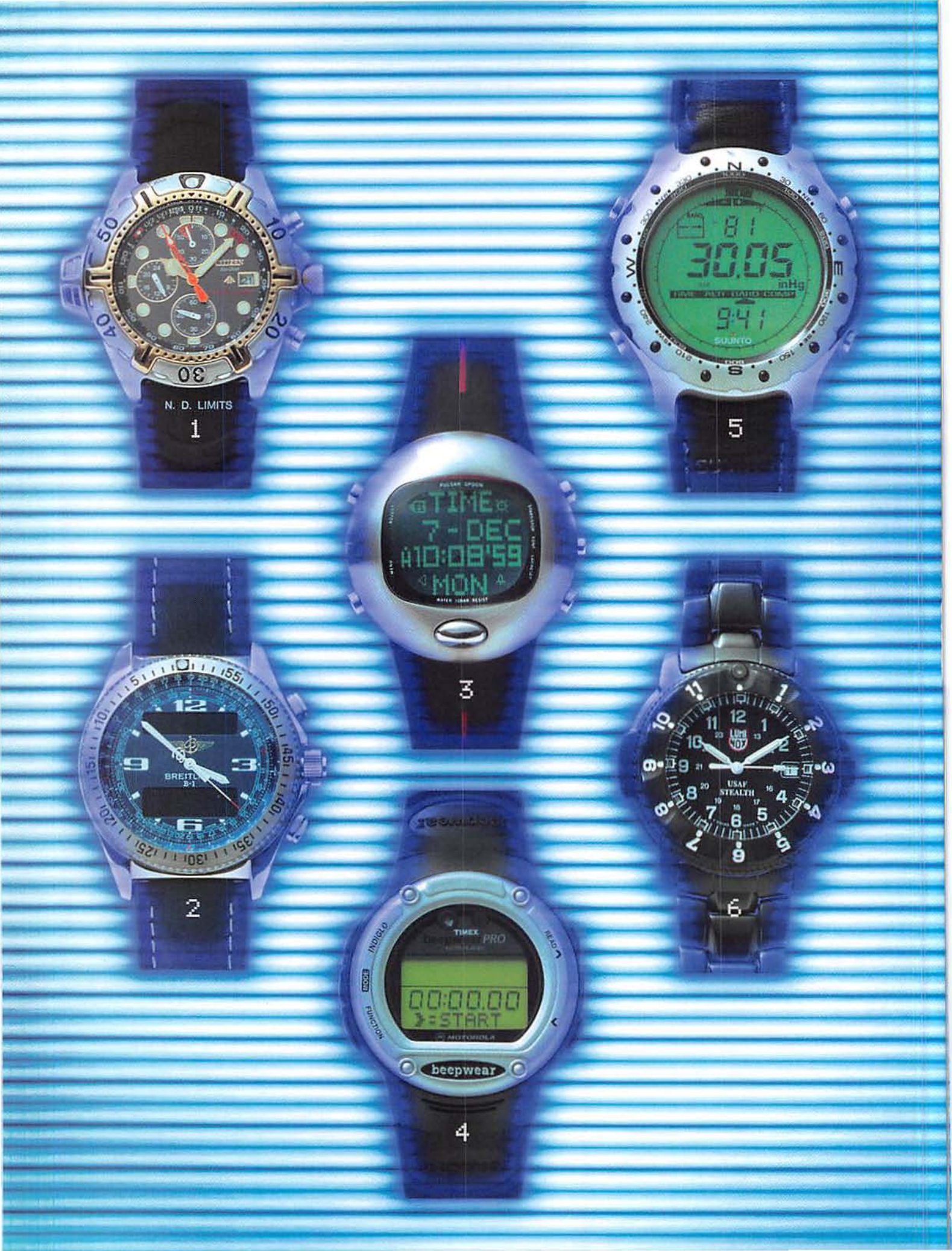
COOLEST VINYL EVER The Sugar Hill Gang's *Rapper's Delight*.

COOLEST NICKNAME YOU'VE EVER HAD Rap-a-Crap. I got that when I was 10.

COOLEST PERSON YOU'VE EVER MET Muhammad Ali. We met at an awards show recently, and we talked. I started crying, and he kissed me.

COOLEST JOB TO HAVE I'd like to be a basketball player, but I'm way too slow. Way, way, way too slow.

COOLEST ADVICE YOU'VE EVER RECEIVED My dad told me this when I was young: "If you punch somebody and they don't fall down, run."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UNUSUALLY FLY OBJECTS

Remember the days when watches were actually used to tell time? Grandpa!

By Richard Stewart Photographs by David Weiss

1 Citizen Eco-Drive Aqualand $450

With a built-in depth gauge, the Aqualand is designed to aid deep-sea divers down below. Way down below. But who gives a crap about that? The amazing thing about this indestructible wrist hugger is that it's powered by the sun, even when you're kickin' it with the lobsters 200 feet under. www.citizenwatch.com

2 Breitling B-1 $2,400

Aviation geeks helped design the B-1, which has a perpetual calendar, a chronograph split and a slide rule—it's even night-vision-goggle compatible. Strap this combination tour guide/flight calculator on your wrist and you'll fly better than George Jetson. www.breitling.com

3 The UFO $190

Gunning to be the next Grandmaster Flash? The UFO counts record beats, enabling users to become mixmasters. For the non-turntablist, the watch also tells time in 38 cities around the world. And it's equipped with five daily alarms, so wake-up calls are available for whatever time zone (or hangover hell) you happen to be in. www.virtualspoon.com

4 Timex Beepwear Pro $180

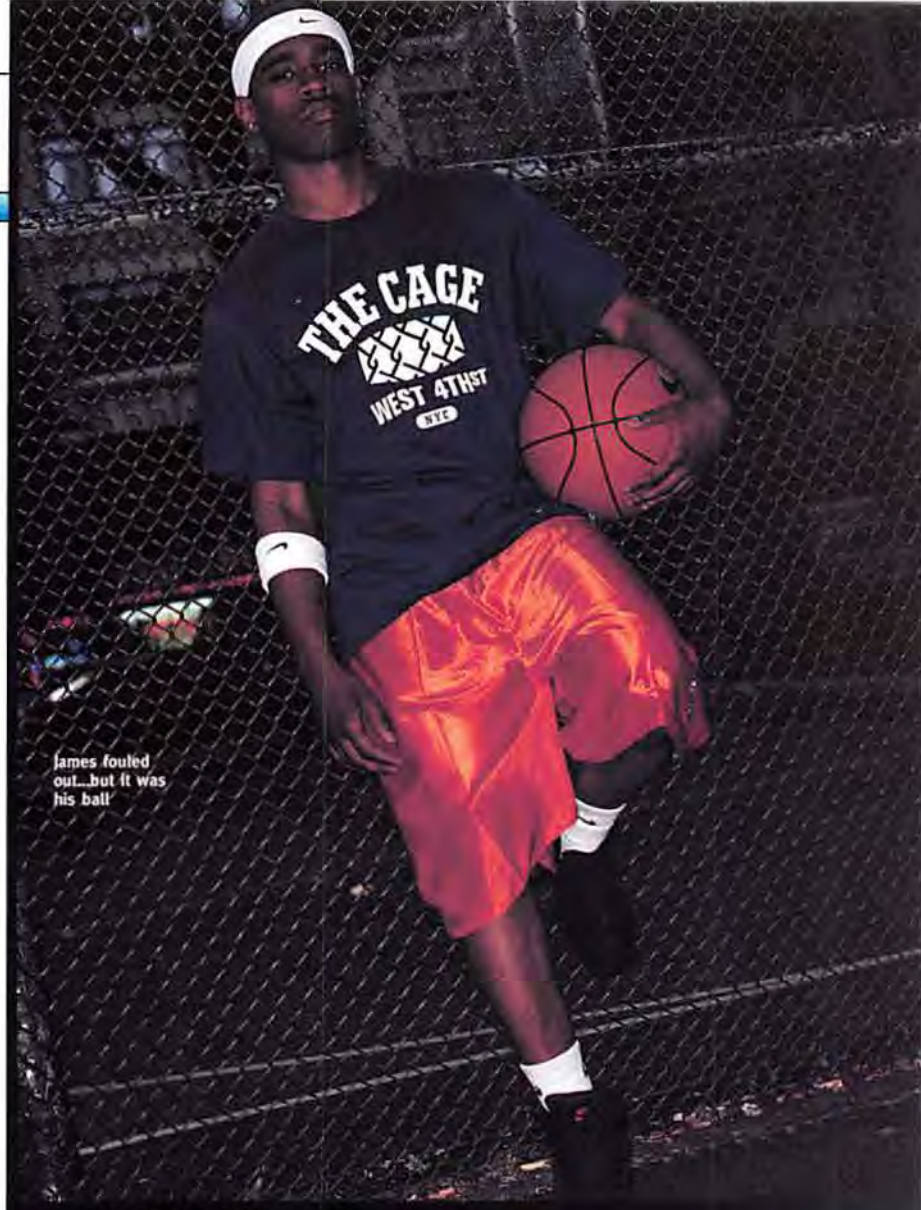
This wrist-top desktop holds up to 16 text e-mails, plus news, sports and weather updates and up to 150 phone numbers—so toss your little black book. All of this can be downloaded from any computer, eliminating input irritation. One downside: People will question your ability to tell time when they notice you staring at the watch for hours. www.beepwear.com

5 Suunto X-Lander Wristop $300

Navigational ingenuity for the perpetually lost: Weighing only two ounces, the X-Lander somehow contains a barometer, digital compass and altimeter for the *Survivor* wanna-be in all of us. About the only stuff this watch won't do is light the campfire and roast the rat for you. www.suuntousa.com

6 Luminox Stealth Pilot $400

Worn by the F-117 Nighthawk pilots who flew missions in Kosovo, the Stealth burns 100 times brighter than Homer Simpson inside a nuclear reactor. A double anti-reflective lens coating prevents you from alerting snipers armed with Super Soakers, so it's all you'll need for your next mission to the Balkans. www.luminox.com



James fouled out...but it was his ball

THE NEXT BIG THING

STREET HOOPS STYLE

With the NBA looking as tired as a Patrick Ewing jump shot, court fashion goes back to its roots—the playground.

By Grant Davis Photograph by Jens Mortensen

AIR WHO? Where have you gone, Michael Jordan? Nike's marketing machines realized that instead of blowing millions on NBA washouts, thugs and crybabies, they could just make shoes named after America's most famous public courts—for free. Sporting logos such as L.A.'s Venice Beach, NYC's West 4th St. Cage and Chicago's Franklin Park, Nike's Battlegrounds line represents the 'hood: asphalt acrobatics, raw talent, trash talking and taking it to the hole. Role models need not apply.

WHO BROKE THE TREND? It all started back in 1993 with AND1—the guys who brought playground disses ("Turn on the disposal—your game is garbage") to the mainstream. It continued with Goatgear, clothes inspired by Harlem playground legend Earl "The Goat" Manigault, the man who could pick a stack of quarters off the top of the backboard with his vertical leap.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW? Nike's Battlegrounds tees come with symbols in the lower-right corner that spell out each court's unique characteristics: ankle breakin'; physical play; trash talk; no blood, no foul; beats. Note: Kobe, Tim Duncan, Grant and Shaq are definitely not in the house. www.nike.com

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HOW TO ENTER: To enter, simply send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 2000.

WINNER SELECTION: The selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of STUFF Magazine, Heineken, Jensen Electronics, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.

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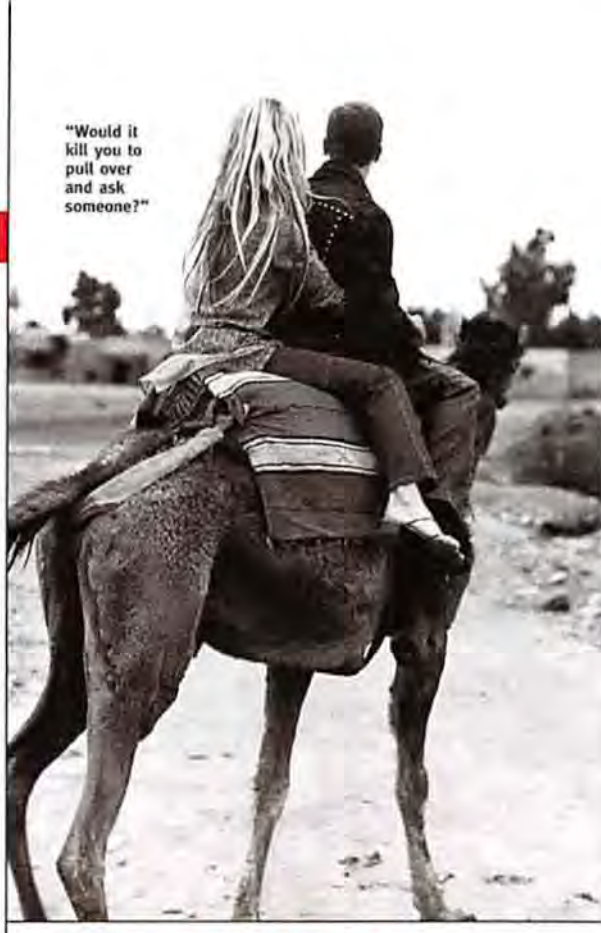
WINNERS LIST: For the names of the winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine by October 1, 2000. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

THE SCORECARD

The grueling test is over. Tabulate your score to determine whether you're fit to fill Bob Costas' shoes or Marv Albert's teddy.

THE SCORING SYSTEM:
100-135: Lottery pick
60-99: Strictly second string
30-59: You might want to get cable.
0-29: Have you considered modern dance?

1. E **2.** C **3.** D **4.** B **5.** A **6.** D **7.** F **8.** A **9.** I **10.** E **11.** 9 (Sprewell has 3 illegitimate kids, Meggett has fathered children with 4 women, LJ has 3 illegitimate kids.) **12.** A (Alomar's 5 games to Barkley's 1) **13.** B ($13,500 to 11,594 rebounds) **14.** A (Sprewell coughed up $6.4 million to Knight's $30,000.) **15.** A ($2,500 for Kevin's style snafu; Lemieux ponied up $1,000 for his board meeting with Draper.) **16.** B (lucky 7 wasn't lucky enough for Howe; Rocker offended 11 groups: gays, Japanese women, young mothers, Koreans, Vietnamese, Indians, Russians, Latinos, ex cons, Mets fans, people with purple hair) **17.** D **18.** A **19.** C **20.** B **21.** Cardinals (twice), Orioles, Blue Jays, Penguins, Mighty Ducks, Hawks, Eagles, Seahawks, Falcons, Ravens **22.** Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia, Wyoming **23.** Tampa Bay Lightning, Colorado Avalanche, Minnesota Wild, Utah Jazz, Miami Heat, Orlando Magic, Boston Red Sox, Chicago White Sox, D.C. United, Miami Fusion, New England Revolution, Columbus Crew, Dallas Burn, Tampa Bay Mutiny, Los Angeles Galaxy, Chicago Fire **24.** St. Louis Cardinals, New York Yankees, New York Giants **25.** Cardinals, Giants, Rangers, Panthers, Kings **26.** Day before and after MLB All-Star Game **27.** D **28.** A **29.** B **30.** C **31.** A **32.** D **33.** C **34.** B **35.** D **36.** C **37.** B **38.** D **39.** C **40.** Beats the crap outta us. **41.** B **42.** Peterson swapped wives with teammate Mike Kekich. **43.** C **44.** B **45.** D **46.** A **47.** C **48.** B **49.** E (March '96), C (May '96), B (June '96), D (Dec. '96), A (June '98) **50.** E **51.** I **52.** G **53.** A **54.** J **55.** C **56.** I **57.** B **58.** C **59.** D **60.** A **61.** C **62.** A **63.** *Shag Diesel, Shag Fu: Da Return, You Can't Stop the Reign, Respect* **64.** "Shaq and Jill" **65.** 1-J, 2-D, 3-F, 4-A, 5-C, 6-E, 7-G, 8-I, 9-B, 10-H



"Would it kill you to pull over and ask someone?"

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The Next Big Thing p.161
Nike www.nike.com
Goatgear www.goatgear.com

Clothing Credits
Correction Brazil Insert Issue 9
Black and plum bikinis (Amanda and Ana) by Maria Mitis.

Coco Lee p.58-62
Silver hot pants by Chakers; white top with rhinestones by Cimarosa.

Cars p.78-88
Black bikini by Liza Bruce; silver earrings by Panegyrida; black cut-out bathing suit by Norma Kamali; black and white sequined bikini bottom by Missoni; black sequined bikini by Liza Bruce; black stiletto by Lerre; black triangle bikini by Calvin Klein; black one piece with cut-out by Liza Bruce; black stiletto by A. Testoni; all other shoes by Diavolina, L.A.

Brooke Langton p.96-101
Blue top by Eduardo Lucero, cream sequined skirt, green two-piece dress and black bikini by La Perla.

Kristina Rosteck p.110-116
Orange bikini by Norma Kamali; shiny blue bikini by Missoni; black bikini by Bachata by Ddabash; leather bands by Nikki B; metallic green bikini by Sauvage. White bikini by Liza Bruce.

Sex Express p.122-130
Pink tank top and lace corset by Patricia Field. All others by Betsey Johnson.

Rules of Cool p.159
Shirt by D&G Dolce & Gabbana

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You Go, Girl! No. 4

Ali Landry on the thrill of outdoor sports

"Sex outdoors is great. I'm not an exhibitionist, but I love the possibility that people might be able to see."

Catch Ali on-screen in 'Beautiful,' premiering September 29.

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